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James Montgomery

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JAMES MONTGOMERY

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VOL. IV



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MONTGOMERY,

Montgomery, Montgomery, Montgomery, Montgomery

LONDON

LONGMAN BROWN GREEN & LONGMAN

FATHESTER ROW

MEMOIRS
THE LIFE AND WRITINGS
JAMES MONTGOMERY,

**SELECTIONS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE, REMAINS IN PROSE
AND VERSE, AND CONVERSATIONS ON VARIOUS
SUBJECTS.**

BY

JOHN HOLLAND AND JAMES EVERETT.

VOL. IV.

*"Time is a living spirit in the lyre,
A breath of music and a veil of fire ;
It speaks a language to the world unknown ;
It speaks that language to the heart alone."*

Walter Scott's Poem.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.

1855.

LONDON:
A. and C. BLACKMAN,
New-street-Square.

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THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JAMES MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER LIV.

1823.

TO JAMES EVERETT.—TO ROWLAND HODGSON.—MONTGOMERY ELECTED MEMBER OF THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.—DELIVERS THE LECTURE: EGYPT HAD NO POET.—LETTER TO GEORGE BENNET.—HIEROGLYPHICS.—COWPER.—PANORAMA OF LONDON.—LETTER TO GEORGE BENNET.—ASTON.—CONVERSATIONS.—W.—MONTGOMERY'S VISION IN HEAVEN.—LETTER TO BENNET.—MR. STROM'S SHORT-HAND.—ACCIDENT AT BRADWELL.—MR. RAY.—LETTER TO SARAH GALE.—"A LITTLE INTERVAL."—SOUTHEY'S VISIT TO SHEFFIELD.—IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.—LECTURE ON MODERN LITERATURE.—BENNET.

THE current year was not remarkable for any particular national or local excitement; that Montgomery's newspaper articles present nothing that seems to bear in any striking degree on his personal history. His anxiety to be out of harness—loosely as he now wore it—certainly not lessen with a decreasing circulation of the "Iris."

At the _____ of 1822, Mr. Everett, having become unable to discharge the regular duties of a Wesleyan preacher, in consequence of what he called a "clergyman's sore-throat" (*dysphonia*), was appointed by Conference to take charge of the retail book-shop in Paternoster Row. He accordingly removed to London, leaving unfinished at Montgomery's press the "History of Methodism in Sheffield," a work which he occasionally indebted to the printer for something more than "a careful reading of the proof-sheets." This will explain the opening sentence and superscription of the following letter :—

James Montgomery to James Everett.

"Sheffield, Jan. 2. _____

"DEAR FRIEND,

"*We want more copy.* These words, I hope, will put you into such good humour as to cause you to forgive all past _____ of omission, delay, and apparent neglect in writing and printing, though I fear the sight of my hand in the direction of this letter will have roused all the wrath which you may feel against me who, meaning offence, continually affords my best friends opportunities of taking it. I write in great haste, and under a weariness of spirit which will not let my heart have play to express my feelings of gratitude for many kindnesses received from your hands while you resided here, and especially for the very welcome token of remembrance in your letter, containing an account of your adventures by sea and land since you left home. In all your future journeyings, as long as I am a pilgrim in the same world with you, however different each other our paths may lie, I shall always be happy to hear of your weal or woe, and I will sympathise in both; when I am on earth, O may my spirit, for the Redeemer's sake, be received into that _____ of _____

and love where I should ■■■■ to ■■■■ all ■■■■ kindred, affection, or congeniality of ■■■■ have ■■■■ ■■■■ me ■■■■ earth! There, ■■■■ we meet, ■■■■ be no hurry, no procrastination, no hope deferred; none of those little anxieties ■■■■ ■■■■ respecting ■■■■ things,—little things ■■■■ are great ■■■■ man here; ■■■■ whatever we do we shall do well, ■■■■ in ■■■■ ■■■■. Meanwhile, you must learn ■■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■ doing so you will, by that very exercise ■■■■ patience and practice of forgiveness, in due time become ■■■■ ■■■■ placable ■■■■ forbearing of ■■■■ good men. Having written thus far with only four words of business, I proceed ■■■■ further ■■■■ . . . Give my best regards ■■■■ ■■■■ Everett. May ■■■■ ■■■■ you enjoy ■■■■ the blessings of the ■■■■ year which belong to the people of God, ■■■■ those that will ■■■■ peculiarly needful and acceptable in your new office!

"I am truly, your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"P. S. Miss Gales has ■■■■ been able to ■■■■ Cotton's manuscript;—but I may ■■■■ ■■■■ year's wish for you, ■■■■ which I ■■■■ ■■■■ you yourself will join heartily,—may your number of autographs be doubled before the 31st of ■■■■ December; and the value of ■■■■ whole will be quadrupled: and so ■■■■ they ■■■■ on for half a century!

"The Rev. ■■■■ Everett, Paternoster Row, London."

James Montgomery ■ Rowland Hodgson.

"Sheffield, Jan. ■■■■ ■■■■

"My ■■■■ FRIEND,

I owe you my ■■■■ ■■■■ for two ■■■■ welcome letters, and perhaps I ought to apologise for ■■■■ acknowledging them earlier. But ■■■■ may say, that ■■■■ writing ■■■■ you ■■■■ one of ■■■■ obligations which might ■■■■ deferred to a ■■■■ convenient ■■■■, I have on that very account thought ■■■■ oftener ■■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■ you; and ■■■■ without ■■■■ fervent wishes, which frequently ■■■■ prayers ■■■■

I was indulging them, for your happiness. I gave you the sensation which your communication, while yet unopened, excited in me; — to receive a letter from you in the year 1823, appeared, for me or two, a circumstance as strange and affecting as if it had come from the dead to the living; for the sight of your handwriting in the year of your sick chamber twelve months when, though I never gave you up (except into the hands of the Lord, out of which I would not have taken you, I could not restore you instant health and strength), yet I sometimes return from visiting you with feelings as if I had parted for the last time in this world. On such occasions, however, I wept rather for myself than for you, fearing when my heart and flesh should fail, I might not have clear, simple, scriptural confidence and hope — though humble, full of immortality — which I saw, and rejoiced to see in you. ‘So might I live, so may I die, in the arms of the Lord of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me!’ — the prayer with which I closed your door. But the Lord has been better to you than all your fears, and your gradual restoration to health and strength was watched by none of your friends more anxiously and gratefully than by me. You have been peculiarly endeared to me by occasionally sojourning together for a few weeks at Leamington and Matlock, as well as frequent association in your delightful labours, in the service of Him whose service is perfect freedom; — therefore I thought I was right — I will not call it a claim — to be peculiarly interested in your sufferings as in your consolations. To God, the latter abundantly, and the former, you yourself will be the first to say, were all mercifully permitted, wisely overruled, and graciously converted into blessings, which you have not experienced under afflictive discipline. Your friends here, who received letters from you while at Bath and Torquay, before you wrote to me, were very kind in communicating the happy intelligence of your improvement in these places to you

Sheffield; had it been otherwise, I should have been impatient to have from yourself, how you were going long before I took pleasure to receive the good tidings under your name. Speaking of your respect, I think it partly the clear, decisive writing of the direction of your letter to me, struck me powerfully before I broke the seal, contrasting it with the recollection of the feeble failing strokes of your in a which you sent me while your was yet scarcely past the crisis, in the beginning of the year. I thank you for the ingenious postical respecting my Slave Ship. It came, however, late, as I have found in my heart to avail myself of it, for I in autumn, I went for a few days to my brother's at Ockbrook, and there I put the finishing stroke to that piece, which had lain untouched for more than two years among my papers. My conclusion, of course, is different from yours,—I fear better. The journal of our friend Bennet's Navigation round the of Hualine is exceedingly interesting; but the few words which he says respecting his impaired health, makes me tremble to think how much he may have been than he intimates, only before, but after, his letter of January, 1832, despatched. The arrival of the intelligence prove the joyful the melancholy that arrived (to at least) from the South Seas. May the Lord preserve and bless my servant for many, many years both for the of heathen and Christians! You have a little—no doubt enough, be it ever a little—of the theatrical controversy in consequence of Mr. Best's sermon.

"I am very truly,

"Your affectionate friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Hodgson, Esq., Torquay, Devon."

On the 10th of January he was elected of the vice-presidents of the Sheffield Literary Philoso-

phical Society,—his colleague being the Rev. Thomas Cotterill, whose lamented death before the close of the year drew from the poet the much-admired and often-quoted stanzas, beginning, "Friend after friend departs," &c.* Pending the preparation of the rooms ■ be occupied by the Society ■ the Music Hall, Montgomery consented ■ deliver an introductory lecture before the members, at the Tontine Inn, on the 21st of February; thus presenting himself for the first time in that interesting character which he ■ destined ■ often afterwards to sustain, not only before his own townspeople, but in various other places. This discourse, which formed the substratum of that series of elegant and instructive essays ■ poetry and general literature, which were afterwards delivered before large and intelligent audiences in the metropolis, and subsequently printed, ■ listened to with evident delight by upwards of ■ persons. Speaking of the literature of some of the celebrated nations of antiquity, whose political vicissitudes fill so large a space in the page of history, the lecturer said, "There scarcely exists an authenticated fragment of all the learning and philosophy of the Chaldeans, Babylonians, Assyrians, and Phœnicians ■ give posterity, in the present age, matter-of-fact proof that there ■ such giants of literature in the earth in those days, ■ we have been taught ■ believe from the testimony of the more ■ lightened Greeks, who, after all, appear to have *known* ■ ■ than they have *told* concerning these patriarchal people, and to have recorded vague traditions rather than preserved genuine relics of historical records, which had perished in the bulk before their time. It is almost unaccountable, if there were such

* Works, p. ■

██████████ knowledge, ██████████ Egypt especially, ██████████ the philosophers ██████████ of Greece, who travelled thither for improvement, ██████████ have acknowledged ██████████ little. ██████████ circumstance naturally induces suspicion that what they learned there was either of very small value, or that they ██████████ very disingenuous in ██████████ registering their obligations. Be this ██████████ it may, though there is abundant evidence that in manual arts ██████████ well ██████████ in ██████████ these people of the East ██████████ great in their generation, their literature ██████████ have been exceedingly defective; otherwise their monuments of thought, no more than their monuments of masonry, could have ██████████ perished ██████████ scarcely ██████████ have left a wreck behind:—

“‘They had no poet, and they died.’”

The lecturer uttered the last words with considerable emphasis, adding, “There ██████████ in existence a line of verse by Chaldean, Babylonian, Assyrian, Egyptian, or Phœnician bard;” and the unrestrained indulgence of ██████████ involuntary expression of delight by which the audience simultaneously applied to the poet ██████████ compliment paid by himself to his art, ██████████ long remembered by those who heard the discourse. In speaking of the invention of letters, he said the Egyptians ██████████ allowed to have possessed three kinds of writing,—hieroglyphical, alphabetical, and, probably, as ██████████ link between, logographic, of which latter the Chinese ██████████ the only surviving example. On this subject, however, the lecturer said it ██████████ his purpose to read a ██████████ before the Society on ██████████ future occasion.

James Montgomery to George Bennett.

Sheffield, Feb. 6. 1823.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I have only as much time as I can hold in my hand, while it evaporates like ether, to say to you, as I with my whole heart, 'The Lord bless, and preserve, and bring you home again!' Mr. Rowland Hodgson, I understand, has written to you from Devonshire; I have nothing to enclose from any of your friends here, but what I may send even without asking their leave to do so,—their best wishes and prayers for you, all in consonance with what I have already expressed on my own part. I seem to follow you time after time, and letter by letter, as if you were going further and further from me, and rather advancing on a mission through the solar system, than located for awhile the Antipodes. I am always glad to hear of you, from whatever quarter intelligence may come; but I cannot help also desiring hear from you once, least, while you sojourn at the 'green earth's remotest verge.' Can you believe it yourself, that I have never received a line nor a word from you since you passed the equator? You did not plunge my memory into the fathomless abyss there, nor leave on this side, because you have mentioned my name with all your wonted kindness to some of our mutual friends. this I will not complain;—it has so happened; but I cannot help sometimes repining a little that has happened . I am sure I have not been neglectful of you; this be the fifth packet, as well as I can recollect, which I have despatched to you by one conveyance or another, with about as much hope of some of them reaching you, as if I had thrown so many bottles into the sea, and left them there to find their way by the drifting of currents to your Pacific Islands. You will see by one of the pamphlets which I enclose, that we have just established a Literary and Philosophical Society in Sheffield. Pray remember

this; and when you pick up a pebble or a weed worth presenting, do send it.* We have just heard that you are recovered from the illness that afflicted you this time last year. Again, I say—God bless and keep you!

"Your friend,

"J. [redacted]"

"George Bunnet, Esq., Ottawa."

[redacted] We [redacted] Montgomery [redacted] Mr. Henry Longden's. In [redacted] his lecture before the Literary and Philosophical Society, it was, he said, an experiment; and he had never been so much indebted [redacted] his school knowledge as [redacted] occasion. *Holland*: "You were, however, almost the last person in the kingdom from whom I should have expected the promise of a dissertation on *Egyptian Hieroglyphics*." *Montgomery*: "I should once have thought [redacted] myself; but I [redacted] not [redacted] that any [redacted] has noticed the theory to which I adverted. I do not pretend to furnish a clue to the meaning of these ancient symbols—I believe nobody will ever do *that*—but I think I [redacted] show [redacted] *they were read*: at any rate, my notion may possess a little interest at [redacted] [redacted]. I [redacted] [redacted] that more than [redacted] learned individual believes himself [redacted] have found a key [redacted] the hieroglyphic symbols, by interpreting them *alphabetically*; but that [redacted] phonetic scheme was coeval with [redacted] oldest original use of [redacted] signs" themselves seems difficult [redacted] conceive. My [redacted] planation [redacted] simply this—that *hieroglyphics* were anciently [redacted] [redacted] Egypt in the [redacted] way [redacted] they have been used elsewhere, even [redacted] modern times by the American Indians, as symbols not of [redacted] or words,

* We shall afterwards find that this hint was not forgotten.

but of *things*, each of which had an obvious general, and a special mnemonic, signification."* A gentleman from Taunton came in, and mentioned the death of the Rev. Samuel Greathead. Montgomery bore testimony to the personal ministerial worth of this clergyman; adding, in hand a memoir of Cowper, with whom, in later years, he had been acquainted: he also preached and published a sermon on the death of the poet — the first edition of which contained some particulars afterwards omitted in the reprint. *Montgomery*: "On one occasion Mr. G. lent a great coat to a gentleman, in the pocket of which, he presently recollected, there were several papers, including some original poems of Cowper's. After a few days the coat was returned, but the manuscripts were missing, were never, so far as I am aware, again seen of." *Longden*: "There may be something of mystery about the circumstances, as well as in the character of Cowper's earliest outbreak of insanity; and unsuccessful love has been hinted at as at least one of the causes." *Montgomery*: "It has been said that the melancholy of mind, and the attempt, or rather in prospect, of the performance of his duty in the House of Lords, broke off at once, and forever, an engagement to a very lovely and beloved cousin, Theodora Cowper: the story, from the lady's part, as well as his own, has been circumstantially told in print, and ought to be so during her lifetime."† *Longden*: "Is it

* This speculation is carried out in a "Retrospect of Literature, No. II." appended to Montgomery's "Lectures on Poetry," published in 1841.

† Theodora Jane, second daughter of the poet's uncle, Ashley Cowper, and sister of the estimable Lady Hesketh, died Oct. 22. 1824. Southey, in his *Life of Cowper*, has gone fully into the

not certain that the poet long afterwards entertained an affection for the accomplished Lady Austen?" *Montgomery*: "There is no doubt of it: she was the society of that lady he was indebted for some of his happiest years of his life, and some of his best poetry." *Longden*: "Is it to be regretted, then, that he did marry Lady Austen, thus securing and increasing his happiness?" *Montgomery*: "I am very much whether he would have secured it by marriage: for such was the mysterious organisation of his mind, that I should have been surprised if he had forsaken him in immediate sight of his altar, as they were in prospect of the bar of the House of Lords, had he resolved, under then existing circumstances, to lead Lady Austen to church." Mr. Longden produced one of Mr. Horner's prospectuses of that stupendous painting which was afterwards generally known and justly celebrated as the "Panorama of London:" the artist was engaged making sketches of the dome of St. Paul's; and it was mentioned as a subject of regret, that a poet had accompanied the painter to describe some of those striking changes in the aspect of the metropolis and in the scenery of the neighbourhood, as well as at a distance, were seen from the commanding elevation — particularly presented by the early clearness and subsequent obscurity of the atmosphere in a morning. *Montgomery*: "One of the finest of Wordsworth's sonnets, on the singular aspect of London before daybreak: the effect is marred by the closing line, which is one laugh, notwithstanding its profanity—

"O God! the very houses seem to sleep!"

subject which has suggested this note.—*Works and Life of Cooper*, 1836, vol. i. p. 21.

After the commencement of this year, Mr. [redacted] endeavoured to persuade Montgomery to resume his pen as a reviewer in the service of the "Eclectic;" but he only used the occasion to ask the editor to [redacted] of approbation on the "Nugæ Canonicæ," and [redacted] poems of Charles Lloyd, who was struggling to win a [redacted] contemporary notice than [redacted] he owed to Lord Byron's introduction in his poem, "to make a rhyme," in "English [redacted] and [redacted] Re-

James Montgomery to Joseph Aston.

"Sheffield, March 20. 1823.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"You will be surprised to receive a letter from me; for you know my hand even less than my face—rarely as you see the latter. But as it is probable that in the course of Easter-week [redacted] phenomenon may make [redacted] before you, I write to request that you will have the kindness to send the following newspaper account to the parties. . . . I have too much upon my mind to do anything well,—or, indeed, anything in [redacted] right time, which [redacted] half [redacted] well-doing [redacted]. You may think that I forget you, because I so seldom tell you on paper that I remember you [redacted] with gratitude and esteem for many [redacted] shown to me, especially in former days: but [redacted] truth is, that my letter-writing [redacted] gone by—never [redacted] return, unless youth, [redacted] season for correspondence, [redacted] again. That, however, cannot be; childhood, I believe, does sometimes pay a second visit to man—youth never. The heart, however, when [redacted] is right is always young, [redacted] knows neither decay nor coolness; I cannot boast of mine in other respects; but assuredly, in the integrity of [redacted] [redacted] has not grown a moment older these five-and-twenty years.

Accept for yourself, and all your dear ones, this token of the affectionate regard of your friend,

"J. [redacted]"

"Mr. Joseph Astor, Exchange Herald Office, Manchester."

James Montgomery to George Bennet.

"Sheffield, March 26. 1822.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I [redacted] send a line [redacted] and affection to you, and I can do no more [redacted] present. [redacted] times, [redacted] least, have I forwarded parcels by various opportunities; and such is the uncertainty or the delay of communications to the South Seas, that it seems, by your last letter to Mr. Hodgson from the Sandwich Islands, that you had not received one of these in August last. Long before now, I hope, that on your return to Tahiti you would meet with a month's reading almost from [redacted] alone, [redacted] [redacted] accumulated there during your absence, if no miscarriage has taken place in our addresses to you. I [redacted] that yours to us have not been so fortunate. Neither Mr. Boden, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Read, nor myself, have heard from you since June 1821. Miss Ball did receive a letter from you some time ago; but no member of the three families above named have been so favoured yet. Your letters, however, become common property [redacted] your long absence, and they travel about from eye [redacted] eye, and heart to heart, making all glad on account of your zeal, and love, and faith, and labours in the Lord's cause, and the kind remembrances which each of us in our turn see in your own handwriting to those who are happy enough to [redacted] letters addressed to themselves. We begin to think that your heart and eye must be often turned homeward; and though we would not welcome you hither, even if [redacted] depended on [redacted] decision, one moment before you have finished the work which, treading in the steps of your Redeemer, your heavenly Father has given you to do, yet we would not have you detained one [redacted] longer than

that consummation. [redacted] probably the last time before your return, for how are we to follow your wanderings by sea and land, when you leave the South Seas, if you return by the East Indies, making missionary visits [redacted] Misses Gales send kind regards.

"I am, truly your friend,

"J. [redacted]"

"George Bennet, Esq., Otago."

[redacted] called upon Montgomery in the Hartshhead. *Holland*: "I have just been in Derbyshire; and, [redacted] other places, have visited Eyam, the [redacted] town-village rendered memorable by the visitation [redacted] plague in 1666, and by the devotedly heroic conduct of Mompesson and Stanley, the resident clergymen of that period. The 'Riley gravestones' still stand, as you are aware, on the [redacted] hillside, where so many of [redacted] victims of that [redacted] year [redacted] buried, [redacted] have furnished a title [redacted] one of Allan Cunningham's pleasant tales." * *Montgomery*: "I cannot read Allan Cunningham's tales with patience: [redacted] descriptions of scenery are often, indeed generally, very happy; but [redacted] personages [redacted] mostly drawn [redacted] of all character: [redacted] of rustic mountain lead miners, from the village [redacted] Eyam, [redacted] in [redacted] world did talk, or could talk, in such [redacted] style as [redacted] has described. An old Derbyshire woman would [redacted] about as likely to [redacted] Greek, as [redacted] sentiments as those which the ingenious story-teller [redacted] attributed [redacted] her in describing the plague." *N. J. land*: "I confess that I consider [redacted] present [redacted] as one of the least satisfactory in [redacted] series; exhibiting, as it does, much affectation and little truth [redacted] character; but I [redacted] persist in being pleased [redacted] story of

* The "Twelve Tales of Lyddalcroft," *London Magazine*, 1822.

'Haddon Hall.' Though liable, as perhaps all ■■■ must be, ■ the objection you allege, ■■■ admit that ■■■ Cunningham has a ■■■ and really poetic mind?" *Montgomery*: "He has; ■■■ I ■■■ only ■■■ that, ■■■ of concentrating his energies on some subject worthy of his genius, ■■■ is prodigally wasting ■■■ on such ■■■ as these: ■■■ imagination is ■■■ running ■■■ seed—seed ■■■ worth gathering, but light ■■■ valueless ■■■ thistle-down." "Peverel of ■■■ Peak" ■■■ mentioned. *Montgomery* thought ■■■ ■■■ had been adopted in consequence of the pretty alliteration ■■■ it presented. "It is," ■■■ he, "so characteristic ■■■ a fashionable damsel, with ■■■ elegant reticule, to go to a circulating library and ask for 'Peverel of the Peak.'" We reminded ■■■ friend of this verbal pleasantry on the appearance of "Prose by ■■■ Poet" ■■■ the following year.

April 16. Mr. Holland ■■■ upon *Montgomery*, who had but just returned from Manchester, where he ■■■ been attending a missionary meeting. He ■■■ ■■■ friend *Aston* had introduced to him Mr. Ainsworth*, an intelligent young ■■■ who had published ■■■ volume of clever ■■■ under the ■■■ of "Chidlock Tichbourne." The interview ■■■ been mutually agreeable ■■■ parties; and when our friend took leave ■■■ Mr. *Aston*, ■■■ inquired the way ■■■ Mr. Coward's chapel, near ■■■ which ■■■ lodgings, the ■■■ poet, over-hearing ■■■ question, ■■■ ■■■ would accompany him. This was gladly assented to; and setting out, arm in arm, they took ■■■ direction of ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ first presented themselves, talking, ■■■ the ■■■ time, ■■■ earnestly ■■■ literary subjects. After having ■■■ ■■■

* William ■■■ Ainsworth, subsequently ■■■ ■■■ in literature.

a distance—in that direction!—Ainsworth intimated to his companion that he must leave him. “Leave me!” said Montgomery, with surprise; “I thought you were conducting me toward Mr. Coward’s chapel?” An explanation followed, and it appeared that both parties were strangers to the town, each taking it for granted that the other knew, and leading the way! After laughing heartily at this mutual simplicity in thus illustrating the parable of “the blind leading the blind,” our friend added, “Well, Mr. Ainsworth, this is a very pretty adventure, and should not be forgotten in the history of your life and mine.” *Holland*: “I have been much interested by a sermon preached by the Rev. James Mather*, during your absence, in ‘The Knowledge which the angels may be supposed to have of each other in Heaven.’ He attempted to show, not only that the state of things implied by such a doctrine was far from impossible, but that it was highly probable: it was impossible, he said, because neither contrary to the perfections of God, nor inconsistent with the representations of heaven given in Scripture; nor was it, in his opinion, opposed to the highest reason. He added, exceedingly probable, from the divine perfections of the Deity, from the divine authority of Revelation, from the testimony of good men in all ages, as well as from the force of the arguments on the subject. Now it is my humble opinion that almost every one of these positions is untenable, and the assumptions which the preacher based on them wholly inconclusive: indeed, I think that the common and vulgar notion of such recognition and intercourse erroneous,—not only

* At one of the Independent chapels in Sheffield.

heathenish,—but it must be, in its best form, more or less injurious, as far as it seems to countenance, even when it is not actually based on, a presumption of the perpetuity of earthly affections or relations, without which I do not see how the hypothesis can be supported at all—even if it were worth supporting. What is your opinion, sir, on this subject?" *Montgomery*: "I am only surprised that you, or any other person believing the Bible, can doubt the probability of future recognition as at all questionable; for while I admit that, as a formal doctrine, it is not asserted in Scripture, I admit the sentiment implied by the whole scope of revelation. There cannot, I conceive, be personal identity without individual recollection: we must be judged for the deeds done in the body, and must be eternally rewarded or punished accordingly. Now to be punished for faults which we do not recollect, or rewarded for works of which we have no remembrance, is incompatible with our notions of equity in either human or divine judicature. Without personal recollection, how can I know that I am the same person who performed such and such actions—experienced such and such thoughts and emotions—or that I may not have been some Cham of Tartary, or some other individual who lived hundreds of years ago? The happiness of heaven, or the misery of hell—in whatever these may consist—must, in part at least, depend upon our knowledge and admission of the equity of the judgment which shall fix our everlasting state." "I admit, sir, that personal identity must be proved by consecutive recollections of the individual; but you entirely take for granted—though wholly devoid of proof—that personal identity and future recognition are necessarily correlative. Far from that, I think that you may be removed to a remote part of the kingdom,

or even to another hemisphere; and there amidst all the persons you meet, although you do not recognise and will never meet one to whom you have ever been known before, your own personal identity remains intact — or rather it becomes intensified. Besides, the enjoyment arising from 'the communion of saints' on earth noways depends essentially upon a personal knowledge of the persons in ordinary relations of life, but rather from a mutual consciousness that they participate, but each for himself, of the divine fulness, through their common Saviour: and I think it compatible with what we conceive, aided by revelation, that the richest manifestations of the favour of God, either in heaven or on earth, depend either on the recognition or the recollection of fellow-creatures." *Montgomery*: "Many of our delightful enjoyments on earth undoubtedly are of our past feelings — our sympathies with others; and upon this principle almost entirely depend the finest and deepest operations of that poetry which dwells in the heart; and then in what can you conceive the joys of heaven — probably consist, in part, as in emotions — expressions of gratitude for past mercies, which surely be remembered; and in the explaining of those wonderful dispensations of Providence which appear mysterious on earth, but which shall in eternity be shown to have been all merciful, necessary, all-wise? As every man on earth is originally born in sin, and before he can be admitted into the kingdom of heaven 'must be born again' of the Holy Spirit; and as in a future state of happiness he will remember that there was only a time when he was a sinner, and a period when the great change took place in him through believing in Christ, in consequence of which he is now 'born again'.

throne; all this will surely be a theme of rejoicing to all eternity." *Holland*: "Be it. All this may be admitted without the slightest degree involving, as a consequence, the notion of mutual recognition; but does it not imply that the affairs of our brief existence in this world may find their end in the development into eternal beatitude through an eternal futurity? and although we are told that 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive' of the joys laid up for the righteous hereafter, is not, I think, either irrational or unscriptural to believe that the glory of God, in the presence of Jesus Christ, will be sufficient to fill and absorb all the powers of the redeemed and glorified saint, without any need of the reuniting of terrestrial relationships." *Montgomery*: "That seems to be a sort of beatific abstraction too much like that aimed at by certain Hindoo and other devotees—a state, of the reality of which we have, in fact, no clear conception, although the length of time which the longest liver spends on earth can bear no more proportion to eternity than the piety of the most eminent saint in the body can to that of the spirits of just made perfect; still, as he is in time that even his eternity of happiness must be secured, as well as on earth that he first tasted the blessings which are consummated in heaven, surely his recollection of these things will not only mingle with whatever constitutes his personal identity, but must run parallel with his existence through eternity." *Holland*: "But I apprehend the hypothesis of saints will have no other in heaven, involves also the recognition—I mean the renewal—of the same affinity or otherwise which obtains on earth: the husband must know his wife, and the wife her husband, as such; a supposition sufficiently discountenanced, I

think, by our Saviour's reply to the captious Jews on a memorable occasion."* *Montgomery*: "There will be no occasion for a resumption of those affections, or rather passions, which existed on earth, even the knowledge of former relations; because the great objects which they were intended to subserve will have been accomplished. I cannot myself conceive of the maintenance of personal identity without admitting the correlative doctrine of future recognition." In the midst of this debate, *Mr. Mather* pronounced, perceiving that his discourse put a stop to some discourse, apologised for the interruption. On being informed of the subject of conversation, he stated to *Montgomery* the heads of his sermon, and repeated some of the arguments which he had used in his pulpit. In the course of his remarks, he alluded, as usual on this topic, to the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, intimating, by the way, that the request of the former to Abraham, that he would save his brethren lest they also should come into the "place of torment," did not arise from anything like compassion towards them, but from a consciousness that his own punishment would be aggravated by their damnation. *Montgomery* (shaking his head): "No, no, Mr. Mather. I have heard you make that remark before, and other preachers have said something like it; but let me advise you never to repeat it. We certainly do not know of a lost spirit without compassion for others, nor do we know the contrary; but as that passage does not justify us in concluding either way, at least let no one sharing in common humanity be solicitous to impute such an ultra-infernal attribute to a son of perdition."

Soon after *Montgomery's* sermon from

* Matt. xxii. 30.

circumstances, and so hurried, what could I have done otherwise to [redacted] the kind wishes of [redacted] friends? There were claims on me [redacted] Fairfield, as numerous and as binding as at Manchester; [redacted] yet, though I passed within [redacted] [redacted] of the place, I had no opportunity of calling there. I had long ago declined a pressing invitation from a gentleman of [redacted] consequence in Manchester, belonging [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [of England], to [redacted] up my [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] when I should come to the missionary meeting; [redacted] independently of my preference for [redacted] Wood's family, for [redacted] [redacted] must be clear, I thought it right to be [redacted] guest of a Methodist on that occasion. I know [redacted] largeness as well as the warmth of your heart; but I could [redacted] more have claimed the hospitality of your roof on that occasion, than I could have gone and asked accommodation of a stranger. The [redacted] [redacted] that either friends, acquaintance, [redacted] strangers (and wherever I go, I find some of the latter who are eager [redacted] become the former), [redacted] ever be able to lay [redacted] [redacted] charge, is intrusion, even where intrusion would not [redacted] [redacted] such. This is [redacted] [redacted] of goodness of which I [redacted] I [redacted] incapable, perhaps as much from constitutional timidity as delicate or high feeling. I am ashamed to say so [redacted] on this subject, [redacted] it is [redacted] rather of feeling than argument; but you have reduced me [redacted] [redacted] humiliation of [redacted] confession, which I only make [redacted] show [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] friendship I have not declined [redacted] you. . . . Give my [redacted] respects [redacted] [redacted] Aston, [redacted] believe [redacted] [redacted] truly,

"Your [redacted] and obliged friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Mr. Joseph Aston, Bookseller, Manchester."

April [redacted] [redacted] Holland took tea with Montgomery and Mr. Molineux of [redacted] [redacted] house of [redacted] friend, Mr. Cowley, [redacted] [redacted] manufacturer. [redacted] Molineux, an old writing-master, [redacted] the editor of several editions [redacted] "Byrom's Short-hand," [redacted] a particular

interest in whatever related to stenography. [REDACTED] : "I spent a few hours last [REDACTED] in Chester, with a Mr. Kitchingman, who is teaching a curious, but, in my think, a [REDACTED] scheme of short-hand, devised by himself; he exhibited a paper purporting to be Mr. [REDACTED] Montgomery's testimony on the merits of [REDACTED] system: pray, sir, did you really write the document?" *Montgomery* : "He waited upon me, and wished me to notice [REDACTED] visit to Sheffield, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] mention the merits of [REDACTED] writing, in the 'Iris.' Of [REDACTED] he explained and [REDACTED] upon [REDACTED] advantages; and as he appeared to be an ingenious and deserving young man, I felt unwilling to deny him any [REDACTED] benefit he could derive from [REDACTED] opinion [REDACTED] that way: but before saying anything I resolved to make myself [REDACTED] of his method. I [REDACTED] so; and thinking it [REDACTED] an elegant and practicable short-hand, I wrote the paragraph you mention. I am, however, of opinion with you, that it is very arbitrary in its construction, and therefore requires, perhaps, as much from the memory as it apparently gives to the hand, in comparison with Byrom's." The merits of the two systems named, and several others, [REDACTED] discussed; Montgomery evincing, by [REDACTED] remarks, [REDACTED] he [REDACTED] paid considerable attention to the subject: indeed, he some years [REDACTED] took the trouble of teaching his [REDACTED] "arbitrary" system to Mr. Hodgson's niece, [REDACTED] Phillips, giving her [REDACTED] a lesson in [REDACTED] commencing, "These lines and dots are locks and keys." * Mr. Aston, of Manchester, was mentioned. *Montgomery* : "He was an early friend of mine, and many [REDACTED] passed between us. This was [REDACTED] a time when I [REDACTED] neither burthened nor frightened by correspondence. I told him all that was in my heart; [REDACTED] a great deal

more than I ought to have told to any person in the world: these letters may some day rise up in judgment against me." * *Molineux*: "Will he give you, or show you, a full volume of his own verses taken up from the newspaper?" *Montgomery*: "No; I find it very precious. He reads poetry much better than he writes it: he reads the compositions well, which is what poets do, perhaps still fewer ought to attempt to do. I had a lesson which helped me of late, when very young. On my journey to London, utterly ignorant of the world, and supposing that everybody would be much interested with poetry as myself, when fairly seated in the coach I found myself *vis-à-vis* with a strange gentleman, who said something which encouraged me to pull out of my pocket the MS. of the 'Siege of the Cottage'†—you have seen it, Mr. Holland—and begin reading the story to him in my best voice. He ceased to evince his attention by audible expression, when I thought my emphasis should have elicited it; but I still construed his silence into attention, till casually lifting my eyes from the paper I saw he was—fast asleep! This was an admonition to my vanity by which I resolved to profit: but how frail is youthful resolution! When I reached Grantham another gentleman got into the coach, who, as I soon found, was in mind very superior to my first companion; and I began to think that my misadventure might, after all, be

* After the death of Mr. Aston, these letters were returned to Montgomery, who might have destroyed them had he thought to do so; instead of which he gave them to the writer of this note. The use made of them in these Memoirs requires no other justification than the interesting and unobjectionable character of the letters themselves.

† Printed in the "Whisperer."

owing to want of merit in my composition and lack of interest in my auditor. I therefore determined to repeat the experiment with my manuscript. I did so; and in this instance with decided success; for not only did the listener keep up his attention, but he reiterated his expressions of approval, but he repeated to a clergyman whom I overtook on the road, in such lively terms, the interest he felt in my poem, that the latter paid my driver to allow his horses to run alongside my coach, while I sat outside and he sat inside to hear me read my story! He also declared himself much pleased. I was only, at least, to me in my favour, but, as I naturally enough concluded, two men of sense against a man of none!"

In the course of the evening, Mr. Molineux read the following epitaph, written by his son-in-law the Rev. John Jackson, vicar of Over, Cheshire, to a Mrs. Shotwell, of Macclesfield:—

"Humbly with God she walked,—humane and just;
But Christ, her Saviour, was her only trust;
Go, musing stranger;—be thy heart as pure,
Thy hope as steadfast, thy reward as sure!"

Montgomery expressed his approbation of these lines; describing, at the same time, the reluctance with which he engaged in such mortuary compositions, often as they were extorted from him; success, however, when worth aiming at, being but rarely attainable. "I wrote," he continued, "one for the son and daughter of a Holy, in consideration of which the good people gave me five guineas annually to the Moravian Missionary Society,—a promise he faithfully kept. I gave another to Mr. Holt, of Wadley Bridge, who gave me a couple of guineas for the same purpose: I transmitted the money to Mr. Holt, and Ful-

neck, I [] him, much [] I [] kind of work, I [] not [] it, [] I be again tempted with [] donations [] the [] object. I have an order [] write [] epitaph [] a good woman [] Bradwell*, which [] [] ready by next Tuesday; if Mr. Holland please, he shall write it." *Holland*: "I might surely venture to do it for [] obscure burying-ground in [] High Peak: did you [] visit Bradwell?" *Montgomery*: "Yes; [] [] occasion, many years [] and I have good occasion [] remember the visit. The [] into the village amidst the rocks [] by [] very steep descent; when my horse reached [] certain part of [] road, he suddenly went down upon [] knees, pitching [] [] suddenly over his head upon the stones. I [] not, however, much hurt, and got up again as well [] I could, unassisted by any one of half [] dozen petrifications of [] who stood and witnessed the accident apparently with [] little emotion [] the limestone crags around us." *Holland*: "Then they offered neither assistance [] commiseration?" *Montgomery*: "Not they; such an occurrence appeared to be not strange [] them; for I heard one of the fellows say, 'Aye, that's where everybody falls!'"

His representative in the management of [] printing-office, and who had been anxious to become [] be [] partner, surprised him [] day by [] notification, [] only [] he had just got married, but that [] step might

* The following are the lines alluded to:—

"The wicked cease from troubling here,
And here the weary are [] rest:
Henceforth, till Christ their life appear,
The slumbers of the just are blest.
The saint who in this silent bed
Waits the last trumpet from the skies,
Shall then with joy lift up her head,
And like her risen Saviour rise."

continuance of their present relation.
reply as follows:—

James Montgomery *John Ray.*

"Iris" July 1822.

"DEAR SIR,

"You have my best wishes and prayers for all the happiness, more than all, that you anticipate in your new H— I have known long, always very highly esteemed: her I have no in my present connection with you shall militate, so as depends upon myself, against your joint welfare*, which I hope you of you determined to consult in engagements trials of Perhaps the your marriage publicly avowed the better.

"I am, very truly,

"Your friend and servant,

"J.

"Mr. John Ray."

Mr. Ray afterwards left the Iris office, and commenced business in Barnsley; Montgomery transferring the general management of his printing concern a man of the of Bridgeford, who previously been employed upon the newspaper.

time quite remarkable for the belt of small gardens by which it was surrounded. They mostly cultivated by the workmen, afforded a rational, healthful, profitable source in hours which would otherwise have been spent idly but the expansion of the long since obliterated of these pleasant plots; and in-

* So far from it, we have seen some long letters addressed to Mr. Ray four years afterwards by Montgomery, relative to his intervention in the settlement of a disputed legacy business, in which Mrs. Ray was beneficially

dustrious individuals now labour on the anvil or in the furnace where their grandfathers raised great gooseberries and great auriculas. One of these little patches was tenanted by Montgomery—we could hardly be tended by him, for a less apt use of spade or rake was never known: but the garden produced flowers, and, as appears from the following playful epistle, fruit also:—

James Montgomery to Sarah Fernald.

"Sheffield, Sept. 2. 1833.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I send you the largest apple that has grown in my garden—I wish it was as good as it is great; but I know you are persons of our sex who do not think that to be necessary with regard to themselves, though they would be willing to require it of an apple. I might, also, wish it was as good as it is handsome; but I know you are persons of your sex who would think that as little necessary as the former in reference to ladies, whatever it may be to apples,—and so I will wish nothing about the matter, except that as a token of remembrance from Sheffield it may be acceptable to you. I have been told that this apple never ripened at Buxton; be this as it may, such an one as this, I am pretty certain, never grew anywhere in that neighbourhood: it is the product of another country, therefore, this specimen of what our garden can do, when it has a mind, will be welcome, as a curiosity. But I have said ten times as much of it already as it is worth. We are doing as well as we can without you, and we will gladly continue to do so as long as you can enjoy yourself from home, and without us.

"Meanwhile, believe me, ever sincerely and affectionately,

"Your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"P. S. My best wishes and regards to Mrs. Daniels.

"I am, dear Gales, Buxton."

In the autumn of this year a grand musical festival was held at York Minster; and Montgomery's friends in that city, anxious that he should enjoy the promised treat, invited him to attend,—Miss Rountree, his brother, his Quaker correspondents, especially pressing him to make their home the occasion. But duty pointed in another and sadder direction. "I take your offer," he writes them, "very kindly, but I have been very happy to avail myself of your hospitality, and I been at liberty to visit York during the musical festival. But duty calls me another way: I am at the House of Suffering, though I call it the House of Mourning, because there is no joy or hope in tribulation there." He accordingly went and spent some weeks at Hinckley, in Leicestershire, where his brother Ignatius was residing for the convenience of submitting to the treatment of the celebrated Mr. Chesher, for a disease of the spine which finally wore down his body to the dust. His two volumes of "Prose by a Poet" were here prepared for the press; and some idea of the author's state of mind may be inferred from the poem in which he commemorated "A Lucid Interval" in the general gloom of his melancholy visit, during a period of suffering solicitude for the amendment of his poor invalid brother's health. Indeed, it is very obvious that, having given his packet of manuscript to the guard of the mail with a strict injunction that he would deliver it to one of the Messrs. Longmans, in their hands, Montgomery afterwards walked a mile or so on the London road to be quite sure the precious consignment had not been dropped on the journey!

Nov. 17. This day Robert Southey, being on a visit of incognito to Doncaster*,

* The attributed birthplace and residence of "Daniel Dove,"

field, accompanied by his daughter (afterwards Mrs. Warter), where he invited Montgomery to spend the evening with him at the Tontine Inn. Ebenezer Elliott, the "Corn Law Rhymers," who was previously known to him by letter, also had an interview. Mr. Everett, the old antagonist in Methodist controversy, likewise called upon the Laureate, and spent a pleasant hour with him. Montgomery left early, having read a short paper before the Literary and Philosophical Society, introductory to a discussion of the following question,—“Is it possible for one science to attain a degree of perfection whilst others are disproportionately depressed?” With his wonted modesty, he said nothing of the nature of the engagement which had compelled him thus early, and as we know reluctantly, to leave Southey, who, on reading a notice of the discussion in the newspaper, the following morning, said he should have liked to have been present. The requisition that Montgomery would read an essay on this theme originated from a hint thrown out by him at a previous meeting, relative to the high degree of perfection attained by the architects of Europe during what are termed “the dark ages,” when literature and the sciences in general were almost entirely neglected.

Few persons were so well acquainted with the religious exercises of Montgomery's mind as the Rev. C. F. Ramfler, his pastor,—if, indeed, that can apply with propriety to the relation of parties who rarely met, except in their written correspondence. Still, as we have seen before, the worthy Fulneck minister was as sound as well as a sympathising Christian counsellor as

the hero of “The Doctor, &c.” When that strange book first made its appearance, there were several things in it connected with Southey's visit to Doncaster which pointed him out as the author of it.

far ■ opportunity served; and ■ comparative infrequency, and ■ imperfect action, of ■ spiritual ■ towards so distant a member of his flock, ■ no fault on his part. Nor can ■ be surprising if, be- ■ ■ reasonable hopes ■ what he knew of ■ past history and character of the poet, ■ the often expressed desire of the latter ■ ■ the trammels of business, the possibility of a closer union with the Brethren should sometimes have been contemplated. The following ■ of a letter from Mr. Ramtler, dated Nov. 10. 1823, will show that such hopes sometimes found appropriate expression:—
 “Your excellent brother’s long protracted affliction calls for much sympathy, and in him the power of divine grace ■ sweetly manifested On your expression of personal feelings ■ should value conversation with you at ■ early opportunity. Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of ■ might! What ■ Word, Spirit, and Providence direct you will do, and thus have peace. Do you feel impelled to any ministerial employment ■ your time of life? And have you yet written any memoir of your life, ■ you once intimated to me?” ■ had no vocation for the pulpit; and ■ ■ a line of autobiography beyond the preface ■ his collected poems.

Dec. 12. Montgomery delivered a Lecture on “■ English Literature” before ■ members of ■ Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society: it is comprised in the series afterwards published.

James Montgomery ■ George Bennet.

“Sheffield, Dec. 23. 1823.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“As we hope that you will soon be on your way home, taking a ■ round the eastern world, we must

provide relays of letters to meet you at those points where it is probable you will touch. Such a correspondence is very precarious, and one cannot depend in any way upon it. Every memento of existing friendship in the land which you have left behind, and to which your heart is returning,—like a comet, burning brighter and brighter as it approaches,—and seeming to accelerate its course thither, —will be unceasingly welcome, because you are so near, and so few, and so older, and so more likely to last than we were,—I will let fly this sheet in the hope that the winds and waves will bring it to your hand, and that your pulse will be quicker with old friends in a few moments, than you open and peruse the letter of a friend, whom you once esteemed, and whom you will sincerely lament, who lately been removed from us—Miss Mary Bailey. In September last, several months ago, suffering, her naturally feeble constitution, being probably worn down a good deal earlier than otherwise it might have been by long, painful, and too intensely sympathising in watching and nursing her sister, whose life has seemed to hang upon a film of gossamer, and that, film committed to poor Mary's keeping,—she died first, and we have a good hope that her end was peace, and her present portion everlasting blessedness. Miss Bailey wonderfully survives; and, in truth, for a long time and Mary and I changed places in the sick room. Their parents are exceedingly infirm: good Mr. Bailey appeared to be dropping into the grave that closed on Mary, and within a few weeks he has looked up, and I trust is looking forward again. Our friend Mr. Hodgson has had another sharp visitation of his complaint, which has obliged him to retire to the south of England for the winter. He has, indeed, been so frequently from the gate of life so frequently, that we may yet see him with confident expectation that goodness and mercy may yet follow him through many years of a life precious to his friends, to the Church, and to the world in our quarter, as his has hitherto been. Mr. Roberts holds on

pretty stoutly, and in his peculiar way continues to do good,—and a great deal, too, in one respect; for, principally by his exertions, we have raised about 320*l.* in a few weeks for the Moravian Missions. The Rev. T. Cotterill, who has approved [redacted] an able, faithful, [redacted] [redacted] of Jesus Christ, for three weeks past has been in imminent peril by reason of a very dreadful fever. Over and over again have physicians and friends given him up; [redacted] within [redacted] day or [redacted] favourable symptoms [redacted] appeared, [redacted] [redacted] fears of hundreds—I might say, [redacted] (he [redacted] so beloved)—are changed into hopes; [redacted] I [redacted] the mourning of his connections will be turned into joy soon at [redacted] recovery. Your [redacted] [redacted] honoured pastor, [redacted] Rev. J. Boden, has been tried in the fire also, and [redacted] the same time with Mr. Cotterill: but [redacted] is much better now. On looking back, [redacted] a letter is this! You see we [redacted] dying [redacted] every side: return speedily,—but only with God's speed and in his time,—or you will have to look for us in 'the [redacted] appointed for [redacted] living.' Well, and if that be the only meeting we shall have 'here, there is [redacted] 'house [redacted] built [redacted] hands, [redacted] in [redacted] heavens;' whither Jesus, our forerunner, is gone [redacted] [redacted] mansions for those who love his disciples in deed, and not in name and profession only. May you and I be of this number! [redacted] then what shall we have to fear, except those enemies of our souls—the world, the flesh, and the devil, from whom, though we cannot be wholly delivered here, yet over them we may be more than conquerors through Him that loved us! Farewell, and the Lord be with you ever.

"Your affectionate friend,

"J. [redacted]

"P. S. Dec. 26. I forward this on the evening of Christmas day, with the cordial Christian regards of all your old friends, [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] superintendents of Queen [redacted] Sunday Schools.

"George Bennet, Esq., of Sheffield, at New South Wales."

CHAP. LV.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF THE REV. THOMAS COTTERILL.—
 TION FOR HIS WIFE AND FAMILY.—
 THE AFFAIR.— LETTER TO HANNAH MORE.— PUBLICATION OF "POEM
 BY A POET."—MISS ANKIN.—"OLD WOMEN."—CONVERSATION.—
 CRIMINAL-SWEEPERS.—JOHN WESLEY AND BISHOP FOSTER.—ALLEGED
 MURDER OF WEARE.—MAGNANIMITY AT THE
 GALLOWE.—"CLIPPING ALBUM."—CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE
 WORK.—CORRESPONDENCE AND OPINIONS.

ON the 2nd of January Montgomery attended the annual meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society, and read a report of the proceedings of the past year. As this document was written by the poet, it contained not the slightest allusion to his own services to the Institution: these, however, were gratefully acknowledged on his being proposed for president, which office he was unanimously elected; Mr. Everett, who read one of the monthly essays, being on the council. As he was not present on this occasion, the time when Montgomery's year was many the funeral of his friend, the Rev. Thomas Cotterill, who, on the 6th of January,

Mr. Cotterill died on New Year's day, while the poet was attending a Tract Meeting, and where a message was brought to him announcing the event. He immediately wrote the following, handed it to the chairman, and retired:—"Since I came into the chapel I have received a summons to a house of mourning, where

interred near the communion table in the church where he had laboured as an able and faithful minister of the gospel for many years: the only drawback on the entire affection which had otherwise existed between the pastor and the flock, having been the dispute about the introduction of a Hymn Book, already mentioned; but even in this but few of his seat-holders took an active part; and assuredly no clergyman had more been carried to his grave in the town of Sheffield, more sincerely lamented by the religious portion of the community, among all denominations, than the deceased, who had borne the reproach, as he well merited the appellation, of an evangelical preacher. "He was," said Montgomery, bearing of his death, "one to whom the tenderest relationships of life exemplified all that was lovely, pure, and of good report; he has left many friends to whom he was endeared by the most estimable and companionable qualities; he has left a congregation, among whom he was the faithful, vigilant, affectionate pastor. He will be bitterly missed wherever he goes; we will hail him with delight as the eloquent, active, self-sacrificing advocate of Christian Institutions. But he lived not for his family, his friends, and his flock alone: his fervent spirit, his consecrated talent, his cheerful piety will continue, in his 'Family Prayers' and his admirable 'Hymn Book,' to quicken, aid, and elevate the devotion of thousands in the present generation. He is gone to prove to himself all that he believed was taught from Revelation, concerning the eternal state of a happier world. There was peace; and blessed be his memory."

death has been, and where death is. I must go. I came because I would not miss a meeting of this kind, if I could attend, after having been at every successive anniversary for eleven years. I cannot, however, remain longer; which I regret."

Out of place ■■■ will surely deem in ■■■ pages
 ■■■ of a ■■■ ■■■ Montgomery ■
 often ■■■ "sweet counsel," and ■■■ ■■■ he
 composed, ■■■ have said, the elegiac ■■■ begin-
 ning—

"Faint when ■■■ departs," ■■■

Mr. Cotterill ■■■ a widow and five children unpro-
 vided for, with the exception of what might arise
 from the ■■■ sale of ■■■ works. It ■■■ there-
 fore determined ■■■ on foot ■ subscription in
 ■■■ of Mrs. Cotterill, ■■■ administration of which
 ■■■ vested in three trustees, namely, Dr. (after-
 wards, the venerable Archdeacon) Corbet, John New-
 bould, Esq., and Montgomery. Ultimately the
 widow, by deed, transferred all the interest in her
 deceased husband's copyrights to the fund thus created,
 in the management of which, especially the literary
 ■■■ Montgomery took an active part, till the pro-
 perty, ■■■ Mrs. Cotterill's death, ■■■ divided among her
 children—the latter maintaining a grateful and affec-
 tionate regard for the devoted ■■■ of their parents
 ■■■ themselves, as long ■■■ he lived. This subscrip-
 tion for the ■■■ clergyman's widow ■■■ successful,
 perhaps, beyond precedent in such ■■■ The interest
 Montgomery took in it will be illustrated by the fol-
 lowing letter addressed by him to Hannah More :—

James Montgomery to Mrs. Hannah More.

"Sheffield, 1■■■

"DEAR MADAM,

"Your letter, containing eleven pounds,—from Mr.
 ■■■ 5*l.*, Mrs. W ■■■ 5*l.*, ■■■ Mr. P. 1*l.*,—came ■■■ ■■■
 morning; and I have paid the amount to the treasurer of
 the fund for the use of Mrs. C. and her children.' Accept

[REDACTED] expression [REDACTED] sincere [REDACTED] You have done well, and you have influenced others to do likewise, beyond what yourself may be aware of. I ventured to publish an extract from your former letter in the 'Iris;' [REDACTED] although I cannot specifically state [REDACTED] effect, I am as confident that there was a blessing on it, as if I could enumerate all the good feelings, good purposes, and good works [REDACTED] produced [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Christian [REDACTED] Though [REDACTED] was a bold liberty to take with the very first [REDACTED] [REDACTED] I [REDACTED] [REDACTED] your hands, [REDACTED] was no time to ask permission, and I chose rather to hazard [REDACTED] responsibility of giving it [REDACTED] publicity, than the responsibility of withholding it a day longer than I could help. I considered, and I considered rightly, [REDACTED] some persons have that to give which is more valuable than gold or silver; and as you are of this privileged number, I could not in my conscience deny to the widow and the fatherless the authority and influence of your [REDACTED] [REDACTED] your example, [REDACTED] only in contributing liberally to their relief, but in sanctioning and recommending those excellent forms of prayer which the departed servant of the Lord has left, not merely [REDACTED] legacy which may produce a small pecuniary advantage to his family, [REDACTED] as an inheritance to the Church itself, to be enjoyed by all its members—and here I mean the Church of Christ generally—who are inclined to avail themselves of such a spiritual provision of 'daily bread' for their families. Forgive what may seem praise in this statement in reference to yourself; [REDACTED] I could not explain [REDACTED] motive for [REDACTED] which I [REDACTED] [REDACTED] without your leave, [REDACTED] avoid saying that which, however agreeable to myself to avow, you may [REDACTED] humbled, and yet, I trust, gratified [REDACTED] hear, [REDACTED] there is truth and honesty in the fact, and in the feeling with which I write it. The subscription for this family has [REDACTED] gone [REDACTED] gloriously: I believe [REDACTED] [REDACTED] 4000L.* And surely this is a token for good, that God [REDACTED] indeed blessing the faithful testimony of the gospel of his

* It ultimately reached almost to 5000L.

Sen, by [REDACTED] preached, [REDACTED] so many people of all
 classes, from the archbishop and the peer down to very
 [REDACTED] individuals, [REDACTED] willing to contribute so freely
 [REDACTED] comfort [REDACTED] those who are rendered [REDACTED] [REDACTED] living
 because they belonged to one who had laboured in the Lord,
 and was 'esteemed very highly for his work's sake;' [REDACTED]
 who having [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Lord also, [REDACTED] works [REDACTED] only fol-
 lowed him [REDACTED] judgment seat, but [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]
 him [REDACTED] blessings [REDACTED] [REDACTED] give [REDACTED] [REDACTED] who receive
 [REDACTED] unexampled bounty. I cannot imagine the possibility
 of [REDACTED] [REDACTED] sum of money being poured in from all quarters,
 [REDACTED] ranks, all [REDACTED] (if I may [REDACTED] the word) of people, [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] family of any minister of another character [REDACTED] the
 [REDACTED] Mr. C.; [REDACTED] much might be raised, perhaps, [REDACTED] many
 instances, [REDACTED] then [REDACTED] would be among rich [REDACTED] powerful
 connections, and within a certain locality or sphere of per-
 sonal influence. His townspeople (not of his church) have
 generously made one cause with [REDACTED] more directly attached
 to him; but a very large proportion of the [REDACTED] contributed
 has come from distant parts of [REDACTED] kingdom—from strangers,
 who knew him only by [REDACTED] writings [REDACTED] his character, or
 who had occasionally witnessed his zeal, and faith, and
 fervour [REDACTED] Missionary and [REDACTED] Society occasions.

"I [REDACTED] crowding my paper, and setting you a difficult
 [REDACTED] to read my scrawl; but my hand has [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and
 longer than I thought it would do when I [REDACTED] up the pen,
 being exceedingly unwell, though, like the breathing of a
 vein in [REDACTED] complaints, [REDACTED] better for the exercise, which
 is more than I have had courage to take in the same way
 for several days. Mrs. C. was exceedingly grateful for
 your former kindnesses, and [REDACTED] additional proof of your
 [REDACTED] will [REDACTED] her heart. [REDACTED] droops much; [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] would not, [REDACTED] as [REDACTED] is? [REDACTED] [REDACTED] no
 ordinary man.

"Accept my best thanks for your too good opinion of me;
 would [REDACTED] I [REDACTED] it!

"I [REDACTED] very truly and respectfully,

"Your obliged friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY."

Contemporaneously [redacted] [redacted] mournful engagements above mentioned, [redacted] but little [redacted] accordance [redacted] Montgomery's [redacted] feelings [redacted] time, appeared "Prose by a Poet;"—anonymously, indeed, but presenting too many [redacted] points of identification [redacted] [redacted] known writings, [redacted] leave the authorship [redacted] those two pleasant volumes long in doubt. It [redacted] [redacted] probable that, under any circumstances, [redacted] work by Montgomery could fail to be presently recognised in the place of his residence; for [redacted] only [redacted] his prose style better known [redacted] [redacted] than elsewhere, from [redacted] lucubrations in the "Iris," and several other things, but likewise from the fact that [redacted] of [redacted] [redacted] interesting portions [redacted] what [redacted] appeared before the public [redacted] been reconstructed out of the best-written of his newspaper articles; and which himself, as well [redacted] [redacted] of [redacted] friends, thought too good [redacted] [redacted] buried under the mass of miscellaneous [redacted] with which they had been originally published. To the certainty of his detection by his friends from these circumstances he refers in the introductory dialogue between "The Readers and the Book," where he says, p. xi., "I am [redacted] [redacted] that [redacted] of them, when [redacted] am announced, will suspect whence I come, [redacted] among my [redacted] [redacted] discovered some of their old acquaintance." The [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] quest [redacted] been made to [redacted] poet by his publishers [redacted] supply them with as much [redacted] in prose [redacted] would make two volumes, had been mentioned [redacted] Mr. Everett by Mr. Orme himself; but while [redacted] [redacted] otherwise [redacted] that our [redacted] was engaged upon some work [redacted] [redacted] kind, [redacted] maintained [redacted] entire silence on [redacted] subject—for [redacted] [redacted] could fully account, when the book was announced without a [redacted] When [redacted] Everett [redacted] him an [redacted] [redacted] which comprised the

titles ■ some ■ the articles, he smiled, and said, "I ■ sure you would detect me; but ■ nothing; ■ the public guess." In ■ days ■ copies of ■ work ■ received, each inscribed with ■ name, ■ "From ■ old Friend," accompanied by ■ following note:—

"Jan. 5. 1824.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"I send ■ of 'Prose by ■ Poet' for yourself, and beg your acceptance of it. Pray let ■ have ■ parcel at ■ opportunity; ■ is a copy for him.

"I am, truly your friend,

"J. ■

"■

■ author addressed ■ copy ■ Aikin, ■ "From an old Friend," which was acknowledged ■ the following terms:—

Miss Lucy Aikin ■ James Montgomery.

"Stoke Newington, Jan. 6. 1824.

"I cannot believe that my old friend wishes to preserve a very strict incognito, when every sentence of his *prose* is too strongly marked with the stamp of the poet I have so often read and admired to be mistaken for an instant. You will then permit me to return you my cordial thanks for volumes dear to me as a pledge of your kind remembrance, no less than for their own merits. Many of the pieces appear to me very original both in matter and manner, and interesting and beautiful ■ a high degree; some others are less grateful to my taste, because the sentiments are not accordant with ■ own; but the sincerity of the writer, and his good intentions, I can everywhere ■ sincerely respect. Our house seems a desolate place since ■ lost its master; to revisit it would be to you, I fear, a pain, and not a pleasure; but I can most sincerely assure you, on the part of ■ dear

as well as myself, that it would always be to us a high gratification to see you enter it.

"Believe me, with sincere regard,

"Yours ever,

"LUCK ALINX.

"J. Montgomery, Esq., [redacted]"

Mr. [redacted] expressed surprise at [redacted] omission of some essays, especially that on the "Imperishability of Words," already noticed.* *Montgomery*: "[redacted] I live a century longer, I [redacted] perhaps revise and reprint some [redacted] them. The [redacted] you name is [redacted] in my mind with [redacted] interesting circumstance: when I [redacted] it in public, a young lady who heard it [redacted] clearly [redacted] vinced of the baseness of her conduct, in having defamed the character of a minister of the gospel by [redacted] insinuations conveyed in anonymous letters, that [redacted] [redacted] only felt deep compunction for having been guilty [redacted] [redacted] vile a practice, but went home [redacted] wrote a letter in her real [redacted] expressive of her penitence and horror!" *Everett*: "So much for the force of truth and conscience: [redacted] [redacted] might perhaps be useful [redacted] others who have uttered words wantonly, foolishly, [redacted] insidiously." *Montgomery*: "I am told by a friend, [redacted] Wordsworth [redacted] displeased [redacted] what I have [redacted] of him in 'Pen, Ink, and Paper.'"† *Everett*: "It is difficult [redacted]

* A considerable portion of this Essay, altered to suit the subject, was afterwards used in the beginning of his "Retrospect of [redacted]"

† In the "Gentleman's Magazine" for October, 1772, there is a Fable entitled "Pen, Ink, and Paper." The drift of the story is a contest of the three for superiority; which thus ends:—

"From hence let Britons draw

This plain and useful moral,—

Britain shall Europe awe

While Britons never quarrel."

conceive how the description of him as securing 'a nest of nightingales' in the clutches of a gang of rascally schoolboys, was regarded as otherwise complimentary." *Montgomery*: "I certainly had no intention to the contrary. The allusion might have been deemed equivocal but I retained the illustration as I had written, in which I had introduced him as a handkerchief full of what are vulgarly called *toads*—those loathsome but often beautifully tinted studded things of which poor Henry Steinbaur was fond, which to me were vegetable toads and frogs."* For a time the work sold well. "Everybody," said Mr. Orme in a note, "is reading 'Prose by a Poet;' and everybody knows the author,—except his friends in the Row." One of the most gratifying testimonies of interest in these volumes, was the fact of the formation of a society for relieving aged females, in connection with the reading of the paper on "The Women" by a clergyman at Malvern. A lady, writing to inform Montgomery how earnestly her colleagues had engaged in the good work, said, "You may perhaps feel some interest about some of them, from the circumstance of her being the widow of (the ghost) Lord Lyttelton; she sank under the grief she was obliged to undergo in her early separation from him: her religion supported her through her severe affliction, and the good Lord Lyttelton had shown every mark of attention and kindness to her whom his son would have loved; but who inspired all those who knew her, with sentiments of admiration for her talents, and for her many excellent qualities. At the age of eighty-one, she is indefatigable in her attention to the Sunday and other schools which she

* "A Fervour at Harrogate," *Prose by a Poet*, vol. ii. p. 224.

has established." Montgomery himself remarked "The 'Prose by a Poet' would probably fail to please either of the two large classes of readers, namely, the one of the merely, who would be disgusted by the introduction of religious sentiments; and individuals of a decidedly religious character, who would consider much of the matter too light and sentimental. Nor is he mistaken. The tone of the volume, on the whole, pitched in a too gentle key to be very attractive to the admirers of that brilliant and exciting style of writing which was coming into vogue, especially in periodicals: hence, their moderate to encourage a repetition of the experiment.

Jan. Mr. Holland dined with Montgomery at Mr. Longden's. *Montgomery*: "Mr. Holland, I have not yet done with the 'Investigator';* I borrowed it for the sake of an article on the agriculture of the Israelites, written by Mr. Plumptre†, who has several volumes of his poetical works for the library of our Literary and Philosophical Society, in consequence, he says, of reading my speech in a previous number of this periodical. His essay is interesting; but it ought to have been written in a more lively style." Mr. Longden alluded to a rumour then

* A short-lived quarterly periodical.

† The Rev. James Plumptre, vicar of Great Grimsden, Huntingdonshire, a zealous advocate of the notion of so "purifying the Drama" that theatrical exhibitions might be rendered edifying to Christian audiences! His own exemplifications of this attempt on the works of several popular English "playwrights" are the volumes referred to in the text. He sometimes rather perplexed Montgomery by his letters on this subject, especially when he assumed the poet's concurrence in his views, and that he must be taking an active part in the controversy then going on in Sheffield between the pulpit and the stage; on both which points he was mistaken.

in circulation, ■■■ effect that ■ London publisher ■■ stipulated with ■ the author of 'Waverley' ■■ ■■ novels a year, ■ ■ startling price. *Montgomery*: "I have heard ■■ rumour, but I do ■■ believe ■■ ■■ would enter into such ■ bargain; as ■ would have ■ ■■ ■■ double ■■ in the ■■ ■■ falling ■■ in interest on the part of ■■ public, ■■ of execution ■■ the part of the writer; though I ■■ ■■ doubt that the latter would be able ■■ furnish his quota of volumes with as much regularity ■■ almost ■■ ■■ difficulty ■■ Allan Cunningham supplies a ■■ per month ■■ the 'London Magazine.'"^{*} *Longden*: "I have a letter from Mrs. Hosland, in ■■ ■■ she desires ■■ ■■ present her kind regards to Mr. Montgomery." *Montgomery*: "But does she promise to do anything for the sweeps? Mr. ■■ ■■ will be surprised when ■■ tell him that I have received promises from *three* ■■ ■■ poetesses—two of whom, I believe, you ■■ ■■ know." *Longden*: "I presume Miss R. is one of them?" *Montgomery*: "Miss Roberts is ■■ of them. I ■■ her a circular, and wrote upon it, 'You ■■ give us the 'Lay of the Last Chimney-Sweeper.' It instantly struck ■■ that ■■ would really ■■ a good subject; and ■■ I must do something, I had half ■■ mind ■■ ■■ ■■ letter and appropriate the theme: but I said, 'No; that would be cowardly and ungenerous; I intended the hint for Mary, and she ■■ have it.'" *Longden*: "Has ■■ done anything?" *Montgomery*: "She ■■ sketched a story, which, when ■■ ■■ ■■ credit." ■■ ■■ "Have you received any very ■■ ■■ communications ■■ ■■ subject?" *Montgomery*: "Yesterday ■■ ■■ a letter from Bowles,

^{*} He rightly estimated the powers of the author; but much underrated the wonderful reaction of demand and supply which ■■ lived ■■ ■■ ■■

who promises to do something: he had seen Moore, and he will write 'Climbing Girl!' I wish to do so. Bowles adds, "My neighbour, Lord Lansdowne, promised to support the House of Lords against Lord Landerdale, which has had an encounter." Holland: "Pray, sir, upon what authority is the assertion in the circular, that girls are employed to sweep chimneys?" Montgomery: "If you ask me as a fact, you don't deserve to know anything about it: but if you doubt it, I will give you confirmatory evidence. At the Climbing Boys' dinner last Monday, a girl was actually introduced, by her parents, as a sweep, to dine with the boys! On being questioned relative to their barbarous conduct, they coolly replied, in effect, that having no boy of their own, and being too poor to hire one, they employed their daughter as a sweep! She appeared a modest girl, about the size and age of this"—laying his hand on the shoulder of one of his host's children about ten years old. "The ladies took considerable interest in the matter, and, on inquiry, they found that there was at least another girl in the town occupied in this disgusting and degrading manner."*

His remarks were made to the effect that the subject was almost as little suited to poetry, as girls to chimney-sweeping. Montgomery: "I am quite aware of that;—nor can it be rendered either pleasing or popular: but, however ungrateful the duty laid upon me, I feel that, under the circumstances, I must do it."

* In the "Edinburgh Review," No. LXIV., there is an article (written by the late Rev. Sydney Smith) embodying ample quotations from the Parliamentary Report on the Climbing Boys: it contains evidence of the employment of girls by the sweepers of the chimneys at Windsor Castle.

shrink it without missing what appeared a providential chance of doing good. I have already received several, I expect to receive further, communications: it is intended to print in what Mr. Holland the 'Chimney-Sweeper's Album,' which may eventually be the title of the volume." Some remarked, "that it is a pure charity, the design as well as the execution might render it a tribute." *Montgomery*: "Well, we will try Cruikshank for a sketch"; and if Moore give us the 'Chimney-Sweeper's Girl,' we will hesitate no more to give John Stephenson for it."†

* Cruikshank did furnish two or three appropriate designs.

† Although no poetical contribution was received from Mr. Moore for the book, the following letter will show how cordially he responded to the application of his brother poet:—

"Shopton Cottage, Devizes, April 17. 1834.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have a thousand apologies to make for the long delay that has taken place in my answer to your letter. I had, immediately upon receiving it, tried my hand at a few stanzas for your purpose, and had even uttered as an invocation,—

"O for a Muse of smoke, that would ascend
The highest chimney of invention!—

but nothing came that I could venture to send you; and though I ought to have written to tell you so, yet—I did not, and must only trust to your good nature for forgiveness.

"It would give me great delight to meet you. There are passages of yours that I repeat to myself almost daily; among which are,—

" 'The dead are like the stars by day,' &c."

"If ever good luck should take me through Sheffield, I shall, on the strength of our chimney-sweep correspondence, knock at your door.

"Yours very truly,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"To J. Montgomery, Esq. Sheffield."

After dinner the conversation turned on the Rev. John Wesley, with whom an elderly individual present had well acquainted. Montgomery took deep interest in what was said about Wesley and Methodism; remarking that he had been all surprised at the extent of the journeys which he undertook, and the concurrent labour in preaching. He said he saw the good who had visited Fulneck was there. *Holland*: "Mr. Wesley was full of meeting the children who used to gather about him in the street; and it is remarkable how many of those upon whom he then pronounced a blessing, afterwards became members of his societies." This led a lady to mention that she travelled by the mail to Leeds with a venerable old gentleman, who told her of Foster; she was much pleased with his edifying religious conversation; and when they got off the coach, he pulled off his glove, laid his hand upon her head, and pronounced a solemn benediction; adding, that although they might never again meet on earth, he hoped they would meet in heaven. *Montgomery*: "Ah! he was one of our Moravian bishops. I owe much to the wise instructions and pious example of that good man. Formerly—of long before his elevation to the episcopal office, a very unostentatious dignity in the Moravian Church—he was teacher in the seminary at Fulneck, where he was exceedingly kind to the boys, and they of him; but being a very simple man, they often amused themselves with his mistakes. I used to steal into his library, and get a sight of such books as were not allowed to be read in the school. We considered Foster's marriage merely as 'an event,' but a thing quite marvellous; for the probability of such an occurrence in his

case had entered into boyish "I recollect his wife, spend an hour with us in the school-room the afternoon of wedding-day."

A gentleman in the room inquired, "Mr. Montgomery, how you account for the increase of crime, notwithstanding the progress of refinement, and the great number of religious seminaries other educational institutions?" *Montgomery*: "I deny premises which your question founded. I believe crime—using the term in common sense—does increase in the ratio of our advancing population. How seldom, now-a-days, we hear of such atrocious murders or such daring robberies as we read about in the 'Newgate Calendar,' when footpads went forth with 'crape and cocked pistol!' Thieving, indeed, and manslaughter lamentably frequent; but still, the notion that crimes are increasing beyond precedent arises mainly from the fact that they are sooner, better, and more extensively known than they formerly; for, by the circulation of newspapers, and by other rapid means of information, there is hardly any serious crime against the laws committed in the most obscure corner of a county, but it is circumstantially—very attractively—set forth in print, and heard of by almost every individual in the kingdom. Only take a single instance,—the murder of Mr. Weare, and the report of the trial of the parties implicated which took place on another day, of which a single newspaper [the 'Observer'] issued at least 100,000 copies of one edition." *Longden*: "I was glad you took an opportunity of reprehending in the 'Iris' the popular sympathy which has been so strongly interested in atrocious crime. It was really a reasonable and well-written article."

* *Iris*, Jan. 20. 1824. It was really a reasonable and well-written article.

"The public ~~had~~ ~~has~~ ~~been~~ dreadfully misled, ~~and~~ only with regard to ~~the~~ peculiarity of the tragedy itself, but in relation ~~to~~ ~~the~~ chief ~~actor~~ in it; and I ~~was~~ determined ~~to~~ do what I could towards correcting ~~the~~ impression, at least ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~mind~~ of my own readers." *Gentleman*: "I suppose, sir, you have ~~no~~ doubt but that Weare ~~was~~ ~~a~~ ~~man~~?"

Montgomery: "He used, ~~it~~ seems, ~~to~~ travel the country ~~with~~ an ~~O.~~ table, and was well known ~~at~~ Doncaster and ~~other~~ ~~places~~ ~~as~~ ~~a~~ downright fleecing gambler."

Montgomery: "Do you ~~think~~ ~~him~~ [an accessory in the murder] ~~will~~ make any important disclosures?"

Montgomery: "I should think not. He does not seem ~~to~~ have been much trusted by the rest; but to have been a ~~kind~~ of subordinate whom the principals might use in any foul deed—an under-villain, who, like the second murderer in a tragedy, just comes upon the stage ~~to~~ give the victim ~~a~~ stab, ~~and~~ ~~go~~ again." *Holland*:

"You have characterised Thurtell's conduct ~~in~~ the place of execution by the ~~word~~ 'magnanimity,' which I think ~~it~~ must be allowed ~~to~~ applicable." *Montgomery*:

"It ~~was~~ ~~the~~ magnanimity of ~~a~~ ~~man~~ performing ~~a~~ great part—a tremendous reality, indeed; but perhaps ~~more~~ difficult, under the circumstances, than ~~a~~ sometimes imagined. ~~His~~ consciousness that thousands, ~~and~~ rather ~~than~~ ~~a~~ thousands, of spectators ~~were~~ watching the conduct, and ~~many~~ of them approving, if ~~he~~ actually applauding ~~the~~ ~~conduct~~ of the hero is, ~~a~~ experience ~~that~~ a source of excitement sufficient to enable even ~~a~~ ~~man~~ ~~to~~ brave ~~the~~ ~~most~~ desperate exhibition, and, as the phrase is, ~~to~~ game! I have myself been ~~in~~ situations which ~~required~~ ~~in~~ some degree, ~~a~~ judge of ~~the~~ ~~value~~ of an approving multitude ~~and~~ a personal courage*; ~~and~~ although I ~~was~~ naturally one

* His trials at York, in 1794—5, for libels.

of the greatest cowards in this world, I am persuaded that I ~~should not have~~ under desperate circumstances; ~~he~~ should ~~be~~ the hero as magnanimously as any ~~man~~ ~~if I was~~ going ~~to~~ be hanged."

They have adverted to the interest which Montgomery took in ~~the~~ to ameliorate the condition of ~~the~~ poor children employed in sweeping chimneys. His principal coadjutor in ~~the~~ enterprise, Mr. Roberts, being anxious to ~~show~~ the sympathies of literature in ~~the~~ outcasts, induced ~~him~~ to address a circular letter to upwards of twenty of the favourite poets of ~~the~~ day, soliciting a contribution from each. In ~~many~~ instances the printed address was accompanied by a personal ~~note~~ from the applicant; and from all the parties courteous replies ~~were~~ received.

Public attention was first particularly excited ~~in~~ the condition of climbing-boys in the year 1788, when the well-known Jonas Hanway, with ~~many~~ other benevolent gentlemen, prepared ~~a~~ to be brought into parliament for the purpose of protecting these boys in the prosecution of their trade. The bill contained, in its original form, a variety of provisions * for that purpose; but the principal ~~ones~~, such as licensing all ~~climbing-boys~~, requiring them to keep a register of the names and ages of their apprentices; and preventing what was termed "calling ~~the~~ streets" by the latter, ~~were~~ rejected by the House of Lords; the act, however, of 28 Geo. III. c. 48, was passed. In the year 1800 the Society for bettering ~~the~~ of the Poor in ~~the~~ Metropolis took up ~~the~~ subject; but ~~nothing~~ or nothing appears to have been done upon ~~that~~ occasion, except ~~that~~ more respectable master

* Evidence of Mr. Tooke before a Committee of the House of Commons, 1817.

chimney-sweepers entered an subscription amongst themselves promoting the and health of the boys in their respective services.

The honour of having the calling public attention to the subject in a manner, and especially of being perhaps the very of substituting inanimate machinery for little children in the loathsome employment of cleansing chimneys, due to a lady. In the "St. Chronicle" of 1803 appeared an letter written by Mrs. Bates *, under the signature of "A Progress in Life." Amidst various appropriate remarks, she says:—"The two public patrons of these poor wretches, Mr. Jonas Hanway and Mrs. Montague †, are removed by death; but if a few generous persons would unite, and propose a premium for the best constructed machine to do work [of climbing-boys], I doubt it would speedily be accomplished." In consequence of this letter, a large meeting was held at the London Coffee House in February 1803, when the "Society for superseding the Necessity of Climbing-Boys, by encouraging a New Method of Sweeping Chimneys, and for improving the Condition of Children and others employed by Chimney-Sweepers," was instituted. Nothing, however, was beyond such ameliorations of the system was compelled by repeated of its

* This lady was the relict of the well-known Eli Bates, who left at her free disposal an ample fortune. She afterwards became a member of the Moravian congregation, though not of the church, and was during her lifetime a munificent benefactor in aid of the religious exertions of the Brethren. Montgomery was solicited to write a Memoir of her; but to this he felt disinclined, on account of some peculiar religious notions entertained by her, which he either did not fully comprehend or did not care to discuss.

† The May-day holiday of the London sweeps is inseparably identified with the name of this benevolent lady.

evils, though a bill had been brought into parliament in 1816, but withdrawn on technical grounds. It was now thought that the time had arrived for a fresh appeal to the co-operation of the legislature; and such benevolent design this publication was to be preliminary. In order to secure its success, Montgomery not only applied for aid from his literary friends, but he addressed the following letter to a gentleman who had immediate personal access to the King:—

James Montgomery to Sir William Knighton.

“Sheffield, 11th Dec. 1820.”

“Sir,

“I am instructed by a small company of persons, who have been long associated for the purpose of bettering the condition of Chimney-Sweepers’ Climbing-Boys in this town, to request you to recommend our intended work in their favour, to the gracious consideration of his Majesty, who, formerly in his high office of Prince Regent, and latterly as Sovereign, has condescended to be the patron of a Society in the metropolis established for the humane and patriotic purpose—the mitigation of sufferings the most cruel and unmerited, necessarily inflicted on the helpless and unoffending of our fellow-subjects who qualify themselves for a dangerous and unwholesome occupation, unfit to be performed by human beings of any age, and more of all by children.”

“The enclosed circular, which has been addressed to the principal poets of the day,—from several of whom contributions or promises of assistance have been already received,—will explain the character of the Work, which, in poetical pieces, will contain much interesting and affecting information on the subject of this grievous evil in our country, calculated to excite the public mind (if we can get fair access to it) to a due sense of the duty of abolishing altogether a practice so flagitious.

“The immediate object of this letter is to engage you, as

the proper person, most earnestly and dutifully to solicit his Majesty to be pleased to permit us to dedicate the little volume to himself, as Patron of the Institution already

As the beneficent and equal father of his numerous British-born family, we will humbly hope that the King will accede to our request, which is not preferred for the purpose of gaining either honour or profit for ourselves, but most conscientiously and disinterestedly to serve the poorest and most disgraced of his Majesty's subjects.

" Trusting [redacted] exercise of your [redacted] you will
be kindly disposed to render us this service, [redacted] the [redacted]
[redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]

"I [redacted] Sir, very respectfully.

"Your [redacted] servant."

"J. MONTGOMERY."

Upwards of a month having elapsed without any [redacted] having been received [redacted] the foregoing letter, the subject [redacted] re-urged on the attention of Sir William Knighton by the Treasurer of the Metropolitan Society, and [redacted] whom the following [redacted] [redacted] presently returned:—

Charles R. Sumner to W. Took, Esq. M. P.

" Carlton Palace, March 4, 1894.

4. Side

"I have had the honour of receiving the King's commands to inform you that his Majesty has been pleased to comply with the request of Mr. James Montgomery communicated through you.

"You will be pleased to acquaint gentleman that he is authorised to dedicate to his Majesty his in- publication on the subject of the sufferings of boys employed in cleansing chimneys by climbing.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

— Your obedient and faithful servant.

“CHARLES R. SUMNER.

"Liberian."

Accordingly the volume, which appeared in the spring of 1825 under the title of the "Chimney-Sweepers' Friend, and Climbing-Boys' Album," and "arranged by James Montgomery," was "presented to the Father of all the People, King George Fourth," to whom, of course, a copy was transmitted.

Charles R. Sumner to James Montgomery.

"Carlton.

"SIR,

"I acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the 'Climbing-Boys' Album,' the greater part of which I have perused, and with much interest,—and beg leave to express my wishes that the benevolent endeavours of the Society whose instance it has been published, may eventually be crowned with success. As the copy which you have sent is in preparation for the King, to be transmitted to Carlton House, I beg to place it without delay in the hands of his Majesty, whom all must rejoice to see so steady a patron of the Society.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"CHARLES R. SUMNER,

"Librarian.

"James Montgomery, Esq.,

The work is divided into two parts; the first comprising miscellaneous poems and documents (principally republications), presenting the uncoloured and unexaggerated realities of the slave in the various forms of argument, authentic narrative, and parliamentary evidence. By these, of course, the object of the chimney-sweeper expected in this literary appeal mainly is determined. The second portion consisted, with one or two exceptions, of pieces of poetry or prose written on the occasion. "To the department," says

the editor, “copies of [the] circular letter” [were] addressed [in many instances, as we have said, [by] a more particular personal appeal] [to] upwards of twenty [of the] favourite poets of the day. From [of] [of] very gratifying answers [were] received, but eight only contained contributions.” These [were] Barton, Henry Neale, Allan Cunningham, J. Bowring, J. H. Wiffen, Mrs. Gilbert, W. L. Bowles, and Barry Cornwall.†.

After naming nine other individuals, [the] whose courtesy [the] editor acknowledges himself indebted, although they [did not] directly accede [to] his request, [the] adds, “All these distinguished characters declared themselves [to be] friendly to the emancipation of the poor climbing-boys [and] their correspondent himself could be; but several doubted whether poetry would interest the public [and] in their sufferings as to procure earlier redress by such appeals [were] desired. [The] question need not be discussed here.”‡ Whatever might be

“ Reprinted in the *Work*.

† Southey’s name does not appear among those forming the list of [the] to [the] book; but the first volume of the “*Doctor*” contains a chapter on the subject, which turns chiefly upon Lord Lauderdale’s heartless jest, and contains the following paragraph: “James Montgomery! these remarks are too late for a place in thy ‘Chimney-Sweepers’ Friend;’ but insert them, I pray thee, in thy newspaper, at the request of one who admires and loves thee as a poet, honours and respects thee as a man, and reaches out, in spirit, at this moment, a long arm to shake hands with thee in cordial good will.” There is, likewise, a complimentary reference to Mr. Bowring’s contribution, as displaying “true poetry and right feeling.”—*The Doctor*, &c., vol. i. p. 162.

‡ It may be worthy of remark, that even in the “*Edinburgh Review*,” where Christian missions and evangelical agencies [were] general met with so little respect at the time (1819), the humane attempt to ameliorate the condition of the chimney-sweeper was seconded [by] an article written by [the] Rev. Sydney Smith, “*Works*,” vol. i. pp. 347. 361.

the opinion of Montgomery on this point,—and perhaps he might have been greatly from some of his correspondents, who, in a question between art and philanthropy, could hardly be expected in this case to make a choice,—it is clear, from his own poetical contributions, as well as from those of other persons given in this volume, that the subject need not, at all events, degrade his willing Muse.

Dr. Croly to James Montgomery.

* 2. Michael's Place, Brompton,
London, Feb. 11 1834.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am much indebted by your applying to me any thing which may promote human feeling as much as the prevention of the wretchedness of those climbing-boys; but if poetry is to be the instrument, there is no way by which I should so much desire to see it used as your way.

"I am quite satisfied that your known and admirable powers and peculiar style would be better able to make such impression as poetry could make, than any of any other writer living.

"But I am much inclined to doubt whether poetry is the proper weapon, and whether a collection of strong and well authenticated and well told, prefaced by a few pages of the history and nature of this great grievance to the humanity of England, would be the best way of influencing the nation, through the legislature. I know something of the kind that has been done already, in the House of Lords, but it was on the alleged ground that chimneys were so dangerous as to make the employment of machinery dangerous. We must give to this, the production of machinery, the same angles of chimneys. If this be done, no progress with the Lords can be expected.

"If I should find it in my power to assist your design

any form of this nature, by urging your pamphlet notice, I shall be extremely gratified. But I confess I am fully that something appealing more directly general understanding than poetry must be employed.

"Believe me, with great respect, dear Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"G. CROLY.

"James Montgomery, Esq., Sheffield."

It was gratifying to that although neither Wordsworth nor Professor Wilson actually furnished contributions, both these eminent individuals entertained the subject repugnant poetical illustration. The former thus replied to the request:—

"Rydal Mount, Jan. 24.

"I feel much for their [the climbing boys'] unhappy situation, and should glad the of employing helpless creatures in this way abolished. But no period of my have I write verses that not spring from an inward impulse of other; they neither proposed imposed. . . . I should have written sooner, but it possible that I might have into a track that would have led something."

The Professor of Moral Philosophy says:—

"Edinburgh, Feb. 10.

"I attempted several times to write a few lines, but was unsuccessful. you wish have a tale, I will write one and it to you." Allow me, although personally you, myself, wishes for your and happiness,

"Yours,

"JOHN WILSON."

The hope thus raised was not realised.

It was exceedingly pleasing to me of those friendly greeting which they afforded me writers an opportunity of exchanging with the [redacted] bard, whose [redacted] diffidence too rarely brought him [redacted] epistolary [redacted] with his literary contemporaries. The worthy rector of Breamhill, who, after expressing a "doubt whether, [redacted] a subject [redacted] different from those [redacted] [redacted] hitberto attempted, he would satisfy himself," nevertheless sent [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] LITTLE SWEEP, to show [redacted] "animus," as he says;

"Breamhill, [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]"

"In [redacted] respects, believe me a sincere well-wisher; and felicitating myself on a circumstance that has given me an opportunity of this correspondence with a gentleman with whose [redacted] and interesting poems I have been long familiar,

"I remain, [redacted] Sir,

"Yours, [redacted] truly,

"W. L. BOWLER."

The Bard of Memory replied in a style not less cordial:—

"22, St. James's Place, Jan. 18 [redacted]"

"My dear Sir,

"Give me leave to thank you for your [redacted] eloquent [redacted] If anything [redacted] suggest [redacted] me, worthy of [redacted] a cause, you may depend upon receiving [redacted] in [redacted] time; but I [redacted] speak confidently. [redacted] [redacted] all events, to congratulate myself on what I hope will lead [redacted] a [redacted] acquaintance. If chance [redacted] bring you to London, I hope you will not forget me. I [redacted] never pass through [redacted] without doing myself the honour [redacted] call [redacted] your [redacted]"

"Believe me [redacted] be, [redacted] sincere respect,

"Yours ever,

"SAMUEL [redacted]"

Allen Cunningham accompanied a very characteristic alike a genius a good nature, with a letter, in which he says :—

“*Edinburgh Street, Fimlloo, 1824.*”

“That I am a and triumphant in your benevolent undertaking you readily imagine; poetry will do more for human nature in one hour than has done for a century, if it redeems the image of God from this profanation. I am glad of this opportunity to you long and how much you gratified me with your poetry; you that you have many, warm who open books, for telling others what they of them, but for delight they give—the proof of excellence.”

Sir Walter Scott, on being written to, says :—

“*Abbotsford, Melrose, Jan. 4. 1824.*”

“I am favoured with your letter, and should be happy to do what would be agreeable to Mr. Montgomery; but a in literature, like a veteran in arms, loses the alacrity with which young to the task; and I have long of the habit of writing poetry, my Pegasus become very restive. Besides, at my best, I was never good at writing occasional verses.”

Walter, however, was not the to himself with a apology for doing nothing; accordingly the editor says in the preface, “he contributed something towards the work, will be better than a poem from his own might have done.” This is a description of the plan adopted in the construction of the then newly-erected residence at Abbotsford, by which the “taken that such

cruelty [as exercised in the employment of boys] shall be practised within its precincts."

Miss Joanna Baillie thus writes:—

"It is very gratifying to me that you thought me capable of assisting the good cause you have in hand; and you are in the right justice in supposing I am friendly to it. But with what heart shall I do your bidding, having considered your benevolent plan, as well as I am able, I am myself completely convinced that I can serve your poor climbing-boys half so essentially as one of some length written by yourself. Nay, you must pardon me for being so presumptuous as to say that poetry even from your pen, or that of any of our distinguished poets, would not be so useful to them as a plain statement of their miserable state in prose, accompanied with a simple reasonable plan for sweeping chimneys without them. . . . And now permit me to offer you thanks for the very obliging expressions in the circular letter by your hand. Any approbation from a poet so distinguished is very sensibly felt by, &c."

This lady having expressed her willingness to furnish a description of the old-fashioned method of cleansing chimneys in Scotland, by working a broom up and down them, Montgomery wrote to her for it, the same time suggesting to her a theme for verse; but her opinion remained unchanged.

"I thank you," she says in a second letter, "for providing me with such a pretty fancy to write upon"; but you forget that I am firmly opposed to any harm

* Alluding to a passage in Montgomery's letter, in which he said he wished a poor sweep-boy would some night present himself in one of her dreams, and relate his tale of suffering in such a way as to excite her sympathy in behalf of his fellows.

instead of good. . . . It is just the way to have the whole matter considered by the sober pot-boilers over the whole kingdom as a fanciful and visionary thing. I wish, with all my heart, [REDACTED] threshing-machines [REDACTED] [REDACTED] first been recommended to the monied men by poets."*

Rev. H. H. Milman to James Montgomery.

"Reading, May 6. 1824.

"Sir,

"The circular letter you addressed to me some time [REDACTED] [REDACTED] only just reached [REDACTED] having, I [REDACTED] [REDACTED] London. The [REDACTED] which you [REDACTED] [REDACTED] act, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] sufferings [REDACTED] you [REDACTED] [REDACTED] benevolently endeavouring [REDACTED] alleviate, [REDACTED] unquestionable, [REDACTED] I [REDACTED] but heartily concur in wishing [REDACTED] [REDACTED] your cause. I find, however, that (even if I [REDACTED] convinced of [REDACTED] wisdom of the means to which you intend to have recourse, [REDACTED] which you must not accuse [REDACTED] of calculating [REDACTED] coldly if I consider rather questionable) I should [REDACTED] [REDACTED] to assist you in [REDACTED] manner you wish, [REDACTED] especially as I [REDACTED] [REDACTED] present engaged in [REDACTED] [REDACTED] which will for [REDACTED] time occupy my undivided attention.

"I have the honour to be,

"[REDACTED] great respect and esteem,

"Yours. faithfully,

"H. H. MILMAN.

"Mr. James Montgomery, [REDACTED]

Dr. Smyth, [REDACTED] Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, says,—

* Miss Baillie having mentioned the subject of her correspondence with Montgomery to Sir Walter Scott, [REDACTED] latter. [REDACTED] a [REDACTED] to [REDACTED] lady, remarks, "I am particularly [REDACTED] with your answer to Montgomery, because [REDACTED] happened [REDACTED] he [REDACTED] same with mine. He applied to me for a sonnet or an elegy, instead of which I sent him an account of a manner of constructing chimneys so as scarcely to contract soot . . . but I think he would rather have had a sonnet, &c."—Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. iv. p. 325., first ed.

"After talking with many literary people, when in town, I am but confirmed in my original notion, that no good can ■■■ way in which it is proposed to attempt it. Ludicrous associations have unfortunately ■■■ with these poor boys; and I conceive, ■■■ others, ■■■ and the Fine Arts are more likely ■■■ suffer from this sort of connection with them, than to do them service."

Mr. Proctor, however (Barry Cornwall), whose poetical contribution is one of the best in ■■■ volume, remarks, "I have dealt *plainly* with ■■■ subject, although I don't know why soot should not produce poetical as well ■■■ natural flowers." Lamb, who deemed "the subject ■■■ unmanageable ■■■ poetry," ■■■■ municated nevertheless ■■■ very characteristic little poem from Blake's "Songs of Innocence." No wonder, with such avowals from such quarters before him, the editor of the "Climbing-Boys' Album" should have struck to ■■■ somewhat querulous pitch the key-note of his ■■■ soliloquy, commencing,—

"I know they scorn ■■■ climbing-boy,
The gay, the selfish, and the proud;
I know his villainous employ
■■■ mockery with the thoughtless crowd," ■■■

CHAP. LVI.

1824.

MONTGOMERY READS AN ESSAY ON "METEORIC STONES,"—LETTER TO HANNAH MONTGOMERY.—LETTERS TO DR. WHITTAKER.—THE STRUGGLING STUDENT.—COLLINS, NEW CLASSIC.—FARMERS AND GARDENERS HYMNS.—LETTER FROM BOUTWELL.—FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF THE POET.—ITS MERIT AS A—CRITICISM.—THE REV. DR. WHITTAKER.—LETTER TO MRS. FOSTER.—DOCTORY ESSAY TO COWPER.—CALVINISM.—VISIT TO BRIDLINGTON.—"A SEA PIRCE,"—MORALISING ON THE OCEAN.—LETTER TO GEORGE KENNER.

FEB. 6. Montgomery read a Paper on "Meteoric Stones" before the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society, of which he was the president. It was, however, with a design of presenting any arguments in favour of the fact on one of the least explicable phenomena of physical science, than for the purpose of presenting for discussion some notions entertained on the subject by his friend Mr. Roberts, that the poet composed, or rather introduced, the essay. He besides received for its illustration a fragment of noted meteoric substance which fell in Yorkshire in 1795. This curiosity was a gift of his friend Archdeacon Wrangham, who not only felt as a philosophical interest in the history, but who, it may be added, has, in print, avowed himself a Lunarian, "in the theory of what have been called moon-stones, or aëro-liths; as previous observations had determined the

high probability of volcanoes in, and of slight [redacted] from the very scant atmosphere of the moon."*

Two volumes of the "*Journal*" of Robert Bloomfield, author of the 'Farmer's Boy,' &c., were published this year by [redacted] daughter of [redacted] pleasing rural poet: [redacted] others, she wrote to Montgomery, [redacted] plaining that the [redacted] circumstances in which her father had [redacted] his family had suggested the compilation.

James Montgomery to Hannah Bloomfield.

"Sheffield, May 7. 1826

"DEAR MADAM,

"I am exceedingly grieved to learn from your letter the distressing circumstances of your family. I scarcely knew your amiable and [redacted] father, except as a poet. I [redacted] him [redacted] the Shepherd and Shepherdess [Inn, City Road, London, where he [redacted] resided], and bespoke an Eolian harp of him. In a periodical ['Eol. Rev.'], [redacted] the year 1811, I published an article on your father's poetry, of which the following [redacted] an extract, and you are welcome [redacted] use you please of it, [redacted] containing my [redacted] then, [redacted] are my [redacted] sentiments now. If the work, which you [redacted] as in contemplation, be [redacted] your family, I shall [redacted] glad to render any little help I can in recommending [redacted]

"I am, truly your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Miss H. Bloomfield, Sheffield, Beds."

When [redacted] work appeared, the editor [redacted] "*Iris*" [redacted] only recommended it as a vehicle of [redacted] poet's family, but expressed [redacted] willingness [redacted] become [redacted]

* Catalogue of the "English Portion of the Library of the Ven. Francis Wrangham, M.A., F.R.S., Archdeacon of Cleveland," 1826.

medium of any separate pecuniary contribution towards ~~that~~ object. The result was gratifying—he had the pleasure of remitting between twenty and thirty pounds.

About ~~this~~ time several letters passed between ~~the~~ late Dr. Williamson, of Leeds, and the ~~poet~~ poet, chiefly with the aim of serving the Philosophical Societies of ~~Leeds~~ ~~Leeds~~ respectively, by an interchange of lectures and ~~papers~~ ~~papers~~ read before the members. The worthy Doctor having gratified the ~~Leeds~~ Society ~~with~~ ~~an~~ paper on the "Philosophy of Lord Bacon," Montgomery acknowledged the service by ~~recording~~ ~~the~~ of ~~his~~ own lecture at the sister Institution.

James Montgomery to Dr. Williamson.

"Sheffield, May 12. 1811.

"DEAR SIR,

"As ~~Mr.~~ Todd does not send to Leeds before Friday, I must ~~send~~ my precious manuscript alone, to take its fortune ~~on~~ the road. It is so crude ~~a~~ composition in many parts, and altogether so ill-written, that it will be necessary ~~for~~ you ~~to~~ study it very carefully, ~~and~~ ~~to~~ find yourself in such a dilemma as you ~~will~~ ~~be~~. The ~~manuscript~~ ~~was~~ hastily compiled ~~in~~ very imperfect ~~days~~ ~~ago~~ ~~days~~ previous to the delivery of it in public, and the latter part written ~~even~~ ~~when~~ the meeting was assembling, to serve ~~as~~ ~~a~~ ~~text~~ than text, so ~~the~~ the style ~~is~~ necessarily rambling; ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~poet~~ of ~~the~~ ~~poet~~ stage' horns, running ~~laterally~~ laterally as they ~~run~~ perpendicularly; and unless you are very attentive to the punctuation, bad as ~~it~~ is, you will ~~be~~ frequently bewildered, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ all ~~the~~ of voice so far as due *accentuation* is concerned; while, ~~if~~ you lay particular ~~stress~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ point, you will fail to communicate the little sense that there is, to the ~~reader~~. I have expressly recopied the worst paragraphs, but ~~there~~ are many which, if you have time, you had better

rewrite yourself, or you will hardly make them out in reading. The article is so long, and indeed so heavy, that I recommend to you to close at the bottom of the thirty-eighth page, and do not attempt to [redacted] me through the [redacted] [redacted] to [redacted] exceedingly [redacted] and [redacted] together in very rude language, being desperately [redacted] in last agonies I thought [redacted] I mounted [redacted] Omitting these, you may call the essay a 'General Retrospect of Literature to the Close of the Third Century [redacted] Christian Era;' otherwise the view pretends to come down to the end of the twelfth century; indeed, though [redacted] pages [redacted] polishing, I [redacted] [redacted] I [redacted] sketch, to lengthen [redacted] part, brief as [redacted] is. I have to request that you will on no account let the manuscript go [redacted] of your hands, [redacted] return it [redacted] either by coach, getting it carefully booked, [redacted] by [redacted] convenient opportunity.

"Should you find [redacted] absolutely hopeless to attempt to [redacted] scrawl [redacted] a lecture, and have nothing [redacted] substitute, let me know, and I will try to go over [redacted] the time to Leeds, and deliver it myself. But I mean, as I say, only if you are in *despair*. I have [redacted] leisure [redacted] copy the whole over again, [redacted] I would have done so rather than [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] credit [redacted] mine. I have no other copy.

"I am truly, your [redacted] [redacted] servant,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"P.S. Pray write to say that it is safe in your hands.

"James Wilkinson, Esq., M.D., Leeds."

The members of the Leeds Society [redacted] naturally anxious to hear [redacted] poet's [redacted] read by its author; but [redacted] the time drew [redacted] [redacted] appears [redacted] have been very willing [redacted] persuade himself of the necessity of accepting [redacted] [redacted] as [redacted] [redacted] and willing representative in the [redacted]

James Montgomery ■ Dr. ■

— Sheffield, ■ 1824.

"DEAR SIR,

"I must be beholden ■ your ■ crude essay ■ your Philosophical Society ■ Friday next. It would have ■ inconvenience ■ all to ■ to have ■ Leeds in ■ way to Fulneck this week. I wish to go thither, but ■ present I find myself ■ spiritless, ■ so much engaged with ■ affairs ■ home, ■ I have not courage to set out. ■ I have had a struggle for three days in my mind, ■ inclination ■ yield ■ constitutional infirmity, which ■ months past ■ been completely lord of the ascendant in my little system of mental and bodily economy—I ought to ■ derangement rather, for almost everything is out of order. I purposed ■ have spent two ■ three weeks in London ■ the beginning of this month, but my heart failed, and here I ■ ■ ■ You may make what ■ you please in reading ■ manuscript, and this ■ relieve you.

"I ■ very truly, your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"P.S. ■ to ■ the MS. in ■ space of a few days, by coach. ■ contrive a ■ conveyance.

"Dr. Williamson, ■ Place, Leeds "

He took ■ active part in another ■ of co-operative ■ having ■ personal object. A young ■ who was employed in one of the ■ factories, having by dint of self-instruction made ■ siderable ■ acquiring the rudiments of clas- ■ knowledge, and being withal ■ pious, as well as a studious individual, Montgomery concurred with several other gentlemen ■ raising ■ ■ maintain ■ a time, ■ the University ■ Glasgow ; and ■ purpose he personally ■ upon certain wealthy indi-

viduals. On [] return home one afternoon, after attending a meeting relative to the design just mentioned, he found [] Collins, the Scottish publisher, awaiting [] interview; [] object being [] engage the poet to compile a volume of Hymns, with the accompaniment of a Prefatory Essay. The proposal so [] met the views of Montgomery, who had himself occasionally contemplated such a collection, that he agreed [] undertake the work [] [] hundred guineas; and not only [] [] that, but previously [] write [] Introductory Essay [] [] edition of Cowper's Poems, about [] be issued by the firm* represented by [] visitor; thus laying the foundation, [] we shall see, of a long, pleasant, and profitable intercourse with his spirited countryman.†

June 7. Montgomery attended the annual meeting of the Sheffield Sunday School Union, and read a long "Retrospect" of the proceedings and [] of the Institution during the twelve years of its existence.

July 20. Mr. Holland called in the Hartshead to borrow Todd's book [] Psalmody, [] the [] time adverting [] the Collection of Hymns used in St. Paul's Church [] Sheffield. *Montgomery* (playfully): "I hope you are [] about to reprint that hymn-book; [] so,

* At that period "Chalmers and Collins," the former a brother of the celebrated Scottish preacher, with whom the design [] these serial volumes originated.

† William Collins died Jan. 2. 1853. Montgomery always spoke with respect of a man, who had not only manifested decided piety from his youth, and who made his business subservient to the republication of a series of excellent Christian authors, but who produced the plan which, in conjunction with his friend Dr. Chalmers, he [] [] promote, [] actually lived [] [] realised,—of building twenty [] [] in Glasgow!—Vide [] *Funeral Sermon*, [] []

I give you notice in time ■■■ you will ■■■ so at your peril, ■■■ I ■■■ one of its legal guardians." ■■■:
 "I thought ■■■ copyright ■■■ belonged ■■■ the Archbishop of York?" *Montgomery*: "No; ■■■ belongs ■■■ Mrs. Cotterill; ■■■ it ought ■■■ be ■■■ fortune for her: but clerical patronage is, you know, often very tardy; ■■■ many persons have been anxious ■■■ pounce upon ■■■ book ■■■ uncereceremoniously. One publisher ■■■ York, ■■■ before Mr. Cotterill's death, applied ■■■ ■■■ Archbishop for that purpose, and his Grace unwittingly ■■■ sented; but ■■■ the representation being made of the claims of the real ■■■ of the copyright, the permission ■■■ withdrawn. The ■■■ individual, immediately on hearing of the compiler's death, had the effrontery ■■■ repeat the request! Another party obtained ■■■ number of copies from London, tore ■■■ of the sheet the original title-page and dedication to the Archbishop, ■■■ substituted others bearing ■■■ own name! Good ■■■ Cotterill and I bestowed ■■■ great deal of labour and care ■■■ the compilation of that book; clipping, interlining, and remodelling hymns of ■■■ sorts, ■■■ ■■■ thought we could correct the sentiment or improve the expression." *Holland*: "And thus you, who have such ■■■ dread of posthumous or other alterations*, could be largely

* *Montgomery* had an opportunity, not long afterwards, of testing ■■■ own feelings on this point. The Rev. John Jackson, vicar of Over, applied ■■■ the Bishop of Chester to be allowed ■■■ introduce into ■■■ church the Collection of Hymns ■■■ by the Archbishop of York. The reply was a refusal, accompanied by the remark that ■■■ the Metropolitan himself had no power to sanction such a work. After the removal of Dr. Tomline from Chester to London, a Collection of Hymns published under his auspices was shown to *Montgomery*: after reading the preface, and congratulating the prelate on his more liberal views, he turned to the general contents of the book, and found six or seven hymns under his own name, but so altered that he said he would be ashamed to defend any one of them as his!

guilty of mangling the productions of other hymnologists!" *Montgomery*: "I am guilty I like to believe you will ever be; but when I am my hymns I doubt I altered to suit the of appropriators; for it is astonishing how really religious persons sometimes scruples about a turn or a term. We have altered of Cowper's, that the poet would hardly know them in their present form: for example, I entirely the of that favourite hymn, commencing—

" 'There is a fountain with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,' "

The words are objectionable in representing a fountain being *filled*, instead of *springing up*: I think my version is unexceptionable:—

" 'From Calvary's cross a fountain flows,
Of water and of blood;
Healing than Bethesda's pool,
Or famed Siloa's flood.' "

Holland: "Did not Mr. Cotterill, in reality, make the selection finally approved by and dedicated to the Archbishop, after the attempt to get an inhibition of the book?" *Montgomery*: "Mr. Cotterill selected the hymns, and submitted them to his Grace, who objected to some of them; indeed, he acted with great firmness and wisdom in a very delicate case."

Mr. George Bennet having sent home from the South a collection of natural curiosities, comprising idols, weapons, personal ornaments, &c.,

"This is, of course, a perfectly unobjectionable verse; but may be doubted whether the objection alleged against the original verse was sufficiently strong to justify the presumed

Montgomery resolved to present the bulk of the [redacted] Literary and Philosophical Society.* He appeared a good [redacted] concerned about the probable [redacted] the mission from the death of the king [redacted] queen of the Sandwich Islands, of the measles. *Holland*: "It is [redacted] the measles are [redacted] dangerous in their [redacted] persons who have not [redacted] small-pox." *Montgomery* (who was a staunch advocate of vaccination): "I suppose your grandmother told you so: have you been vaccinated?" *Holland*: "Yes; [redacted] suffered severely with the measles afterwards."† *Montgomery*: "Have you written any [redacted] on the [redacted] Smith, the Missionary, at Demerara? I [redacted] applied [redacted] for that purpose some time since; but declined [redacted] first, because I could not consider the deceased a martyr. I made this my excuse for non-compliance with [redacted] request: but I [redacted] again pressed by [redacted] friend, and have composed [redacted] stanzas having reference mainly [redacted] his interment, which took place secretly [redacted] night,—every person, [redacted] his widow, being prohibited from following the corpse; though Mrs. Smith, merely [redacted] accompanied by a negro carrying a lantern, braved the risk, and contrived [redacted] be present when the body of her husband [redacted] consigned to the grave."‡

Montgomery: "Have you seen these [redacted] [redacted] death of Lord Byron? There [redacted] others afloat; but these only [redacted] to be [redacted] all worthy of the occasion."

* These articles are now in the Society's museum.

† Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, as well as several of the royal children, had the measles in the summer of 1853: happily, the attack was mild in each case.

‡ "A [redacted] of Darkness."—*Works*, vol. i. p. 197. [redacted] appeared from the date of these lines, which were first published in the *Iris* under the title of "The Missionary's Funeral," [redacted] they were finished on the day of the conversation.

"They are equal to the 'Humanity Home' in the 'Sweep's Album.'" *Montgomery*: "I have no doubt they are his; and, as you intimate, they are of the verses in the 'Album': like them, too, they appear to have been struck off at a heat: the middle portion is very fine." "Yes; the feeling of the subject is there: the introduction, probably written afterwards, and the last as a reflection on, that passage." *Montgomery*: "But the representation of Lord Byron's appearance is a spectre is very striking." "So it is; but I think somewhat injured in effect by the place epithet of 'white-robed.'" *Montgomery*: "Yes; it reminds me of the familiar 'white-robed innocence:' but that is only one of the many articles of the wardrobe of poetry."

Robert Southey to Montgomery.

"Kerwick, July 1811"

"My dear MONTGOMERY,

"You wrote me a very kind and gratifying letter in November last, which I received at a time when it was possible to answer it; for, from the time you saw me till February, I was perpetually engaged in travelling in society. During that period of locomotion, your circular I have written anything for your well-intended volume, in any way tolerable, you had it. But the fact is, that, from long disuse, I have lost all facility of writing on occasional subjects. I have promised, for the reason why I have neglected to do so since: it is not a very good one, I confess, and yet, such as it is, it must be. Before I departed from London, Longmans sent me 'Prose by a Poet, from an Old Friend.' I am in the country, when I packed up my boxes for exportation thither, by some

dent these volumes were left behind; they had, as they were likely to do, found readers, and I was not till the day yesterday that they found their way to me in a box of varieties from the great city. Meantime, in daily expectation of their arrival, I have week after week, not liking to thank you for them till I could say that I had perused them with pleasure,—though that I should have anything of yours in my feeling might, I am sure, have been a truth, have been a fact.

"The poetry would have found itself: the prose might otherwise have puzzled me where to find it; though there also I had a clue to the localities, and in the first page of the second volume, which bore the name of the writer within a few years of my own. With these indications, and with the moral, political, and religious features of the book, I could no longer be at a loss where to look for the author. The title is quite appropriate; but a poet could not have written such prose.

"Do you know that your version of 'Pen, Ink, and Paper' has been stolen, and that the ill-feelings of the thief? I saw it in a number of the 'Lady's Magazine'; and had the satisfaction of finding in it as much of myself as any reasonable man could desire to meet with. By the way, let me tell you that in your friendly judgment as expressed in your vision, you are mistaken in representing me as a rapid writer. Unfortunately I have, for very many years, been a very slow versifier.

"Your experiment upon Ossian is a kind of which I remember I have heard Coleridge make, some five-and-twenty years ago. Macpherson's rhythm is made up of fragments of pentameters: you see how apparent it is in your own version, which to my ear is very pleasing.

"My sympathy with you in your moral speculations. I have been upon Old Women and Juvenile Delinquency in the world without producing some good. I too have been probing the wounds of society. I hope, in the course of the next season, to send you my specu-

upon its and prospects, in a of Colloquies, I have prefixed as a pregnant words from Bernard,—respicere, aspice, prospice. You differ — yet I think materially — from opinions there; the general tendency and fundamental principles have your I want more order, discipline, less liberty to do ill, more encouragement, help well. I want impress upon the people a of their respective duties; in truth have a more critical period in the progress of society than history has ever unfolded. The full effects of the discovery of printing have apprehended till now; pressure of population has never till now been felt in a Christian country (I hope you know I abhor abominable views) — the consequences of unlimited and creation of wealth have before been of; and, to all, there is even a probability the of made excellently destructive as put an end to it. How I should like to talk with you upon of these wide-branching subjects the mountains!

Before Colloquies appear, I show you I am not altogether defunct as a poet. At present, I in good, earnest, finishing my tale of 'Paraguay,' which was commenced ten years ago. The delay has been, in no small degree, owing the choice of metre; for it is written in Spenser's stanza, which I very easy four-and-thirty years (when I planned commenced a continuation of the 'Faery Queen'), and now very the character of my story. And now, my Montgomery, forgive my omission, and be, equal affection,

"Yours truly,

"SOUTHER.

"P. S. I must not omit to thank you for your offer of hospitality at Sheffield. I will take that course one day for the of accepting when I am travelling alone. you give my kind regards to Mr. Everett, to Mr. Elliott if you see him. Once more, farewell, and God bless you."

Mr. Barber, a respectable artist from Derby, being on a professional visit at Sheffield [redacted] it was suggested [redacted] of the members of the Literary and Philosophical Society — by a lady, we believe — that an opportunity was [redacted] for obtaining a portrait of their president; [redacted] [redacted] paying an appropriate compliment to the poet, and providing an ornament to their [redacted]. A meeting of the members was held to consider the subject, at which Dr. Knight proposed, Mr. Everett seconded, a resolution to the effect that a full-length portrait of Mr. Montgomery should be painted by Mr. Barber: the stipulated price, one hundred and fifty guineas, to be raised by subscription.

August 5. The artist began the picture in a large room in the Tontine Inn, which was gratuitously lent for the occasion. During the entire progress of the painting, which occupied about ten days, Mr. Everett was present at all sittings; he thus not only watched the development of the portrait, suggesting various improvements in detail, but he devised all the accessories; and, what was of more importance, kept alive by his conversation that expression of sympathy which was, in the issue, so successfully fixed on the canvas. When the picture was finished, as the room destined for its ultimate reception at the Music Hall was not ready, it was confided to the care of Mr. Everett, who determined to allow it to remain in his house in Market Place. Between fifteen and sixteen hundred persons — including many of Montgomery's most respectable friends — people — availed themselves of this "private view;" the collective expression of their opinions* being strongly

* As Mr. Everett had provided a book in which he desired the visitors to write their names, it presently occurred to him to preserve also a record of the opinions expressed concerning the picture. These, like the criticisms of the Carians on the picture of Apelles,

in favour of the fidelity of the likeness, generally of the composition of the picture as a whole—the more intelligent exceptions, in an artistic point of view, affecting merely the introduction of many objects of subordinate interest.* As Mr. Everett was about to leave for London, he determined, before parting with the picture, to present the public with a sight of it—for this purpose, placing it opposite a large window fronting the street! This experiment was successful to be for more than a single day, during which thousands crowded the exhibition; many of them, often in expressions more expressive than refined, avowing their admiration of the effigies of whom they so generally knew and so highly respected.

Two other circumstances incidentally connected with the execution of this portrait may be here mentioned. 1. One morning, Montgomery came to the painting-room, accompanied by a person who introduced himself as the nephew and namesake of the Helvetic hero, Aloys Reding, mentioned in the "Wanderer of Switzerland:" of the trustworthiness of this plausible stranger the poet had afterwards reason to entertain strong suspicions.† 2. When notices of the

similarly obtained, were often of a very conflicting nature; and the patient curiosity of these memoranda, by him, more so, in upwards of seventy closely-written pages of a paper book now existing, forms an amusing—and, considering how many of the parties mentioned are dead, an affecting—chapter of local history.

* These opinions have been confirmed by parties who have most admired the portrait in the Museum of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society, at the Music Hall, of which room, badly-lighted room it is the principal ornament, and to strangers the chief attraction. The head was copied for an engraving, published, 1828, in the "Imperial Magazine," and accompanied with a memoir of Montgomery by Mr. Holland.

† A still more apocryphal interloper of this class presented

portrait appeared in the [REDACTED] newspapers, they were followed by letters, suggesting the exhibition [REDACTED] some more general token of respect to the poet, in the shape of a public dinner—a proposal which he contrived [REDACTED] [REDACTED] the time, only, however, [REDACTED] be revived [REDACTED] a more auspicious opportunity, which presently occurred.

We have already adverted [REDACTED] the correspondence between Montgomery and the venerable author of the [REDACTED] of "Armine and Elvira." He died in the course of [REDACTED] year, and [REDACTED] widow, avowing her determination [REDACTED] [REDACTED] to his memory [REDACTED] Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Cathedral, importuned [REDACTED] friend [REDACTED] write [REDACTED] epitaph. After repeated solicitation, he composed the following:—

"To [REDACTED] Memory of the [REDACTED] Rev. Dr. Cartwright, [REDACTED] ingenious Poet; also the Inventor of Power Looms, [REDACTED] other Machinery of extraordinary Utility in the [REDACTED] Cloth Manufacture. [REDACTED] died, aged 81, in [REDACTED]"

"Hast thou pursued [REDACTED] early path to fame,
Verse might have won thee an immortal [REDACTED] ;
Thy patriot-genius scorned the selfish part,
[REDACTED] [REDACTED] free spirit with inventive art,
And wrung new powers from Nature's [REDACTED] [REDACTED]
To bless, enrich, [REDACTED] thy native land :
An age may come when thou shalt be forgot,
[REDACTED] [REDACTED] thy master-mind indebted [REDACTED] ;
No [REDACTED] skill can [REDACTED] thy labours vain, —
They wrought a link in an eternal chain.

"Sept. [REDACTED]"

himself several years afterwards, and pretending a close relationship [REDACTED] [REDACTED] worthy, [REDACTED] Watteville. [REDACTED] practising largely on the credulity of the good people at Fulneck, he ventured to call upon Montgomery, who immediately instituted such inquiries as led to the detection of a large tissue of impostures on the part of the pseudo-Moravian adventurer.

The poet has appended to these lines a note that Dr. Cartwright's widow informed that his husband expended 40,000*l.* in the objects alluded to, while the only remuneration which he received was a grant of 10,000*l.* by Parliament in 1791.

The somewhat reluctant compliance with the wishes of a lady with whom we are not acquainted, Mr. Montgomery, the slightest personal acquaintance, led, about ten years afterwards, to a more unanticipated request on her part—viz. that he would undertake to write a notice of Dr. Cartwright; her relative, Major Worthington, having died on the brink of that project: the poet was of course declined.

The following letter, purely personal as it is, contains many touches of that piety and affection which characterised most of the epistles of the uncle to the niece at this period, that a reader must be "ungentle" indeed who refuse to become, for the moment at least, interested in its contents.

James Montgomery to Mrs. Foster.

"Sheffield, Sept. 14.

"DEAR BETSY.

"Miss Gale is sending you some remembrance, and I must do the same, though only by a few lines, thank you, as I do most cordially, for the notice received from you, and not yet acknowledged. I am a correspondent to everybody, and my notices are the worst, because they are the most forgiving. I have been very much obliged to you for the very elegant and tasteful present of ladies' work,—it might have been fairies' work, as it was so beautiful and delicate. The poem of 'Sarepta,' and other pieces, have duly arrived, and deserve respectful commendation of the author's consecrated talents. This is indeed an age of poetry; and there is so much good poetry written, that we can gain little from it of

highest order, and on the most popular theme. Your friend must not be surprised, amidst such a multitude of authors, and ■ ■ ■ a dearth of readers, to be ■ ■ ■ 'a voice crying in ■ ■ ■ wilderness,' especially when proclaiming, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord,' ■ ■ ■ to ■ ■ ■ sounds, though they ■ ■ ■ good tidings of great joy, ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ all people, both hearts and ears are resolutely shut, till God by his own Spirit open both. O my dear niece, ■ ■ ■ you, and I, and all our dear connections, at Woolwich, at Sheffield, ■ ■ ■ elsewhere, know that joyful sound, ■ ■ ■ prepare a way in the desert of our hearts to receive and welcome Him who ■ ■ ■ from heaven to save ■ ■ ■ from ■ ■ ■ sins, ■ ■ ■ from the eternal and miserable consequences of our ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ always rejoices ■ ■ ■ even ■ ■ ■ tears, when I receive or read letters from you, ■ ■ ■ that those happy, and I verily believe heavenly, impressions of ■ ■ ■ love of God which ■ ■ ■ made ■ ■ ■ your young heart when you ■ ■ ■ with ■ ■ ■ Sheffield, ■ ■ ■ done away, — never can be ■ ■ ■ away, — but ■ ■ ■ your present hurry ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ of life, they ■ ■ ■ your comfort ■ ■ ■ your hope. May they ■ ■ ■ be so! I intended ■ ■ ■ have visited London in May last, when I should have spent ■ ■ ■ much time ■ ■ ■ I could at Woolwich. All necessary preparations ■ ■ ■ made, but my courage ■ ■ ■ when I ought ■ ■ ■ have ■ ■ ■ out, and I gave up the scheme ■ ■ ■ a moment which I had cherished for months. I am now meditating ■ ■ ■ journey, and must set out ■ ■ ■ week, — yet I have not determined where to go. So undecided and hesitating I ■ ■ ■ even ■ ■ ■ my choice of pleasures, which to ■ ■ ■ are ■ ■ ■ accompanied ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ much pain, anxiety, ■ ■ ■ restlessness, ■ ■ ■ I have very ■ ■ ■ enjoyment in ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ any ■ ■ ■ In ■ ■ ■ I ■ ■ ■ present pretty well, but ■ ■ ■ mind ■ ■ ■ my feelings ■ ■ ■ so continually exercised ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ in ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ I fill, ■ ■ ■ I am often ready ■ ■ ■ down ■ ■ ■ give ■ ■ ■ or fly away if I could ■ ■ ■ hide myself from everybody ■ ■ ■ everything but ■ ■ ■ which I ■ ■ ■ carry with me wherever I go — my own heart, and this is quite enough ■ ■ ■ keep ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ by plaguing me ■ ■ ■ death. — Give my ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ to your father, ■ ■ ■ mother, ■ ■ ■ Harriet.

Shall I ever see you ■ again? I would that we could all meet in ■ quiet place, but that must ■ yet be. I ■ at Fulneck last week. John James ■ grown amazingly, both in stature and in learning, and I think in grace too. He is a most promising youth, and ■ would do you good ■ ■ ingenuous countenance, and hear ■ ■ discourse, ■ the same ■ mingled ■ ■ sprightliness ■ make him very agreeable. He will ■ ■ heart or disappoint his mother's hopes, as some of my Fulneck lads did in former times. This ■ least ■ wish, ■ prayer, ■ confidence, ■ me ■ to your ■ husband. Every blessing of this world ■ the ■ I implore for you both, and your little one, and as many more ■ ■ given you. Pray for ■ ■ for yourselves, ■ your prayer will be answered. Your way will ■ ■ clear before you, and you ■ be preserved from the evil that is in the world, ■ well ■ delivered from ■ which ■ in your own bosoms. Respects to your father-in-law. I ■ truly,

"Your affectionate uncle,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"P. ■ Just tell your ■ (though he deserves ■ hear nothing about poor Ignatius, ■ ■ neglected him) that Ignatius *almost* forgives his long and cruel silence, ■ the ■ of ■ kind token of love which Robert ■ ■ John James by ■ of ■ teachers who lately visited Woolwich. Had ■ ■ a thousand ■ ■ valuable than ■ ■ from ■ indifferent, ■ would not have delighted ■ brother more.

"Mrs. ■ Foster, Woolwich."

In the month of October Montgomery ■ the "Introductory Essay" ■ appeared with ■ edition of Cowper's Poems, published by Chalmers ■ Collins ■ the close of ■ year. One of the ■ striking ■ ■ "Essay" refers to that melancholy ■ mysterious eclipse of ■ light of God's countenance

by some intervening shadow, which obscured alike the rational and religious sunset of the poet's [redacted] on earth: these are the words:—

"With regard [redacted] [Cowper's] malady, [redacted] scarcely needs [redacted] other proof that it was not occasioned by his religion than this, that the error on which he stumbled [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] his creed. He [redacted] that he [redacted] predestinated to life, yet [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] imagined that that God, who could not lie, repent, or change, had in his sole instance*, and [redacted] one moment, reversed His own decree, which [redacted] been in [redacted] from all eternity. At the same time, by a perversion of [redacted] purest principle [redacted] Christian obedience, he [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] will of God that, to have saved himself from the very destruction which he dreaded, he would not avail himself of any of [redacted] of grace, [redacted] presuming they might have [redacted] [redacted] [a presumption which, of course, he did [redacted] entertain], [redacted] [redacted] that they [redacted] [redacted] him. Yet, in spite of [redacted] self-evident impossibility of [redacted] faith affecting a sound mind with such [redacted] hallucination,—though [redacted] mind previously diseased might as readily [redacted] [redacted] that [redacted] [redacted];—in spite of chronology,—his [redacted] [redacted] of [redacted] having taken place before he had 'tasted [redacted] good word [redacted] God;'—in spite of geography,—that calamity having befallen him [redacted] London, where he had no acquaintance [redacted] [redacted] holding [redacted] reprobated doctrines of [redacted] and sovereign grace;—and [redacted] spite [redacted] [redacted] fact, utterly undeniable, that, till [redacted] spirit was [redacted] by the

* In a very ingenious and affecting letter, dated Jan. 13. 1784, Cowper, after writing at some length about his spiritual despondency, adds—"Eleven years, in which [redacted] have spoken no other language, is a long time for a man, whose eyes were once opened, to spend in darkness; long enough to make despair an inveterate habit. My friends, I know, think it necessary to the existence of Divine truth that he who once had possession of it should never finally lose it. I admit the validity of this reasoning in every case but my own." The [redacted] [redacted].

success in poetry, only effectual which he ever knew, after the first access of insanity, were the consolations of Gospel, St. Albans, Huntingdon, Olney;—in spite of all these unanswerable confutations of the ignorant malignant falsehood, the enemies of Christian persevere in repeating too much religion made poor Cowper mad."

Aware that the subject alluded to is a most delicate one, and admitting, we must, Montgomery's ability to deal with it, no less on the score of his knowledge of evangelical doctrine, than on account of his sympathetic experience with some of the spiritual exercises of the pious bard of Olney, we are compelled to say that we think our friend has rather evaded than elucidated this painful *cruz* in the history of Cowper's mind. In the assertion that it was not religion that made him mad, we, of course, cordially assent that it was to religion he owed the only effectual consolations which he ever knew, is abundantly testified by his poems and his letters. But the material question is—had *Calvinism* anything to do, not with producing the "access," but in determining or at least influencing the character of his mental malady? Montgomery says "the error on which he stumbled was in direct contradiction to his creed;" what that creed was, is, in the passage itself, rather hinted at than explained: but it be fairly stated that, in the doctrinal system which Cowper had been so long to embrace, the counter-signment "predestination to life" and "reprobation to death," that these are the results of a decree of God in reference to individuals, from eternity. Taking this view of the subject, we find the true source of the poet's despair is traceable to the fact of his turning toward himself the gloomy side of this unscriptural doctrine. True it is, the notion that "God, who would not lie,

repent, ■ change, had in this ■ instance ■ in ■
 ■ reversed his own decree, which ■ been in
 force from eternity," ■ ■ "delusion;" but ■ also, in
 ■ opinion, is ■ notion ■ the destiny of every
 human spirit ■ irreversibly and eternally ■ by any
 such decree.

Marvellous ■ the incongruous notion of God's re-
 versal ■ ■ decree may ■ to a sound mind in
 general, ■ of the ■ eminent expounders of Cal-
 vinism appear to have broached an opinion nearly akin
 to, ■ actually identical with, it. Mr. Reid, in ■
 Memoir of Dr. Twisse, the prolocutor of the celebrated
 "Assembly of Divines," says, the Doctor "maintained,
 ■ several eminently orthodox divines have done, 'that
 God, by his absolute power, *setting aside* ■ decrees or
 free constitution, ■ forgive sin without any satis-
 faction.'" Justly ■ it been said, "What ■ horrid
 outcry would have been raised, ■ any famous Ar-
 minian divine of that juncture [1645] propounded such
 ■ sentiment!"*

The essayist contends — every one admits—that the
 first ■ of Cowper's insanity ■ succeeded and dis-
 pelled by ■ consolations of the Gospel; and moreover,
 that those consolations were, in turn, finally obscured
 and annihilated by the reascendency of his mental com-
 plaint: ■ conclusion may be ungracious ■ Calvinism,
 but ■ conformable ■ to ■ fact, ■
 ■ gloomy ■ of his creed ■ ■ perilous and
 natural material ■ of which ■ morbid fancy drew

* Nichols's "Calvinism and Arminianism compared in their
 Principles and Tendency: or, the Doctrines of General Redemp-
 tion, as held by the Members of the Church of England and by the
 early Dutch Arminians, exhibited in their Scripture Evidence
 and in their Connexion with the Civil and Religious Liberties of
 Mankind," p. 468.

" At nightfall, walking on the cliff-crowned shore,
 Where sea and sky were in each other lost,
 Ships shot like meteors through the huge uproar,
 Of these shall many a merchant rue the cost.
 I [] one anchored vessel tempest-tost,
 The surges bounding to the clouds hung o'er
 The highest masts, and deck and rigging crossed,
 A moment, then it seemed to be [] more ;
 [] while the cables and the anchors stand,
 Like a chained lion ramping at his foes,
 Backward and forward still it plunged and rose,
 Till broke the cable ; headlong then to land
 [] scudded o'er the waves to cure its woes,
 Fixed like a rock 'twas left upon the strand."

The second sonnet [] be found to have undergone scarcely less alteration than the first : the subjointed [] from the original draft :—

" The morn was beautiful, the storm gone by ;
 Three days had past ; I gazed upon the main,
 A molten mirror, an unbounded plain,
 Calm [] the blue, sublime o'erarching sky :
 Fixed on the strand, I saw that vessel lie,
 Its bow towards the deep, and, without stain,
 Its white wings spread to sun and breeze in vain,
 Like a maimed eagle, impotent to fly :
 'Tis fixed, and fixed for ever may abide,
 For down the level beach hath gone the tide,
 [] mingled murmur lowly [] mine []
 Checked in the onset of its gay career,
 Ingloriously to rot and perish here."

The expression "maimed eagle," which [] above, [] unfortunately altered, by a slip of the pen in [] scribing the [] for the press, into "chained eagle ;" [] so [] printed, greatly [] Montgomery's annoy- [] in [] collected [] of [] poems : it showed,

island, ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ advantage of being divided from ~~the~~ ~~the~~ of ~~the~~ world for ~~the~~ security, ~~the~~ ~~the~~ with the ~~the~~ parts of it for friendly intercourse with all nations; hence her greatness—her glory, independence, and power—and her consequent obligation ~~to~~ give ~~to~~ other nations ~~the~~ which ~~has~~ been ~~the~~ source of her ~~own~~ highest felicity—the Bible.

James Montgomery to George Thompson

"Sheffield, Dec. 11, 1835.

MY FRIEND,

"This packet will ~~be~~ tenfold welcome, ~~because~~ ~~it~~ contains remembrances from many quarters. Your letters, dated from ~~the~~ board the vessel which I hope has long ere ~~it~~ landed you in New ~~South~~ Wales, were lately received, and, brief as they were, none that ever ~~reached~~ us from the other side of the world, even under your ~~hand~~ and seal, were ~~so~~ gratefully welcomed, because the 'hope deferred,' till 'the heart' was almost 'sick' of hearing ~~that~~ you ~~were~~ actually turning your ~~back~~ towards the setting sun till ~~it~~ should become ~~the~~ rising ~~sun~~, ~~and~~ ~~we~~ anxiously expect the arrival of your ~~next~~ communications; these, when they ~~come~~, were indeed 'a true ~~of~~ life,' and ~~we~~ have now begun ~~to~~ think ~~it~~ probable, which ~~remains~~ ~~as~~ ~~merely~~ possible; namely, that ~~we~~ ~~may~~ yet ~~see~~ your ~~face~~ again in the flesh, and hear ~~from~~ your lips, what we always read with delight from your pen, the great things which ~~the~~ Lord ~~has~~ ~~done~~ ~~for~~ you, and in you, and by you, ~~when~~ ~~we~~ parted. Your letters ~~and~~ packages, by ~~the~~ ~~express~~ ~~from~~ the South ~~Sea~~ ~~in~~ October last, ~~were~~ ~~in~~ hand, ~~and~~ were exceedingly acceptable. The share of ~~books~~ ~~and~~ other curiosities, which ~~were~~ ~~forwarded~~ to me from London, have been distributed according to the best of ~~my~~ judgment among your friends here, ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~approval~~ of Mr. ~~William~~ Hodgson, ~~and~~ ~~Richard~~ Roberts,

and Mr. Read, whom I consulted in everything. ■■■ artificial articles, arms, ornaments, cases, &c., &c., we deemed ■■■ best to present to *The Literary and Philosophical Society's Museum here*, where they will be preserved entire, ■■■ always open to the public inspection. Had we ■■■ them, they ■■■ have ■■■ of [comparatively] ■■■ ■■■ anybody; whereas, being ■■■ preserved ■■■ dedicated, they will be a treasure, even to posterity, with your ■■■ people. You mention in your late ■■■ something ■■■ these or similar packages, and desire that something may be given to the Rotherham College.* This shall be done, ■■■ anything else arrives; but as you gave me such instructions before, ■■■ was ■■■ thought of in the distribution; indeed, I was not aware of any ■■■ there. I have ■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■ to communicate. Mr. Joseph Bailey, of Burngreave, ■■■ in the spring of this year; I mentioned poor Mary's departure, in the autumn preceding, in my ■■■ letter. Mr. Rowland Hodgson is still very feeble, ■■■ ■■■ a suffering life: ■■■ and I were together ■■■ a few weeks ■■■ Bridlington Quay, whence ■■■ wrote to you. Mr. ■■■ and his family are pretty well; he writes to you by this conveyance. . . . An old and most amiable acquaintance of yours lately ■■■ at Chesterfield, full of faith, ■■■ patience, and hope that shall not be ashamed, I verily believe,—Joseph Storrs. ■■■ Hodgson ■■■ I were ■■■ his house a few weeks before his end, and he seemed then calmly ■■■ delightfully undressing ■■■ the grave, ■■■ clothing for immortality. His end was peace. Your name, I may say, is never forgotten at our anniversaries ■■■ Christ- ■■■ Institutions, ■■■ ■■■ not absolutely mentioned, is remembered with feelings of affection, and regret, and desire, by those who have been wont to see you leading the van in every engagement against the powers of darkness, shining ■■■ the whole armour of light. O, ■■■ glad shall ■■■ be to hai! you back again, should the merciful providence of God again ■■■ us personally in works of faith and love!

* Institution for the Education of Independent Ministers.

Where you are I know not, and even less can I imagine where these lines will meet you; but this I know, that you cannot be where the Lord is not; and as his presence is here and in every place, in Him we are not separated—may never be so.

"I am, your affectionate friend,

"J. ██████████

"(George Bennett, Esq., New South Wales, or elsewhere."

CHAP. LVII.

1825.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.—MEMOIR IN "EUROPEAN MAGAZINE."—CONVERSATION.—FORMATION OF LIBRARY.—MONTGOMERY ELECTED.—WITH MR. EVERETT ELECTED TO THE LIBRARY COMMITTEE.—LETTER FROM JOHN CLARE.—TO THE REV. W. LINSLEY.—MONTGOMERY ACCOMPANIES MR. EVERETT TO HALIFAX.—CONVERSATION ON THE WAY.—PUBLIC MEETING.—SUNDAY-SCHOOL MEETING.—ILLNESS AND SENTIMENTS OF THE POET.—GOES TO HARROGATE.—LETTER TO GEORGE BURNET.—TO DR. WILLIAMSON.—SCHOOL MEETING.—"THE WIDOW AND THE FATHERLESS."—VISITORS FROM NEW YORK.—ACCOUNT OF THEIR INTERVIEW WITH MONTGOMERY.

JANUARY 7. Mr. Everett present at the Annual Meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society, when Montgomery read a report of the proceedings of the year which just transpired under his presidency. He appeared in excellent spirits; and, the list of Essays and Lectures being mentioned, that is one of the most interesting points in the current history of Sheffield; and I doubt whether any similar society, of London, could produce such a record—exhibiting, as it does, evidence of cultivated thought and curious research; and with one exception [Dr. Williamson, of Leeds], the whole from our own townsmen."⁶

⁶ It is remarkable that neither in the Annual Reports, Minutes of General Proceeding, nor in the Council-book of the Society, is there one word in reference to the Portrait which is the principal

Jan. 17. We took _____ Montgomery, _____ the Rev. C. Atmore's. The conversation _____ chiefly on _____ solemn topics of death _____ the resurrection, _____ suggested by _____ sudden departure from _____ _____ common friend. We were struck _____ the scriptural _____ of the poet's remarks, as well _____ by the extent _____ precision of _____ textual knowledge; _____ to which our brief minute of the interview _____ no justice. He dwelt, _____ deep feeling, on the apostle's triumphant affirmation, "for me to live _____ Christ, and _____ die _____ gain;" adding, in reference _____ the words "it _____ in weakness, it is raised in power," &c., "the apostle _____ there actually _____ be carried _____ of himself.

ornament of their museum. The January number of the "European Magazine" contained a memoir of Montgomery, with an engraving from Bird's portrait of him. It is, perhaps, the least faithful as a likeness, and most outrageous as a whole, of the many prints to which his name has been affixed. "When you see it," said the poet to Mr. Everett, "you will be fit to spit upon it. Miss Gales has been scolding me about it; but I told her that if I really was the ugliest man in Sheffield, and artists chose to represent me as such, I could not help it." Writing to his brother Ignatius on the same subject, he says,— "At length I am able to return your miniature, with a proof impression of the engraving, and a copy of the 'European Magazine.' I never looked half so brassy as Bird has made me, nor half so hideous as the plate represents me. I know nothing of the parties concerned in this business except the names and general character of the publishers, who are respectable. The memoir, you will see, is a meagre abridgment of that which appeared in the 'Mirror' eighteen years ago; and of the critique I have nothing to say. Your painting, I believe, is not any worse for the risk to which _____ has been exposed in passing through so many unknown hands; but I verily think that in any court of justice _____ face _____ it, or what should have been my face, might recover damages for a libel, for the engraving, — and my real face, insignificant as _____ is, might recover sevenfold, both for the portrait and the engraving; so cruelly has it been tortured _____ the first, and so ludicrously caricatured in the last."

This is ~~the last passage~~ in one of the sublimest chapters in the Bible, for instruction, amplification, ~~and~~ climax; and yet it leaves undefined the condition of the saint at the resurrection, except ~~that~~ we are assured he will ~~have~~ a 'spiritual body,' ~~and~~ that ~~we~~ know not: that all men will ~~rise~~ from the dead, the spirit ~~shall~~ in some vehicle different from their present humanity, ~~be~~ of the plainest and ~~most~~ glorious doctrines of divine revelation." Mr. Atmore ~~states~~ the poet what he thought of the line "Man is immortal ~~when~~ his work is done." *Montgomery*: "It is a bold expression, and may be used with propriety; for, doubtless, if God has any particular service for any of his creatures to perform, he will preserve them by his providence, till it is done. I do not know with whom the sentiment originated."

Early in 1824, a number of gentlemen in the ~~and~~ neighbourhood of ~~united~~ with several intelligent individuals of the working classes to form a library for the ~~use~~ of mechanics and their apprentices. From the earliest movement ~~on~~ the subject, in the previous year, *Montgomery* had lent the influence of his pen and his paper to ~~the~~ furtherance—though not without ~~some~~ *ungentle* admonitions from certain quarters as ~~to~~ ~~the~~ peril of adding to gratuitous instruction in the ~~the~~ of reading, a cheap, if not free access, ~~to~~ a collection ~~of~~ works in general literature. He could ~~not~~ be persuaded to withhold the certain advantage, through ~~the~~ of ~~the~~ possible abuse, of useful knowledge—constantly arguing that, however "a little learning" might be "a dangerous thing" in some ~~cases~~, it ~~was~~ the privilege, if ~~it~~ ~~was~~ duty, of every individual honestly ~~to~~ get ~~as~~ much of ~~it~~ ~~as~~ he could. And when, ~~the~~ the practical carrying ~~out~~ of the scheme, ~~the~~ name was likely ~~to~~ be ~~of~~ service, ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ & ~~the~~

accept the office of president, nor furnish, in connection with Mr. Everett, information in reply to inquiry addressed to him by Mr. (afterwards Lord) Brougham.* Montgomery from the first well aware of the discordant elements ready to be mixed up with the management of the institution; and for many years ensuing—indeed, nearly to the end of his life—he was harassed by attempts annually made to alter the constitution and subvert the design of the library.†

Montgomery, being apprehensive that he might not attend the first meeting for business, addressed the following letter to his colleagues:—

James Montgomery to the Members of the Committee of the Sheffield Mechanics' Library.

"Iris" Office, Dec. 13. 1818

"GENTLEMEN,

"I am very unwell to-day, yet I am obliged to be of town. I have stipulated to be at the meeting this evening, which I shall certainly attend, unless my cold be so much increased as to prevent me. Least this evening I have the earliest opportunity of congratulating you on your appointment, and myself on being elected to you. Nothing could be more fair, more independent than the election of the committee on Monday se'nnight: we are therefore bound to discharge our duty the

* With reference to his pamphlet, entitled, "Practical Observations upon Education," &c., in which he speaks of the Sheffield Mechanics' Library as "opened under the able and zealous superintendence of Mr. Montgomery, a name well known in the literary world, and held in deserved honour by philanthropists."

† A party being anxious to obtain an anti-religious committee, and to get rid of a fundamental rule which prohibits the introduction of novels and romances.

more diligently and conscientiously, and only our own opinions in the choice of books, as far as preference goes, according to our particular tastes, but to endeavour to select such a variety of useful and approved works in art, science, literature, and amusement, as shall gratify the wishes of our constituents, as well as be the means for furnishing their minds with the means of improvement and delight. I hope we shall begin this for the ensuing year with this full determination; and, if it may be carried into the completest effect, let us resolve to meet at our next meeting duly, and not prevented by sickness, absence, or indispensable business. The more punctually we appear round the same table, and engage in the same interesting employment, the more, I am persuaded, we shall be able to do another, and like our duty, because we shall better understand both. Let us exercise as much patience with each other as we would desire others to exercise towards ourselves. By being mutually kind and friendly, we shall find our evenings pass pleasantly and profitably, for we cannot be pleasantly engaged in a good work without being proportionately profited in it. Our constituents will reap the advantage of our harmony and unanimity in fulfilling the trust which they have reposed in us, and our own itself be benefited by the result of our humble and honourable exertions to promote the education and moral improvement of the numerous and important part of its inhabitants. I confess that I went to the annual meeting under considerable discouragement. I thought that our honorary members did not give us a measure of support and support which an association so excellent and so deserving deserved. I was glad, however, to see the faces of some of the most respectable of these on the occasion; and I was both gratified and affected to see so many of the proprietors present and so interested in the proceedings of the evening. I can honestly say, that I acted as impartially as I could, according to the utmost of my knowledge; and, notwithstanding that the evening was occasionally warm, I was exceedingly gratified on the whole,

and came home in much better spirits than I went. Accept the assurance of my sincere respect; and, so far as I can serve the institution, you may always command the services

"Your friend,

"JAMES MONTGOMERY."

An ingenious experiment was made on Montgomery's critical sagacity by the Peasant Poet of Northamptonshire.

John Clare to James Montgomery.

"Helpstone, Jan. 11 1825.

"My Dear Sir,

"I copied the following verses from a MS. on the fly-leaves of an old book entitled 'The World's best Wealth, a Collection of choice Counsils in Verse and Prose, printed for A. Bettesworth, the Lion in Paternoster Row, 1720:' they seem to have been written for perusal of the book, and are in the manner of the company in which I found [them]. I think they are as good as many old ones that have been preserved with more care; and, under that feeling, I was tempted to send them, thinking they might find a refuge from oblivion in your entertaining literary journal the 'Iris:' but if my judgment has misled me, and overrate their merit, you will excuse the trouble I have taken, and the trouble I have given you in their perusal: for after all, it is but an erring opinion, that may have more else than the love of poesy to recommend it.

"I am yours sincerely,

"JOHN CLARE.

"James Montgomery, Esq., Sheffield."

"' *Vanity of Life.*

"Vanity of vanities—all is vanity!"—SOLOMON.

I.

"What are life's joys and gains?

What pleasures crowd its ways,

What man should take such pains

To seek them all his days?

Sift this strife
 On which thy mind is bent;
 See if this chaff of life
 Is worth the trouble spent," &c.

There were nineteen of sort; adroitly the style of a certain of writers of age and of "Quarles and Withers" imitated, that do wonder the author succeeded, in degree, in producing the mystification intended; but Montgomery doubted, was cautious. "The following verses," said he, when publishing them, " the editor of the 'Iris' by Mr. John Clare, the Northamptonshire poet, who, by the buoyancy of native genius, has raised himself to eminence which few of his distinguished contemporaries could have reached, had they been originally placed in circumstances unfavourable the development of their talents he The history of the present piece shall be given in his own words; but may observe that, long the poem appears the eye, it will abundantly repay the labour of perusal, being full of condensed and admirable thought, well as diversified with exuberant imagery, and embellished *occasionally* with peculiar felicity of language: the moral points in closing couplets of the often powerfully enforced."*

One of the earliest recollections of the Peasant Poet was the reading of Montgomery's "Common Lot," which had with, printed a halfpenny song, on a slip with Wordsworth's "We Seven." And may mention that Clare's first active and judicious friend and neighbour, who sought him in poverty arranged for the publication of poems in

* Iris, 15.

London,—Mr. Drury, at Stamford,—wrote Montgomery (Aug. 1820), stating that the young man's friends were anxious him means of improving defective education, adding, "Some recommended Fulneck strongly, that I anxious to learn particulars respecting that establishment, which every desideratum, providing it not much of a La Trappe; the young man is rather gloomy, needs cheerful society." What returned inquiry we do not know; but may presume Montgomery would be little disposed to bring upon the Brethren the onerous responsibility of directing the studies of a rustic youth of genius like Clare, and under such peculiar circumstances, especially when he recollected how often the religious establishment Fulneck had been charged—however inconsiderately—with mistaking and endangering his character in early life.

Mr. Everett, having received a letter from the Rev. Theophilus Lessey, inviting him to attend a Methodist Missionary Meeting at Halifax, called upon Montgomery, and inquired about his health. "I am very unwell," he, "and no better for the sight of that letter in your hand—I whose it is: I have got from the person, but I won't it now;— again in the afternoon. I am like a public wheelbarrow,—not only a of all-work, but a everybody: if I Halifax, will be walking into a fever; and not, I shall have no till meeting over." afternoon called upon Mr. with following letter:—

"Some one, when shown Clare's portrait, said, 'that man go mad,'—a prediction too sadly verified by the result.

James Montgomery to the Rev. T. Lacey.

“Sheffield Hall & Co.”

"DEAR FRIEND,

"Your letter, this morning, giving much more importance than you ought any supposed assistance that I might be able to procure under heaven, therefore the strongest on earth, thus to press me after the frank and candid manner which I was compelled to return to the same. I might easily have pleaded ambiguous reasons which you have controverted, which I have precluded the renewal of any negotiation on the subject; but I did not employ guile of any kind, and I have betrayed to you a secret of my own bosom, in the hope that my passion and my infirmity would have restrained you from solicitation. I am so little prepared to make the sacrifice which you require. In this dilemma, it might seem on my part that I myself ascribed much importance to my services. I to refuse them any longer, — a fault which I am sure would be far less pardonable in me than in you, though I scarcely know how to forgive you for it. I will therefore say, that I will endeavour to attend your missionary anniversary, if I can contrive to do so on Saturday evening previous, or on the Monday in the week. You may not say at what hour the meeting will be held.... I wait your answer at your convenience. Mr. [redacted] I expect to write under [redacted] hasty [redacted]

"I am truly,

"Your [redacted] servant.

"J. [REDACTED]

"P.S. — If my name is to be announced in _____
 _____ Esq. be _____ it.

[illegible]

On [redacted] Monday following the [redacted] of [redacted] letter, Montgomery [redacted] out [redacted] in company with

Mr. Everett, whose memoranda the following were taken:—

"I felt glad that we had the benefit of the coach to ourselves, as I was anxious to obtain from him some information relative to a fine volume of verse which he had given me about 1719. I could not recollect how it came by it, but supposed he purchased it with a lot of other books, originally from the library of Dr. Pegge, an antiquary of Whittington, who perhaps was the collector of the matter, as the book bore 'Finis. S. Pegge, John's.' The pieces are more remarkable for cleverness than purity, none of them being, in the poet's opinion, an unpublished composition of Prior's.

"On passing Chapelton, we stopped at an agreeable visit and were paid by Mr. G. Newton, of Staindrop Lodge, 'who,' said he, 'is a very valuable man, whose life shows what good may be effected by one who is equally attentive to the interests of religion, and to his success in the commercial world: his influence will be felt for generations to come.' On coming to the coal mine situated in the hill side, and partially covered with trees, 'That cavern,' said I, 'leads, by an easy slope, from the surface of the ground to the deep coal works, without the necessity for the workmen to descend a vertical shaft.' *Montgomery*: 'Aye,—*facilis descensus averni*,—but it leads to the pit, like Bunyan's bye-way to hell.' *Montgomery* remarking to me to 'Pilgrim's Progress.' *Montgomery*: 'There is no instruction more tedious than allegory, in general; but the Progress of John Bunyan's Pilgrim is an exception: it is so full of genius, a fiction so truth-like, that I am tired of being weary with it, it is, as Dr. Johnson says, 'one of the things of the world which you would never longer.' On reaching Wakefield, where we were to take a stage to Halifax, he rather objected to the road I proposed, as being the shortest; I was right; but I had my reasons for preferring it along which he had passed, so many years before, a runaway horse had caught my cue, and he unwillingly conversed about 'Departed Days.' At

meeting he spoke with extraordinary animation and fervour, and as the subject led him to Tobago, he had nearly broken down under the emotion excited by an allusion to the missionary labours and sufferings of both his parents in that island, 'where,' said he, 'they made the first deep furrows with the gospel-plough, ~~and~~ fell down ~~in~~ ~~the~~ through excess of labour; ~~and~~ now the seed of eternal life, ~~and~~ into them, had ~~grown~~ up ~~an~~ abundant harvest, under better auspices. And oh!' he exclaimed, with an emphasis which drew ~~many~~ many eyes, 'in the great harvest-day ~~at~~ the end of time, when those who have died in the Lord in Tobago shall arise and stand before the judgment seat, my mother, my dear mother, will stand in the midst of them, to ~~receive~~ her reward!' With much difficulty Mr. Lessey persuaded him ~~to~~ remain a day or ~~two~~ in ~~Halifax~~ after I was gone. On his return home he called upon me, and said ~~he~~ had enjoyed the visit. 'I was,' ~~said~~ he, 'very much pleased with ~~Mr.~~ Newstead [a missionary from Ceylon], and with good old Mr. Suter*; as for Mr. Lessey, with his noble intellect, he has such ardour of feeling, that the excitement of his conversation would kill me in a week.' †

* A Methodist preacher, brother to the celebrated comedian, Ned Shuter,—as he spelled the name to avoid suspicion of relationship!

† This good man died June 10. 1841; when Montgomery dropped a poetical flower upon his grave:—

"Theophilus! that name how dear
To mortal or immortal ear!
Lover of God! beloved by Him!
Which of the brightest seraphim
Would not in heaven rejoice to claim
The glory of so high a name?
That name on earth belonged to thee,—
Now bear it through eternity,
Where, if as we who mourn thee trust
Thou, with the spirits of the just,
Art resting on God's holy hill.
What worthy theme below is still
The burthen of thy song above?—
'Love is of God; for God is Love!'"

On descending from the platform at the above-mentioned meeting, he was affected by the salutation of an schoolfellow, who having been brought—like himself—while in petticoats, the of a missionary, Fulneck, had—also like him—strayed from Brethren's fold. While breakfasting the morning with a large party, West's picture of "Death on the Pale Horse" was mentioned; Montgomery replied, "It is, indeed, an extraordinary production; but as a general rule, there is nothing so cheap as horror, either in painting or poetry; and heathenism, as Mr. Newstead best knows, is much of its influence in the predominance of this attribute in its hideous and abominable practices." A lusty gentleman of the party spoke of himself as "a reed shaken with the wind." "He must surely," said Montgomery aside, "mean a *bamboo*!" Though singularly loth to pay voluntary visits, he would call upon the Rev. Titus Knight, the venerable vicar of Halifax, and the father of Mr. Cotterill's clerical successor at St. Paul's Church, Sheffield.

April 3. According to the practice of late years, he attended the Quarterly Meeting of Teachers belonging to Red Hill Sunday School. Although evidently very feeble and unwell, he spoke a considerable length on the duties, discouragements, and rewards of the teachers. He was struck with his comparison of the in which irreligious parents too often obliterate, during six days of the week, whatever good impressions may have been made on their children's minds on the Sabbath, with the practice of of old monkish caligraphers, who defaced the precious manuscripts of or classical knowledge with their foolish or legends. The having that ministers, including Revs. William Harvard,

Dr. Marshman, and Peter Haslam, had been Sunday scholars, Montgomery had known and loved them, respectively, for their works' sake. He had read Mr. Harvard's work on the "Introduction of Christianity into Ceylon," with deep interest. Dr. Marshman had recently been instrumental in giving the Chinese in their own language, and thus rendering the Word of God accessible to a hundred and fifty millions of mankind—a prodigious achievement! "Had this illustrious oriental scholar," exclaimed the speaker, with emphasis, "translated any other book of equal magnitude into any of the language of the celestial empire, he would have been lauded—even if he had not been crowned with laurel—by the universities of Europe; but as it was only the Bible—the Book of God—the record of man's salvation—which he had published, he was neglected by the learned, and forgotten by the great; but he will have his reward, both in this world and in that which is to come; for millions yet unborn will bless his memory and his name." He said he well remembered Peter Haslam, though he had been dead several years. "One Sunday afternoon he preached in Carver Street Chapel: there were few persons present besides myself and some Chinese girls. What were the divisions of the style of his sermon I do not recollect; but the text—'Oh my God for thy mercies' sake' (Psalm vi. 4.)—was so powerfully impressed upon my mind that it has since ceased to influence me; hundreds and thousands of times have I repeated it in my prayer; and I feel at this moment that, if I am saved at last, it will be through the free, unmerited mercy of God, exercised towards me for the Saviour's sake."* Mr. Holland, who was present, was only per-

* How deep an impression these words made upon the poet's

but was alarmed for the safety of his friend; and calling him the next morning, he found him suffering from incipient quinsy, which he said was the first symptom by a "prick in the throat" while speaking the day before.

- April 17. We had both seen him in his sufferings, during his conflict between a blister and the quinsy, and this being Sunday, Mr. Everett called and sat awhile with him. *Everett*: "There is a great deal implied in this admonitory saying, 'Let patience have its perfect work.'" *Montgomery*: "We have, indeed, great need of patience with ourselves, with our fellow-creatures, and with God Himself, when He is it necessary to chastise us: for," added he, with overflowing eyes and faltering voice, "if God were not exercised more patience towards us, than we have towards another, or towards Himself, our salvation would have been impossible: but He is merciful amidst our rebellion and indifference." *Everett*: "Nothing can more strikingly illustrate the goodness of our heavenly Father, than the fact that He makes despair of his mercy one of the greatest sins of which we can be guilty." *Montgomery*: "If I am saved — of which I entertain a humble hope — it will be entirely through the free, unmerited grace of a Redeemer: but the most and greatest conflict is yet before me with the time when I must quit this life, and go into pre-

heart may also be inferred from his hymn, of which they are the subject. It was composed under the colonnade at Leamington, Oct. 30. 1819, "in the midst of much desolation of soul, and is a just picture of the author's feelings at the time."

"Mercy alone will meet my case;
For mercy, Lord, I cry:
Jesus, Redeemer! show thy face
In mercy, or I die," &c. — *Orig. Hymns.*

sance of my Maker, to render an account of my doings. There is something in this petition in the Prayer-Book—‘O Lord; suffer me in my last hour for any pains of death to fall from Thee.’ I feel that I am breaking both in body and mind; and yet, though I know that eternal happiness or everlasting misery awaits me, I do not act with corresponding diligence in that pertaining to my salvation. I appear very busy for everybody, and about everything, except the ‘one thing needful.’ I am not indeed neglectful of personal religion, but I am often slothful in what ought to be the great business of my life.” These self-abasing confessions were, of course, met by Mr. Everett with such sentiments of counsel and consolation as appeared suitable: and although my beloved friend did not believe himself likely to leave the world before his long-suffering brother, he was happily restored to live and be useful for many years longer.

April. Mr. Everett, being about to leave Sheffield, called upon the poet, whom he found much better, and he was not only about to go to Harrogate, but entered into the project of a trip to Italy, which was mentioned; and which, he said, had often been talked about between Mr. Hodgson and himself, without either of them having been upon the other’s undertaking. The recent marriage of my friend, the Rev. T. Smith, was mentioned. *Montgomery*: “She is a grand-daughter of the celebrated sculptor, who executed several of the famous modern statues in Westminster Abbey and elsewhere. Roubilliac was only a clever Frenchman; but the Englishman of poetical genius and designs is any other statuary of the time. It is said that Bacon, on one occasion, stood long in silent admiration before

one of his figures; and when roused from his reverie, and asked what he thought, replied, 'It is only a fault—it was executed by me,'—a graceful compliment to himself and his predecessor. Bacon," he took care to add, "was one of the few eminent men in his line, who have been good men in the evangelical sense."* *Everett*: "Mrs. Nightingale's sermon on the bodies a startling idea, treated with great ingenuity and success." *Montgomery*: "The horrors of death softened in the skeleton, which is still rendered more revolting by the loose fold of drapery so artfully thrown over it; and even in the naked skull—unmeaning as it might otherwise seem—there is a determined aim in the empty eye-sockets: the deprecatory attitude and look of the husband are wonderfully expressive." On the day following he went to Harrogate, where he wrote the three sweet heart-feeling stanzas, entitled "Youth Renewed."†

James Montgomery to George Bennet.

"*Shrewsbury* May 1838

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Your letters have more delighted and affected us than any received before, as they contain farther and greater proofs not only of the strength of your faith and patience also, as well as of the blessing which accompanies your labours and your sufferings for yourself and the Gentiles whom you were sent to. We continue to sympathize with you in spirit, and in prayer, and in hopes, along all the way which the Lord has appointed you for your missionary pilgrimage; and, seeing that you have been suddenly involved in danger, we are providentially

* See the Memoir of him by the Rev. R. Cecil.

† Works, p. 311.

delivered, I cherish the belief, which grows stronger and dearest to us every day, that you will yet return to your native land and to your friends in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace, and in the possession of the powers to serve your Master and ours at home, which have been exercised and improved during your absence by sea and land. Christians and heathen, in temporal and in spiritual things, beyond whatever you, in the lowliness of your mind, while here, anticipated. Alas! I cannot say much for many of us whom you left behind by our multitude to fill up the large space which you left vacant; and least of all can I speak creditably of myself in my employment of my one talent; I am not, indeed, a barren fig-tree on the earth, but it has been turned to little profit. I have been merely an 'unprofitable servant,'—for I have done less than it was my duty to do in every Christian institution where we were formerly united, and I have done nothing in that way which is often the means for the accomplishment of great and good things, and in which you had a peculiar gift,—I in stirring up, in keeping up, in building up, others in this part of their holy faith,—namely, doing good unto men, by extending the knowledge, the example, the influence, and the practice of the gospel among the young and old; Christians, we called, at home, and heathen abroad. When you return, you will with surprise discover how much we have apostatised in many things from what you taught us, and from what we followed diligently and successfully, from you, as our master,—the greatest of all, from all, from your Redeemer,—were present with us. Oh! how welcome again will be your vigilant eye, your active mind, your ready hand, your fervent spirit! Forgive me what remains to be praised, but is only the language of gratitude and love from my heart. I speak thus, because you will give God all glory. I cannot recollect any particular local intelligence to send you at this time. I believe many of your old friends who were alive and well when you last parted from them are, through mercy,

still so. *I* have been severely afflicted with quinsy, and a complaint in [redacted] followed it, but [redacted] nearly [redacted] covered. . . . The Rev. Thomas Smith, as you will have no doubt heard, has been married recently to Miss Thomas, sister to Mrs. Conder, wife of the editor of the 'Eclectic Review.' [redacted] is an accomplished lady, I understand,—for I was from home when they became the happiest couple on [redacted] face of the earth, and had not the opportunity of seeing them in their paradisiacal state: that, however, is [redacted] past, [redacted] [redacted] world, I hope, although [redacted] honeymoon is gone by. My friends here, the Misses Gales, are pretty well; [redacted] often [redacted] of you [redacted] fireside, always with affectionate hearts, [redacted] [redacted] eyes. They [redacted] [redacted] kindest regards, [redacted] benedictions, [redacted] prayers for your health, and happiness, and return. I have scarcely anything new to send you in print, except a copy of 'Cowper's Poems,' to [redacted] the prefatory essay is my composition. Of [redacted] I beg your acceptance, [redacted] another small token of [redacted] gratitude and esteem for many invaluable acts of kindness shown to me while you lived here, and for every one of which I am happy to remain your [redacted] till death. And now, though I have said little, considering that I am writing to you at the ends of the earth, nothing remains [redacted] me to add, but that [redacted] is my heart's [redacted] and prayer for you, that He who has preserved you in six troubles will not suffer you to fall in the seventh,—or if He does, it will be to take you to Himself, and save you from *all* troubles, and that for ever. In his presence on earth may we yet [redacted] to praise Him!—and in [redacted] presence in [redacted] [redacted] be found when time, [redacted] life, and [redacted] [redacted] passed away!

"I am, faithfully and affectionately,

"Your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"George Bennet, Esq., of Sheffield, England,
at Calcutta, or elsewhere."

[redacted] following letter [redacted] explain itself:—

James Montgomery — *Dr. [Name]*

— *[Name]*, May —

"DEAR SIR,

"I am really so low in spirit, as well as [Name] in body, [Name] I [Name] sum up courage [Name] accept the obliging invitation of your literary [Name] philosophical [Name] [Name] anniversary dinner of their institution, [Name] [Name] myself [Name] [Name] time of your hospitality [Name] kindly [Name]. I assure you that there is only [Name] self-denial in [Name] evasion than there [Name] be (at least, I fear so) in [Name] acceptance of [Name] honourable [Name] challenge, while I lose all the pleasure [Name] would undoubtedly [Name] [Name] compensate, [Name] [Name] time, any personal inconvenience that I might suffer. I can only wish that you may [Name] be both merry and wise, — merry you deserve to be, [Name] wise you are bound [Name] be, — and [Name] you all may have [Name] to [Name] festivity for many years [Name] [Name] if not [Name] a very high intellectual banquet, — for that [Name] not necessary, — yet [Name] delightful meeting of kindred spirits of [Name] order, and united in one good and glorious pursuit of that knowledge which, next to pure religion, exalts man above [Name] world [Name] he [Name] as a sojourner, and, by delivering him from [Name] thralldom of [Name] [Name] proves [Name] [Name] powers which [Name] [Name] extinguish, seeing they are manifestly capable of infinite development. [Name] I shall grow rhetorical if I do not stop short here, [Name] you will think I am writing a speech which [Name] might have delivered, [Name] in time and place, on Friday next at your meeting.

"I [Name] you [Name] I [Name] nothing in [Name] shape [Name] [Name] would [Name] all suit [Name] occasion, and that the occasion was [Name] likely [Name] inspire [Name] poor [Name] as I [Name] with 'thoughts [Name] [Name] and words that burn.' [Name] Prometheus [Name] of [Name] clay as mine, not all the [Name] [Name] could bring from heaven (by [Name] 'philosophical apparatus,' [Name] doubt) [Name] [Name] animated one of them. I am [Name] [Name] poetical recitations in convivial parties are well adapted [Name] [Name] hearers. [Name] [Name] speeches, I [Name]

think, would be better than middling verses, because there is much of personal feeling connected with the former, and much of kindness, sympathy, and interest towards the speaker. Words 'warm to the heart and to its fires,' and a rude and stammering delivery, yet immediately to the good will of the hearers than splendid and elaborate compositions, and with all grace and emphasis. In this I may be mistaken, as I never like any poetry on such occasions, and, after all, the effect must depend mainly upon the happy fluency which it may be given; so do not let a word of this impertinence escape from your lips, you are inspired son of the Muses — son of the nine, mayhap — discouraged from attempting in your company but strains. If he does, I wish him is that they may be the best ever delivered after dinner since dinners and verses were invented.

"I intended to have been very brief, but I have fallen into rhapsodies, so you must forgive. With best regards to Mr. Rawson,

"I am, truly,

"Your obliged friend and servant,

"J. WILKINSON."

"James Wilkinson, M.D., Leeds."

As we have previously noticed Montgomery's address at the Red Hill School Meeting in April, and his subsequent, not to say consequent illness, we may mention that he was again present at the ensuing meeting in July. He adverted to the fact that since his last attendance he had been brought very near to the grave, and therefore into a situation in which a man usually scrutinises his conduct: he said himself done so, and could truly say that in the prospect of death, which he contemplated as both certain and near, whatever he might do in other respects, he had no real misgiving of the propriety of his conduct in that room, and

appeared to have been the cause of his suffering. "Nor," he, with deep solemnity, "had I died at that time, do I believe that in whatever point of created space, or in whatever relation to eternity, my spirit might have been at that moment, I have had occasion to regret having spent my last strength in, devoted my latest public breath to, the service of this Institution."^{*}

July 30. N. H. Carter, Esq., an intelligent gentleman of New York, at that time on a tour of pleasure in this country, accompanied by a friend, called upon Montgomery. The following is Mr. Carter's notice of his interview with the ~~abolitionist~~ poet, an

"On this occasion the Rev. G. Manwaring, one of the Wesleyan preachers, presided: at the conclusion of the meeting he remarked, that, after hearing Montgomery's speech, he should go from that place more powerfully impressed with the importance of his duty as a Christian minister, and more fully determined to aim at the conversion of sinners. He little thought how short a time awaited him for the realisation of this promise:—before the next quarterly meeting a fever had carried him to his grave! He died, Sept. 1. 1825; and a few days afterwards Mrs. Jones received the following communication:—

"DEAR MADAM,

"Since I saw you last here, you mentioned that Mrs. Manwaring would be pleased to receive a few lines in reference to her late irreparable loss. I have written the enclosed verses^{*}; they are not either elegy or epitaph, and they might be applied to a thousand other instances of bereavement like hers; but on that account they may be more interesting, if they have any of the truth of nature in them. If you think they would be acceptable to Mrs. Manwaring, pray present them to her, as suggested by her peculiar situation, however general the sentiments may be. I only request that they may not be published.

"I am, truly,

"Your obliged friend,

* "The Widow and the Fatherless."—Works, p. 318.

given in the narrative of his tour, published in America.*

"Finding _____ unexpectedly in _____ without _____ of introduction, and having a strong desire to see the author of the 'Washington of Switzerland,' the 'West Indies,' and many other admired poems, I _____ him†, enclosing my card, making known my wishes, and requesting the favour of an interview. It was a novel experiment, partaking more of the spirit of adventure than of _____ etiquette or politeness. _____ slight apology might be found in a _____ profession‡, and _____ expectation that the interview might take place at the office of the 'Iris,' of which he was editor.

"In a few minutes _____ was returned, saying that the gentleman alluded to would be happy to see us at any time between five and seven o'clock on _____ evening. At _____ o'clock, thinking _____ safest, _____ _____ number designated in _____ note, _____ were shown into a small

* "Letters from Europe; comprising the Journal of a Tour through Ireland, England, Scotland, France, Italy, and Switzerland, in the years 1825, '26, and '27. By N. H. Carter." In two volumes. Second edition. New York, published by Carvill, 1829.

†

* King's Head Hotel, July 30, 1835.

"Two American gentlemen, from the city of New York, who are making _____ tour of Europe, find themselves unexpectedly at Sheffield, _____ strangers, and without _____ introduction. One of them is the editor of the 'Statesman,' intimately acquainted with the family of Mr. Gales at Washington. They are very desirous to see _____ Montgomery, with whose writings they have long been familiar, and adopt this mode of soliciting an interview in the course of this day or evening. They are aware that etiquette cannot sanction the request, but hope that circumstances may furnish an apology. Letters from the Governor of New York, and other gentlemen in the United States, will be exhibited, if any credentials are requisite.

"James Montgomery, Esq."

‡ Mr. Carter was editor of a newspaper in New York.

sitting room, in which a table was set for tea. In a few minutes the poet made his appearance, and we went through the usual ceremony of a self-introduction, which his politeness, however, rendered as little embarrassing as possible.

"We soon took seats at the tea table, and his affability, as well as that of the ladies with whom he lives, and who have been in the circle of my friends in the United States, made us forget that we were strangers, and in a degree removed the anxiety of unintentionally throwing ourselves upon his hospitality. The conversation turned upon a great variety of topics, literary, local, and general; and one of the happiest hours of my life passed in the society of a poet with whose name I am long and familiar, and from which I could have repeated to me a hundred favourite passages.

"In his manners, the author manifests a mildness, a simplicity, a generosity of heart, so conspicuous in his writings. His flow of conversation is copious, perfectly free from affectation. His opinions on subjects of remark were expressed with decision and frankness, but with a becoming modesty. His language is polished and select, betraying occasionally an elevation of poetry, but exempt from any taint of pedantry. While the merits of all his contemporaries were freely discussed, the exercise of discriminating praise liberally bestowed on each, not the slightest allusion was made to his own productions, although they are quite as much read in our country as those of any other living poet. It would have been a breach of politeness if he had told him how many generous sentiments he has instilled, and how many hearts he has made better, beyond the Atlantic.

"I was amused with a little incident that occurred while we were sitting at the table. A cat kept purring and mewing about him, and would often leap up into his lap, as if he claimed a familiar acquaintance, and would frequently come to receive its daily portion at his hands. He seemed slightly annoyed, and endeavoured secretly to

importunities of the little animal for its tea. This trifling as it was, at once suggested to my mind the gentle manner and domestic habits of the English Cowper.

"The poet is now in the age of forty-seven [forty-four]. In person he is slender and delicate, rather than the common robust. His complexion is light, with a high forehead, slightly bald, and a clear eye, not unfrequently downcast, betraying a modest degree of reserve. The features of his face is not unlike that of Mr. Lloyd, Senator in Congress from Massachusetts, and there is a resemblance in their persons. The events in his life are too well known in our country to need repetition. Both his parents died as missionaries in the West Indies, and his early misfortune has probably indebted him to his poems. He appears to be universally respected and beloved in the place of his residence. But I have, perhaps, already said more than the delicacy of such a subject can justify, and therefore only add, that at eight o'clock he very cordially joins our most pleasant tour."*

Montgomery was unaware of the existence of this delicate and graceful notice of his interview which was an agreeable one on both sides, until the year 1836, when the writer of the present paragraph pointed it out to him.

Robert Southey was by no means only distinguished individual in whose liking for Montgomery sympathized; for while the "Cats' Eden" of the Mount bore no comparison to the "Cattery" at Greta Hall in the number of its feline favourites, those which it contains neither prized nor petted: indeed, we can recollect the time when some of the "Tabby" and audacious "Tom" were allowed to share the poet's attention during our interviews with him.

* Letters from Europe, &c., vol. i. 2nd edit. p. 100.

in ~~the~~ own parlour. We well recollect one ~~the~~ fellow, ~~the~~ "Nero," who, during his kittenhood, "purred" the following epistle to a little girl who had been ~~the~~ playmate :—

"Harthead, near the Hole-in-the-Wall, July 22. 1885.

"HARBURER,

"*Meow, wew, caw, maww, hee, wee, miaow, waw, wurr, whirr, glurr, wew, mew, when, issuu, ts, ts, ts, purrrrrrrrrrr,*" &c.

Done into English : —

"HARRIET,

"~~THE~~ comes to tell you that I am very well, and I hope you are so too. I am growing a great cat; pray how do you come on? I wish you were here to carry me about as you used to do, and I would scratch you to some purpose, for I can do this much better than I could while you were here. I have ~~the~~ run away yet, but I believe I shall soon, for I find my feet are too many for ~~the~~ head, and often carry me into mischief. Love to Sheffieldina, though I was always fit to pull her cap when I saw you petting her. My cross old mother sends her love to you — she shows ~~me~~ very ~~love~~ now-a-days, I assure you, so I do not care what ~~she~~ does with the rest. She has brought me a mouse or two, and I caught one myself last night, but ~~the~~ was in my dream, and I awoke ~~me~~ hungry as a hunter, ~~the~~ fell to biting ~~me~~ my tail, which I believe I ~~the~~ have ~~the~~ ~~pp~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ would not let me catch it. So no more at present from

"TINY.

"P. S. They call ~~me~~ Tiny yet, you see; but I intend to take the name of Nero, after the lion-fight ~~at~~ Warwick next week, if the ~~the~~ conquers, not ~~the~~

"2nd P. S. I forgot to tell you that I can beg, ~~the~~ I like ~~the~~ ~~the~~ steal, — it's more natural, you know.

' Harriet, at Ockbrook."

It may perhaps seem like an anticlimax in a playful epistle, but we remark, that notwithstanding the sportive nature of the "lion-fight," Montgomery earnestly reprobated that brutalising exhibition, in which the negroes dishonour their masters who were concerned in it.

CHAP LVIII.

1825.

MONTGOMERY ANXIOUS TO PURCHASE OF THE "IRIS."—MR. BLACKWELL
 MAKES EFFORTS OF PURCHASE.—NEGOTIATIONS AND CONDITIONS.
 —TERMS OF SALE PROPOSED AND MONTGOMERY'S NOTIFICATION.
 —LETTER TO MR. EVERETT.—EDITOR'S INTENTION TO RESIGN
 HIS OFFICE.—NOMINATION OF HIS SUCCESSOR.—LETTER TO MR. HOL-
 LAND.—MR. GRAY OF YORK.—TO MR. BLACKWELL.—PRACTICAL
 JEU

THE position of a public journalist, it often is at the best, becomes increasingly to the man who possesses a mental organisation exquisitely sensitive that of Montgomery. And while a distinction is commonly recognised between the publisher and editor of a newspaper,—the latter being ostensibly unacknowledged, and really unknown to the public,—of no such tacit advantage could the proprietor of the "Sheffield Iris" advantage. The triple responsibility of ownership, authorship, and vendor of the paper, not only presumptively, but avowedly, vested in the *Christian Post*; this period when such a title, in both its elements, was becoming and less estimation with a large and class of politicians. Hence, the decidedly religious, really spiritual of Montgomery's all his deeper sympathies

with the clergy and pious coadjutors in every good work, his old Whig associates in the cause of parliamentary and other reforms were, as we have seen, gradually forsaking him to fraternise with more energetic, unscrupulous, and straightforward expounders of liberal principles. Harassed, on the one hand, by conscientious scruples on many points where his personal opinions came into collision with, or fell short of, those of his former friends, and witnessing, on the other hand, the desertion of his printing-office;—believing, at the same time, that he should be able to realise, from purely literary sources, at least the means of a livelihood, Montgomery had more than once resolved to drop the “*Iris*” instantly, and sell the printing materials for what they would fetch by auction. He was not, of course, aware that the very title of the paper—for he hardly used the term “good will”—had still a marketable value in Sheffield; but he also felt that the sale of the copyright would in some measure implicate him in the personal conduct and public views of his successor. Amidst these cogitations, an offer of purchase was made to him from an unexpected quarter.

In 1825 Mr. John Blackwell, who had some years previously travelled as a Wesleyan preacher, whose failing health had compelled him to resign his office as a regular minister of the Gospel, came to Sheffield, of which he was a native, where he commenced business, as a bookseller in books, and then as a printer and stationer. From the first he had entertained the idea of associating with Montgomery, whom, however, he was personally unknown; but he saw no opening for a connection till the latter end of 1825, when, on accidentally mentioning the subject to Mr. Samuel Roberts,

that gentleman, somewhat to Mr. Blackwell's surprise, avowed the opinion that Mr. Montgomery was to receive an eligible offer, and would at once dispose of his newspaper and printing materials at a reasonable price. Immediately, therefore, Mr. Blackwell wrote, offering to form a partnership, and to purchase the entire printing establishment at a fixed price, and the option of the proprietor. Montgomery, in reply, said he could not again think of entering into partnership with any person; but that should he finally make up his mind to retire from business, he would give his correspondent the first chance of treating for the property.

In the mean time the affair remained till about the middle of the present year, when a determination on Mr. Blackwell's part, and a simultaneous proposal to Montgomery from another quarter, reopened the negotiation. Montgomery, aware that the success of the newspaper would be uncertain and the expense considerable, and knowing little either of the business energy or the pecuniary resources of his correspondent, told him at once that he could not afford to give him the good-will—that to do so would ruin himself, but it would be unjust to others; and as he could give no opinion of the chances of success, he dare not advise the purchase. Mr. Blackwell immediately replied, "I am fully aware that no one can take up the 'Iris' after yourself, and conduct it with success on the present plan. Your remarks made at our last interview exactly corresponded with the opinion I had previously formed on the subject; but that I might be made more certain, by being enlarged in the matter, I consulted spiritedly as to what I fully believe: I consider it, in fact, as a plot of ground which, though I may be no longer able to cultivate with such or so much success as it produced while under your care,

might yet be cultivated to his advantage." He concluded by submitting three propositions in the effect,—

1. That Montgomery should say explicitly whether he had any objection to transfer the business to John. That if he would state the price and conditions upon which he would transfer his business, no attempt should be made to depreciate such estimate, even to the amount of a shilling: the offer should be either accepted or declined; both parties keeping the transaction a secret, as they had hitherto done. And That should Mr. Blackwell be the purchaser, he would enter into any agreement, written or otherwise, to absolve Montgomery from any blame should the issue be unfortunate.

Letter Montgomery to John Blackwell

"London, June 22 1825.

"DEAR SIR,

"After harassing my mind day after day to determine what answer to make to your note, I cannot make either addition to the terms which I vaguely conceived before as proper to ask, if I parted at all with my concern, nor can I make any deduction from them in justice to myself at present. I would transfer the 'Iris' and my printing business, so far as my utmost interest recommends, to you, for a premium of 400*l.* and that the types, presses, &c. &c. in the office should be taken at a fair valuation, which would be the same as the value of the business, so that the purchaser would be from the same. It would probably require more to be expended in printing materials and as a floating capital to carry on a new establishment. It will also be necessary to take into consideration the expenses of editorship, workmen's wages, &c. in extending the letter-press of the newspaper. If any unexpected obstructions occur on my side, I shall be willing to give up the business and paper in three

months [redacted] date; or, if we agree otherwise, I would continue it till the end of the present year.

"I fear that you would find it a very heavy and troublesome undertaking; I therefore give no [redacted] nor [redacted] encouragement, [redacted] simply the lowest conditions on which I can [redacted] present think of sacrificing [redacted] interest in it.

"I am, truly,

"Your friend and servant,

"J. MONTGOMERY."

The proposed [redacted] immediately accepted; and the valuation of the printing materials subsequently made without the intervention of a third person, and in such a way as to increase the mutual [redacted] of the contracting parties. The poet had before him other and, perhaps, [redacted] liberal offers; but he said he would not have sold the "Iris" with the prospect of its becoming the vehicle of sedition and irreligion, for a thousand guineas.

Both parties considered it best to keep the matter to themselves until the time for mentioning it publicly should arrive: the writer of this [redacted] was, however, privy [redacted] the whole transaction; and could [redacted] [redacted] perceive a coincident depression in Montgomery's spirits, arising, not from any misgiving as [redacted] the propriety of the [redacted] [redacted] taken, but from the contemplated break-up of [redacted] establishment with which his whole life, since manhood, had been identified—the severance [redacted] connection with [redacted] organ of constant intercourse with the public, and which, while it [redacted] been [redacted] [redacted] of much pain, [redacted] also been the medium both of personal pleasure and general usefulness. On mentioning [redacted] [redacted] the poet, he assented; adding, in [redacted] peculiar [redacted] "I charge you neither [redacted] speak, nor think, [redacted] even dream about [redacted] matter, till the public are [redacted] [redacted] it."

On the 11th September 1844 "Iris" appeared with the following mysterious intimation:—"The proprietor of 'Iris' respectfully informs the public that an arrangement has been made respecting the future publication of the paper, particulars of which are intended to be announced next week."

At the time Montgomery was in Harrogate, whither he had gone,—as his friends naturally enough concluded—to be out of the way, the edge of curiosity and the humors of impertinent speculation had become somewhat dulled. Whilst there he wrote the following letter:—

James Montgomery to Rev. James Everett.

"Harrogate, Sept. 20. 1844"

"MY FRIEND,

"You wonder what has become of me since you saw me last. If you want to know at this moment, you may fly through the air, settle on the proper place, and proceed about a mile southwest (I believe); and I am in lodgings near Hattersley's Hotel, and thinking of you and speaking to you, 'as by these presents' appear, when you are as little thinking of me or speaking to me as I was to regard you at the time above mentioned. Your letter, long and explained to me an inscrutable mystery. I well recollected meeting a coach on the Ripon road, from Harrogate, in May last, and that some person or persons on the top seemed to recognise and call to me, but I could not distinguish them; they were then I should know the man in the moon, if I were to see him anywhere else than in my own little world looking down upon this. I puzzled my poor brains no little to find out who the strangers on the coach were, and, as I saw or heard more of them, I concluded that they must be some Sheffield mercantile travellers on their return home. Your letter, however, was on

more and more important accounts than this, as I learned by it that you were still the same kind friend you have always been, to me, with a very warm heart and a very good head, except that the said ~~Montgomery~~ changes places with it, and, having the ascendancy, ~~you~~ you ~~was~~ on strange ~~grounds~~. Your ~~letter~~ Leamington ~~was~~ greatly*, as I ~~am~~ perfectly ~~able~~ comprehend the ~~value~~ of ~~the~~ ~~visit~~ with ~~the~~ ~~couple~~ there, and had the scene and the actors in my mind's eye as lively as reality could ~~have~~ ~~been~~ ~~in~~ ~~my~~ ~~imagination~~. I shall not be sorry, in this instance, if I live to see the accomplishment of your ~~wish~~ in the acquisition of ~~the~~ precious picture which ~~has~~ excited ~~so~~ many pensive ~~thoughts~~ so many delightful ruminations ~~in~~ my ~~thought~~ thought in days ~~that~~ are past. You mention my forthcoming Hymn Book—it ~~is~~ forthcoming still, ~~and~~ when ~~it~~ ~~will~~ have done forthcoming I cannot tell; but I do seriously expect ~~it~~ ~~will~~ ~~be~~ long, as I ~~am~~ only waiting ~~for~~ the ~~proof~~ proof sheet, containing the Introduction. You will perceive, I suppose, by the 'Iris' of this day, that I am about to resign both the newspaper and the business connected with it; and you may be surprised, after ~~a~~ conversation which we had together last spring, that I have ~~done~~ ~~so~~ ~~soon~~ ~~as~~ Mr. Blackwell. This might easily be ~~quite~~ ~~different~~ ~~from~~ all that I said to you then, if we were face to face, to have ~~a~~ similar opportunity of 'a palaver.' The ~~story~~ story is ~~so~~ long ~~and~~ intricate to ~~be~~ given here. ~~But~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~possible~~ I had ~~under~~ under promise to him to let him have ~~the~~ ~~picture~~ of ~~the~~ purchase, whenever I ~~should~~ ~~retire~~ retire, more than a year and a half ago. There was no treaty going on ~~at~~ the time of ~~the~~ conversation above alluded to, nor did I expect ~~it~~ ~~would~~ ~~be~~ opened ~~so~~ ~~soon~~. An application ~~for~~ purchase ~~was~~ ~~made~~ ~~at~~ another quarter ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~year~~ ~~ago~~ ~~compelled~~ ~~me~~ ~~to~~ ~~part~~ ~~with~~ ~~it~~ ~~at~~ ~~once~~

* Mr. Everett's letter contained an account of a visit which he had made to Leamington on purpose to look at the picture which ~~Montgomery's~~ ~~stanzas~~ ~~entitled~~ "Incognita."

break off with both parties, and keep it longer in my own hands, with all its burthen of vexations, the hazard of finding so favourable an opportunity I might want to have a little rest on this side of the

"Your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY"

On Tuesday, September 27th, appeared the last number of the "Iris" with Montgomery's imprint. This paper contained, what looked for, read with little curioaity, the Farewell Address of the to his Readers. The article of considerable length, and the greater portion of it was reprinted by Montgomery himself in the "general preface" to his Poetical Works: such passages as are not given there, or which have not already been made of in these volumes, may be noticed. Referring to the principles of action, the editor says—

"From the first moment that I became the director of a public journal, I took my own ground; I have been through many years of changes, and I rest by this day, as having afforded me a shelter through the far greater portion of my life, and yet offering me a grave, when I shall no longer have a part in anything done under the sun. And this was my ground,—a plain determination, come fire or flood, to do what was right. I lay stress on the purpose, not the performance, for this was the polar point to which my compass pointed, though there was variation of the needle."

"Of the future I have no foresight, none with respect to this life, being content that 'shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.'"

After referring to those public prosecutions, the perils, the ardent aspirations after poetical notoriety

we elsewhere described, he retrospect:—

"At the close of 1805 ended the romance of my public life; twenty years brought and their trials, but have been of the ordinary kind,—not always the better to bear on that account. On a review of them, I can I have endeavoured, according to my knowledge and ability, to serve my townspeople and my country, with regard to the or favour of party-men no personal infirmity would beginning I have been favourite with By the 'Aristocrats' I was persecuted, by the 'Jacobins.' I have found nearly as little grace in sight milder representatives of classes in later times; yet, if either have cause to complain, it is that I have occasionally taken part with the other,—a presumptive proof of my impartiality. Whatever charge of may be brought against me by those who will only see of everything, while I am often puzzled by seeing many as hardly to be able to out shape of the object,—it cannot be denied, that on the most important questions which have exercised the understandings the sympathies of the people of England, I never flinched from declaring my own sentiments, at the both of popularity and interest. If I have not done all the good which I might, and which I ought, I rejected many opportunities of doing mischief,—a negative merit, sometimes costs no small self-denial to the editor of a public journal. While I quit a painful responsibility in laying down my office, I am sensible that I resign the possession of great power and influence in the neighbourhood. I have through so many years, without having made the character of my townspeople something different from what it would have been at this day had I never come among they are better or worse for my existence here, they themselves are the right judges. This I

that I ~~was~~ perseveringly 'sought ~~out~~ of ~~the~~ city,' wherein I was led as an exile to dwell; and never neglected an occasion (so far as I remember) to promote the social, moral, ~~and~~ improvement of ~~the~~ ~~city~~ in retirement can I forget, that the same duty I still owe them. Either through the channel of this paper, or by personal exertions for the public welfare, I shall be happy ~~to~~ avail myself of any ~~possible~~ opportunity ~~to~~ my gratitude ~~and~~ ~~for~~ hospitality, patience, kindness, ~~and~~ friendship, which I have hitherto experienced ~~from~~ the people ~~of~~ ~~the~~.

He thus alludes to his successor:—

"But I ~~was~~ ~~not~~ left my post ~~with~~ a clear ~~conscience~~ if, in the disposal of the 'Iris,' I ~~was~~ not committed it ~~to~~ a man of integrity and public spirit, who, in ~~the~~ conduct of it, would maintain the ~~same~~ principles which I ~~was~~ ~~endeavoured~~ to ~~follow~~ the rule of mine,—to do ~~as~~ ~~is~~ is right, according ~~to~~ ~~the~~ best of his judgment, ~~and~~ especially ~~to~~ uphold, by ~~his~~ ~~power~~ of mind and influence, ~~the~~ charitable and Christian institutions of ~~the~~ town, ~~the~~ prosperity of which ~~is~~ much of the happiness of its inhabitants, rich ~~as~~ well ~~as~~ poor, depends. Such ~~an~~ one, I believe, *Mr. Blackwell*, ~~my~~ ~~successor~~ ~~is~~ ~~to~~ be; ~~and~~ ~~the~~ means ~~of~~ sustaining ~~and~~ exalting the character of ~~the~~ paper, which ~~it~~ can already command, and which he has spared no expense in collecting, ~~will~~ enable him to render ~~the~~ 'Iris' ~~more~~ entertaining, instructive, ~~and~~ generally acceptable ~~than~~ ~~it~~ ever been under my direction. The very comprehensive scale ~~on~~ ~~which~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ printed, I hope will ~~be~~ ~~of~~ ~~great~~ ~~advantages~~: meanwhile, ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~a~~ ~~sub-~~ ~~stantial~~ ~~pledge~~ of ~~my~~ ~~enterprize~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~proprietor~~. I ~~will~~ therefore, honestly and heartily ~~commend~~ him ~~to~~ my ~~friends~~ and ~~the~~ public, ~~as~~ worthy of ~~their~~ ~~confidence~~ and patronage. I have ~~the~~ favour ~~of~~ ~~all~~ of my readers,—~~and~~ ~~at~~ ~~last~~,—that they will give ~~my~~ successor a fair trial; when, I ~~do~~ doubt that, for ~~the~~ ~~same~~ sake, they will ~~give~~ ~~me~~ ~~generous~~ support."

The reader will no doubt have been struck with Montgomery's solicitude that Mr. Blackwell should not have had a blind bargain; and even when he wrote the foregoing sentences, he was fully aware of the tact, intelligence, and energy of Mr. Blackwell. As a curious illustration of this, it may be mentioned that he actually sold the copyright (the price of the copyright) in the work to the purchaser, tacitly resolved that should the work fail, he should receive the money! This was only mentioned a few years before his death, to Mr. Blackwell; and is it not, we may ask, an unprecedented instance of the vendor of such a property in that question, first harassing himself about the hazards of success on the part of the buyer, an entire stranger to him, and then voluntarily giving and taking against himself the heavy bond above mentioned?

That the day of final publication of the "Iris" on the old premises was of misery to Montgomery, will be sufficiently apparent from the following note written soon afterwards:—

From Montgomery to Mr. Blackwell

* Hertshead (not 'Iris' Office), Oct. 6. 1825.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"Never again believe a word that I say, unless you have a better witness of the truth than my memory. When I open my album* this evening, lo, and behold,

* In which he had promised to write.—

"May the fair owner of this book,
When days, and months, and years are fled,
On many a dear memorial look
Of living love, and love that's dead;
And find on each unchanging leaf
A charm for care, a joy in grief!

The lines on Friendship were written therein! not by the pen of Raphael, the archangel, nor by the Queen Mab, but by my own proper hand, and on the very day I published my last 'Iris!' I recollected, that in the bewilderment of that day, when both the cat and I were as mad as we well could be with the noise, dust, and confusion of breaking up the printing-office, I was at nightfall, just when, by special appointment, I ought to have been elsewhere, but quite forgot the engagement, to while away a few dreary minutes copying the verses from your album, and relieving my mind from the burthen of the straw's weight and of the burden bearing me down to the ground. Writing a letter relieves me of another of these innumerable and everlasting straws, which multiply themselves as Hydra-heads as fast as they are cut off. I will not over-leaf, lest I should be carried on to the fourth page. He is a wise boy who would not cry A, because, if he did, they would make him cry.

"Your sincere friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY."

Although Montgomery was well aware of the existence of the vile adage, "No friendship in trade,"—of which his own experience as a newspaper proprietor might be furnish an illustration,—his business intercourse rarely failed to ripen into mutual regard, and into Christian sympathy. His latter result characterised his long correspondence with William Gray, Esq., of the stamp-office at York, whose name was always found in any list of subscribers.

"Here may her youth's companions meet,

And still be young to good old age;

Here journey in communion sweet,

Heart linked with heart, from page to page;

And when their lives are all well-spent,

This be their Friendship's monument!"

evangelical objects in which the poet was specially concerned. He could not, therefore, write at any time without a touching allusion to the past and future: that letter, we regret to say, cannot be found; but the following note in reply to it is a most honourable one to both parties and be suppressed:—

James Gray to James Montgomery.

York, Oct. 7. 1835.

"DEAR SIR,

"I snatch a few minutes to send, by your messenger, my thanks for your kind valedictory letter.

"I can truly say that our transactions of a business and official description have been to me amongst the most pleasant and satisfactory which have arisen during my long continuance in my present department, and your coeval existence as a publisher.

"But I must part 'only for a season,' with the hope and persuasion that as *Christian friends* we shall finally meet to 'part no more for ever.' Nor can I conceal the expression of my satisfaction in observing, as I think I have done for some years, the growth of Mr. Montgomery in Christian philanthropy and correctness of general sentiment, springing, I am fully persuaded, from a revival of religion in his own soul, and rendering his valuable talents abundantly valuable in promoting the honour of God and the interests of Christ's kingdom. As such, I shall always consider myself, with cordial regard,

Yours very
hearty friend and well wisher,

"WM. GRAY."

A few months afterwards, Mr. Jonathan Gray desired that Montgomery would make his house home, whenever he might visit York; adding,

"As you are now a man of leisure, I would say, that you have seen the world by candle-light and gas-

light on a Sunday evening, the view of it, under these circumstances, is very imposing, and that you may of a poet ought not to miss it: the next months are November and December; and whenever you may find way, whether in winter or summer, I shall, if at home, be happy to see you."

James Montgomery to Miss Pearson.

"Hartwood, 1834.

"DEAR MADAM,

"After having perused your manuscript, I cannot find a word of counsel or encouragement to give beyond what I stated when we were conversing about the subject of publishing the volume which it contains. My anticipation of their merit has been confirmed by reading them; but, as I told you then, the hopelessness of successfully issuing works of this kind from the press is nearly altogether irrespective of their merit. Unless by a great name, or some very extraordinary interest attached to them, it is scarcely possible to gain public attention in this country when really good works are so numerous that you meet them every day, and everywhere, and regard them as little as the flowers by the highway. No bookseller will buy what he cannot sell; and the chance of making a volume known, merely by name, is not greater than the expense of printing it; and when you have incurred these charges, you want other recommendations—special ones attesting the value of the work—to induce a stranger to purchase it. How few such recommendations,—such, I mean, as are of any worth and weight with readers at large,—those only who have been tempted to become themselves candidates for the honours and emoluments of literature can be expected to give; and those who have overcome them must tremble to review; and even the most meritorious must be contented (I mean principally of poets) that it is rather an honour than a victory when they have been congratulated themselves. I know no facts, nor reverse this law of nature, or rather of fate; if I could I would, in your behalf, on this occasion;

■ so ■ is, ■ I should ■ you and disgrace myself if I held out any other prospect ■ the event of publishing ■ effusions of ■ elegant ■ ingenuous mind, ■ which they ■ honour, but ■ which ■ would be great good for- ■ if they could procure the honour that ■ due. The only plan ■ I can imagine ■ likely ■ indemnify the ■ of publication, with ■ probability of something to ■ proposals for ■ subscription. Even then, you know, ■ depend upon the zeal and diligence ■ your friends ■ themselves ■ procure ■ you could calculate upon ■ one-third ■ amount—of numbers—of ■ which graced your ■ essay*, then I should advise you ■ venture, and tell you to be ■ good courage. ■ knowing, however, what might be done by your present connections, I must leave ■ to your ■ decision, with the assurance that ■ far as I ■ help you I will. You may put down my name for four copies, ■ perhaps I may be ■ to obtain subscribers for half a dozen ■, but I have never been successful in such solicitations hitherto, perhaps from ■ of confidence in ■ mending the ■ by direct personal attacks upon those who ■ slow to take ■ hint. Consult Mr. Rhodes, when he returns, and he will be ■ better comforter than I ■ in a distress of this kind, though not one ■ desirous ■ meet your wishes.

"I ■ truly, your ■ and servant,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

■ Pearson, ■ Lane, ■

■ longest poetical production which ■ find dated in this year ■ the narrative entitled the "Adventure of a Star;"† ■ which ■ have as ■ companion-piece in prose, the "Voice of a Star."‡ To ■

* Published in 1790, with a list of subscribers for upwards of 800 copies.

† Works, p. 232.

‡ It was written ■ the request of Samuel Drew, editor of the

same period belongs the lively lines in "An Album."*

An elderly lady having presented to the poet a purse, he acknowledged the gift in the following lines, which will remind the reader of Dr. Johnson's *jeu-d'esprit* on a similar occasion :—

"Thanks for the purse your fingers netted,
My money, not my heart, to hold ;
For it was much to be regretted
To find my heart amidst my gold.

"Take of that heart as large a sample
As these few simple lines will hold ;
In gifts the heart is all and ample,
It makes them worth their weight in gold.

"Oct. 18. 1825."

We do not know either the author or the occasion of the following lines, which we transcribe from Montgomery's autograph :—

"Jours charmans! quand je songe à ces heureux instans.
Je remonter le fleuve de mes jours
Mon cœur enchanté sur sa rive fleurie
Respire l'air pur du matin à sa vie."

"Delightful days! when I recall your hours,
Methinks I reascend the stream of Time,
Play on its bank, among the dew-bright flowers,
And breathe the morning air of life's prime."

"Imperial Magazine," and is printed in the number of the periodical for 1826, under the signature of "Aster."

* Works, p. 347., where it is

CHAP. LIX.

1825.

TESTIMONIAL OF RESPECT TO MONTGOMERY. — LETTER TO DR. WILLIAMSON. — PUBLIC ADDRESS. — LETTER FROM MRS. M. LEBBY. — BROUGHAM'S ADDRESS ON MECHANICS' INSTITUTION. — TO J. BROUGHAM. — "PALMIST."

As the transfer of the "Iris" to the proprietor was completed, the political friends of Montgomery began to consider the expediency of making what might be termed his retirement from public life an occasion for expressing their regard for his talents and his virtues. A public dinner was resolved upon; and the consent of Montgomery to be present, and of Lord Milton to preside, had been obtained, the 4th of November — the poet's birthday — was fixed upon for the festival. For some time, the prospect of becoming the chief object of attention and eulogy in such an assembly might be expected, harassed him with anxiety: he presently, however, set himself to prepare for the event; and when the time came, instead of being unduly depressed, he feared, he seemed in better health and spirits than usual.

Dr. Williamson, having applied to Montgomery for the name of any essay which might happen to have by him, suitable to be read before the Leeds Philosophical Society, — at the same time alluding to the public dinner about to be given to the poet, — received the following letter: —

Montgomery to Dr. Milner.

"Sheffield, Nov. 1. 1825.

"DEAR SIR,

"Till this hour I have been unable to say any thing to you in answer to your request. Having nothing of my own, I applied to the author of the inclosed paper, which I was willing to send you, but not in the disfigured form, it now having gone through the hands of Mr. Milner, since it was read to our Society, and Mr. Milner is seemly. He has been disappointed of procuring a set of the clear copies, and only by my personal solicitation permits this to be forwarded, under the express stipulation that it shall on no account pass out of your hands. I have no doubt that you will be able to read it; and as it is not so very imaginative or rhetorical, you will easily apprehend the sense of every clause as soon as you get hold of the leading words. I am sure that it is well worthy of your attention, and may excite some curious and profitable discussion in your assembly.

"Thank you for your kind notice of Friday next; you have a right feeling of the exquisite felicity, and the exquisite misery, of my situation. My comfort is, that in every week that I have yet lived there I have had a Saturday, and I presume there will be one in this. Friday, therefore, is the day for me when it is so. I only wish that my sufferings and enjoyments may bear the relation of Saturday.

"I am truly your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY."

Nov. 4. The dinner took place at the Tontine Inn, in Sheffield: one hundred and sixteen gentlemen, including all classes of politicians, sat down to the table. On the right of the President, Lord Milton, Mr. Montgomery, the Rev. Dr. Milner, of Thribergh; on the left, Hugh Parker,

Esq., the senior magistrate of the district, Robert Chaloner, Esq., M.P. for the city of York. The Vice-Presidents Henry Moorhouse, Esq., cutler, Peter Brownell, Esq., Town-Regent. After the usual loyal been given, the noble Chairman rose and said :—

"I wish your attention to the object of our meeting, of the presence of distinguished guest. But, in first place, I beg to be allowed speak a few for myself, explain I came, unexpectedly, preside the present occasion. I been by you render my services towards the completion of any plan for extension of the commerce of this town, or my friend [we understood his lordship to refer to B. Sayle, Esq.] that end of the table requested me to meet express our sentiments on some great political question, I confess I should not have been surprised. If I had been called celebrate great victory, or the achievements of undaunted hero, I should have been afraid, lest in honouring the hero I might have been understood to countenance bloodshed, and those in which he distinguished. If it had been an occasion in which the interest of commerce concerned, I might have been suspected of acting from self-interested motives. But as I am preside commemoration of the virtues and meritorious exertions of the individual whom have invited us this day, I suspect myself of improper motives. Our purpose here is to do honour the individual, who, in whole of life, an object promote peace. To whatever part of turn, I everything to admire, nothing find fault with. Many years it might have been objected against our friend, he had been rendered answerable certain alleged offences; imputed offences are forgotten, and proved by subsequent impugnors of principles were mistaken. my topic which pain-

to Mr. Montgomery; I rather than your his endeavours to promote the comfort and morals of society. There is not an institution of a benevolent character in the country to which he has not contributed; he merely in every way in which we have all contributed, by rendering pecuniary assistance, but by his time and talents, which I account a greater offering. Indeed, I have many proofs of the lively interest which he takes in the great School Establishments in this country. This is an important service; for wherever knowledge is imparted, the morals must be improved. And religious instruction is most valuable, for we ought to know the principles of the religion we profess. Whatever is the advancement of virtue, morality, and religion, in reality best assists the cause of intellect and civilisation. If we do not know the value of religion, we cannot by any means administer the comfort of mankind. I will now call your attention to the literary attainments of my guest. Respecting political principles it is not my intention to speak. Not I fear the discussion of political principles on proper occasions. My sentiments on the principal political subjects are well known; and I have the satisfaction of saying (not erroneously, I believe) that the political sentiments of this gentleman are the same as my own. I have long known Mr. Montgomery, though he has by my misfortune not to have such frequent personal interviews with him as I could have wished; he give me leave to assert, that his opinions are the necessary result of his mode of life, and the operation of his principles. I have learned (and he will not be at a loss to know where I learnt it) that his inflexible love of liberty grows from a benevolent mind. He will recollect that which was the source of the virtues of the great men whom my family succeeded in this county; when I scarcely read, I learned that he was not erected for his political character, but because he was beneficent and humane. There is in this room gentlemen of every species of political opinions of the present day; and I give them

credit ■■■ their sentiments being ■■■■ ■■■■ principles. But I ■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■ no party feeling exists. I will ■■■■ notice ■■■■ friend ■■■■ an individual. ■■■■ ■■■■ of ■■■■ ■■■■ been exalted by his literary ■■■■ ■■■■. A glory ■■■■ been ■■■■ around his poetical talents, ■■■■ ■■■■ could ■■■■ be ■■■■ more appropriate ■■■■ for entwining ■■■■ laurel than the present. The day which you have chosen ■■■■ this festival is, I understand (though I ■■■■ ■■■■ know ■■■■ ■■■■ first), ■■■■ day which ■■■■ him to the world. ■■■■ ■■■■ born, indeed, in ■■■■ distant country; but ■■■■ (I may speak ■■■■ the first person) have ■■■■ him our own, ■■■■ long ■■■■ he live ■■■■ behold around him the good he ■■■■ effected, standing ■■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■ *perennius*! From ■■■■ fellow-■■■■ ■■■■ he ■■■■ received an honourable mark of distinction, from all ranks in life; and, I trust, the kind recollection of ■■■■ public services will exist when he has passed into private life. I therefore call upon you ■■■■ drink the health of—

“Mr. Montgomery—with cheers.”

Mr. Montgomery spoke nearly ■■■■ follows:—

“My Lord Milton, and Gentlemen,—I do not know that I ever stood in a more difficult situation than that in which I find myself ■■■■ this moment. I have often encountered opposition, and, if I have seldom triumphed, I have never been ■■■■ vanquished by hostility, but that I have risen above it in ■■■■ end. Against friendship, however, I ■■■■ hold out; the force of kindness ■■■■ too much for me; I yield, and ■■■■ myself upon your indulgence, confident that ■■■■ will ■■■■ ■■■■ though both thoughts and language may, in attempting ■■■■ address you, under my present embarrassment.

“I recollect ■■■■ I ■■■■ went into Derbyshire, in company with ■■■■ friend, and ■■■■ niece of mine,—a young person, born and brought up ■■■■ the banks of the Thames, accustomed to the ■■■■ populous, cultivated scenery of Kent ■■■■ Middlesex, who scarcely ever had ■■■■ ■■■■ common ■■■■ frequented ■■■■ Blackheath, ■■■■ ■■■■ eminence more rugged than Shooter’s Hill. ■■■■ was sufficiently lively ■■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■ tongue ■■■■ we had

upon the high mountains then she grew gradually serious, and at length silent even to Hathersage. The magnificence of the scene in its form overawed her; the loneliness of the mountains made her thought retire inward; the weight of the mountains upon her spirit, the depth of the valleys, the approach of Hathersage, the consciousness, except that of their own dreadful, but delightful presence. Wonder, admiration, transport, sublimed by terror. Some time afterwards, talking of the morning's excursion, I said to her, 'Betsy, what do you think of the Peak mountains, when we are among them?' 'Oh!' she replied, with great simplicity, 'I wanted to be quite still; I wished that nobody would speak to me.' A sense of this deep, undefinable feeling had possessed me in the anticipation of this day, and amidst the festivity of the scene; I could have wished, had it been possible, that I might have been silent, even invisible among you, a spectator of your meeting, and a hearer of the kind things that might be said concerning me. But of what was I afraid? Of your faces? No; for I had seen many in my life as many avowedly friendly ones smiling upon me. Was I afraid of the good cheer with which you have entertained me? No; for to the limits of temperance, where I suppose enjoyment ends, I, too, can enjoy the luxury and exhilaration of a well-spread board, surrounded with good company, when I have nothing else to do but to enjoy them. It was the mighty, the awful, the overpowering sentiment of which I have been the object this day,—as I am whom my townspeople and neighbours delight to honour,—not only, but the various other convivial parties, representing all the population of the district, who have gathered on the anniversary of my birth a day of rejoicing,—it was the sentiment of collective good-will, universally expressed (if I may use the phrase), I am a person anywhere, especially the peculiar distinguished expression of me by the company of gentlemen here assembled, differing, as they may do, on many important questions from myself, and one

another, yet cordially uniting to honour me. 'England expects every man to do his duty,' at a [] as well as at a fray; and though, from constitutional timidity, I would [] have shrunk, [] owl, from this light, [] I am brought into the full blaze, I will [] affect to [] the glory reflected upon me, but meet it [] the eagle [] sun.

"I have [] of proud days for Old England, when her [] have triumphed [] those of her enemies; I have [] of proud days for heroes, when they returned victorious [] their native land, with [] spoils of nations [] their train; I have heard of proud days for kings, when they have been invested with the purple, [] the [] of thousands, and with the blessings of [] upon their heads; I have [] of proud days [] the poets, when, in the ancient capital of the world, they have been crowned with a chaplet of bays by the hands of princes: and some of my friends may very naturally think [] is a proud day for me. If pride [] the proper feeling for [] to entertain [] time, I would open my whole soul [] its influences; [] I have learnt another lesson, and I must, [] least, endeavour to practise it. There is a splendid Italian sonnet*, by Giovambattista Zappi, [] Judith returning [] Bethulia, with the head of Holofernes in one hand, and the sword which [] smitten it [] in the other. The populace hailed her [] the gates, through [] streets, [] from [] roofs, as the deliverer of [] native city; the maidens pressed around to kiss her garment, 'but [] her hand;' while a hundred of the [] of [] prophets [] before, proclaiming her achievement, [] foretelling her glory, 'from [] sun's rising [] rest.' The poet adds—

, "Stavasi tutta umile in [] gloria."

There is [] untranslatable idiom in the original, which gives exquisite point [] idea; but [] simple meaning may [] us—

"She [] humble under all [] glory."

And thus in the frame of mind which I have at present, when I came to this point I have passed through many a trial and tribulation, and I wrapt myself of pride tighter and tighter about my bosom, heavier and harder the blast beat upon me; nay, when I was prostrate in the dust, without strength to rise, I was powerful enough to raise me. I still clung to my pride, or, rather, my pride clung to me, like the venomed fang of Hercules, and he be torn away but at the expense of life. However haughtily I may have carried myself in trials and conflicts, the warmth and sunshine of evening, within these walls, compel me irresistibly, because willingly, to cast every encumbrance, to lay my pride at your feet, and stand before you modestly, yet uprightly, in the garment of humility. The humility which I speak of is as remote as possible from baseness and servility; nay, it is allied to whatever is noble and excellent—it is the offspring of gratitude; gratitude for all the favour shown to me day by friends, fellow-townsmen, and neighbours. Let cold-blooded philosophers say what they will, gratitude is not only a genuine, but it is a generous virtue, at once humbling and the most exalting of our moral affections; it is the most humbling, inasmuch as the subject forget himself in devotedness and veneration to the benefactor; and the most exalting, inasmuch as it awakens within him all that is best in feeling and holy in principle, to deserve what has been freely conferred upon him. Gratitude and benevolence, in fact, are the counterparts of each other; gratitude is the reflection of benevolence, 'as light is in water;' they are like the two poles of the same magnetic needle, vibrating on a common point of magnanimous disinterestedness; and, like positive and negative electricity, they may be converted into each other according to the preponderating influence. The poor dumb boy being required to write 'gratitude,' wrote down on his slate, 'gratitude is remembrance of the heart:—never forget the memory!—among the brightest and most precious of all remembrances, will

the of and respect which have this day, over which I am rejoicing in place. These, let me plainly, are honourable to yourselves, otherwise they would not be honourable to me; I am this in the real spirit of that humility which I avouched, and which will not be mistaken as vain-glorious when I have explained myself. They are honourable to you, because they represent the homage which you are glad to render to 'virtue and talents' (I like the words of your own requisition for holding this festival) wherever you find them; and they are honourable to me, because you have been pleased to attribute to my large professions my performances of worth and efficiency which I deem appropriate for myself, which I thankfully submit to receive from your bounty.

"With politics I do not mean to trouble you here; I have already made my last speech and confession on these topics, as editor of the 'Iris.' Respecting that farewell, I know that I have anything to add, to explain, or to retract. I give credit to every gentleman present for as much honesty in the choice of his opinions, and as much independence in the assertion of them, as I have always claimed for myself; I only wish, indeed, the presence of many reputable persons, of dissimilar persuasions, at this social board, among me I have,—I only ask to be judged by what I myself desire to judge them. I may be allowed to observe, that if there be a day in the three hundred and sixty-five which compose the year,—and surely of the hundred and sixty-five there must be one day, at least,—on which the civil strife of party should be suspended, and a truce, nay, a jubilee of true patriots held, it is the 4th of November, on which are commemorated, not only the principles of the revolution of 1789, but the principles we profess to derive from its peculiarities: before we take a step, then, we are all standing on common ground; and, as consistent, we are all consistent to-day.

"I am of the requisition for the meeting

rant, if they require, that I am a man in which I have more glory, not suffered severely, I have in politics."

The speaker then went into relative to his early life, as well before as after his residence in Sheffield; alluding also to his varied labours and ultimate success as a poet, as already described in his biography. Addressing the noble Chairman with peculiar emphasis, the poet proceeded:—

"I am glad to see the Abolition of the Slave Trade, the glorious decree of the British legislature, a period since the Revolution by the first parliament, in which you, my lord, as the representative of Yorkshire. Oh! how should I rejoice to sing the Abolition of Slavery itself by some parliament of which your lordship shall be a member! I am greater of righteous legislation surely not too much to be expected even in our day. Renouncing the slave trade only 'ceasing to do evil;' extinguishing slavery will be 'learning to do well.' And this, I am convinced, may be accomplished with perfect safety to the colonies, perfect justice to the planters (for we would 'wrong no man'), and perfect mercy to the slaves, whom we would abandon to the dangers of a liberty for which they were unprepared. The means whereby this may be done need now be particularised; I should have mentioned this subject at all, if I had not been persuaded such means are within reach; and I have said it incidentally, as a question of politics, but of morality.

"Again: I speak of love,—the love of country, the love of my own country; for

. "next to heaven above,
Land of my fathers, thee I love;
And, thy slanderers as they will,
All thy faults, I love still."

He sang, likewise, the love of home, its charities, endearments,

and relationships, 'Home sweet home;' recollection of which, when the name was just played from yonder gallery, warmed every room into quicker pulsations: I love which ought towards his brother, of every kindred, country, and clime upon earth: I love of virtue, which elevates man heaven: I sang, too, the love of God, who is love. Nor I sing in vain. I found readers, especially young, fair, and the devout; and youth, beauty, devotion not of the land, I may hope remembered through another generation. I will that, from every part of the empire, from every quarter of the world where language is spoken, from America, the East and West Indies, from New Holland, and the South Sea Islands themselves, I have occasionally received testimonies of approbation from ranks and degrees of readers, hailing what I done, and cheering forward. I allude to criticisms and eulogiums from press, but to voluntary communications from unknown respondents, coming to voices of darkness, giving intimation of that which a poet is always hearkening onward catch—the voice of posterity.

"But I might have been a notable politician in my day, forgotten as soon as my day was over; I might have been a greater poet than I am, and a behind me which would have rendered illustrious place where I so long resided; and, in either honours rewards suitable to my pretensions might have been ferred upon but they would not have been such my townspeople and neighbours have bestowed me day. For I am principally indebted a circumstance of equal interest both to the benefactors and the beneficiary; this,—I have been your *fellow-labourer* in many a great good work for the amelioration of the condition, of poor only, but of every of community in and Hallamshire. your public, benevolent, literary, and Christian institutions, I have you

burthen and of the day; while I feel, and by recollection, that in many respects I grievously deficient, I have done my duty do, I can easily for the distinguishing marks of favour towards myself by coadjutors, from the mere accident of my situation them having a very conspicuous one. Connected with the effective engine of public agency, I necessarily, well willingly, connected with public business of every All eyes, therefore, have been continually upon me; and, I have seldom done absolutely ill, and appeared be, generally—nay, I will say, sincerely, I actually—endeavouring to do well, I have gained credit for my rather proportioned my obvious intentions than my positive merits. The rewards and honours which I am enjoying through your kindness, therefore, not hasty expressions of temporary feeling,—they have been more than thirty years in preparation. For I my most fervent and cordial acknowledgments; but, in conclusion, I must frankly the situation in which you have placed me from this day forward.

“You have brought me to this altar of hospitality. We have broken bread, we have eaten salt together. And you have done this, merely to give me a splendid proof, in eyes of all the world, of the estimation in which you hold my general conduct and character since I became an inhabitant of Sheffield, but you have done it, also, to require of me a pledge that my future conduct and character shall correspond with the past. And I give it you freely, fully, hand, and heart, and voice; here devoting abilities, they shall acceptable, to the service of my townspeople, my fellow-creatures, (through enabling grace) of my God. But let me remind you, that you have committed me my keeping a very perilous charge. The honour awarded me one—with all deference your judgment—which, much to credit of your hearts, have been carried away by your liberality; honour is perhaps ought to have been posthumous

particular exploits of warriors, special public men, meritorious private of contemporary applause given; but, ground so comprehensive as the result of public private of an like myself, have rarely And rarely ought they conceded, because they only inestimably precious in themselves, but they lay subject of under a weight of responsibility, almost for and blood bear. You have yet living, the very character ought to have been, which it has been, the object of my whole obtain, I might leave behind at decease. Now, of having to look forward this, as something be only my latest breath, you have met me before the race was finished, placed the prize in my hands, I have thus carry it to the goal, the risk of forfeiting it, more to my disgrace than if I had never started it, miscarried in attempting to gain it last. I have henceforth heed—and oh! how much heed It required—not to lose this by the way, from negligence, from error, from inconsistency, from apostacy. 'No pronounced happy he is dead,' said a sage antiquity. I say, in spirit, man's character till of eternity upon it. Mine, however, unsealed, you have given into my own custody. Recollecting that the credit of yours implied with it, I have a double motive deliver safely, in yet instrument the there enregistered the great day of If in doing this, I with confidence leave care of my good name to your posterity.

"But a birthday, occasions ought joyous. The learned Egyptians used to introduce the of mortality their entertainments, festivities that all men Something of I have caused to pass before you; but it is gone. And now, as every one present has had a birthday in

his time, I heartily wish for him many happy commemorations of the same, yea, and happier than these, in the returning anniversaries of those, whom he will remember for himself when I remind him of his home and of all whom he loves there."

Some other remarks were proposed, after which Mr. Montgomery, on retiring, said,—

"So much has already been spoken by me and about me, on this happy occasion, that it would be fully as impertinence in me to say any unnecessary word, where any additional word would be unnecessary. I therefore simply refer to language which I have already used. I now look forward to the day with mingled terror and delight. The day has departed, but the delight will long remain. I have dedicated this to the altar of hospitality. I shall often remember with gratitude how sumptuously you have entertained me here; and remembering this, I shall never forget the pledge which I have left upon it."

As soon as Mr. Montgomery had retired, the noble Chairman observed,—

"If we have previously spoken towards the distinguished guest, whom we have entertained this evening, with love, I will venture to assert, after what we have seen and heard from him during this meeting, those feelings have been greatly strengthened."—(Great applause.)

On retiring from the festive scene just alluded to, Montgomery, far from being intoxicated with praise honourable to the giver and the receiver, was glad to be recalled to his wonted bias of religious thought and feeling by congratulations in a solemn manner from his esteemed friend the Rev. Theophilus Lessey of Halifax.

"Halifax, Nov. 23, 1844."

"When," says the preacher, the poet,
"I last favoured with your society, I entered, with

than ordinary interest, into the various and affecting events which have marked the progress of your life, both in its persecuted and in its prosperous course. I had always felt the profound veneration for your genius, and I thank you for the magnanimous and self-denying consecration of it to the glory of the cross; but from that time I have been united to you by sentiments and emotions of a more intimate character, and I have consequently witnessed your triumph with feelings more penetrating than I could otherwise have known. Will you forgive me, then, when I say that my heart, throbbing with the glow of friendship, has followed you through every step of your progress on that memorable occasion?

"In former times you were made to feel the bitterness of affliction, and you have frequently drunk, in secret, the cup of sorrow; but now is a chord I have a right to touch; it is the sanctuary into which I am permitted to enter. And I can only remind you, that while you have thus tried, your heavenly Father has been employed in polishing some of His precious jewels against that day when He will make it up, with millions more, and give it a place in the mediatorial kingdom of the Redeemer. I know, my dear friend, that in your heart is the noblest and most desirable consummation that eternity can reveal. All the circumstances of your life have been brought about by infinite wisdom, and with the most benign intentions. But why should I write and strain, when your life of felicity is running over? only because it came into my mind. I have contemplated the honours with which you have been arrayed as the fruits of a victory, a glorious victory, in which the whole Christian world should participate. It is the triumph of truth, of virtue, of piety, of justice, of vice, and impiety. Your persecuted righteousness' sake; and after having passed through tribulation, like the white raiment, holding in her hand the emblematic palm. . . . A voice from the throne of God is heard, saying, 'Be

unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' This is
 my prayer for you, and which infinitely surpasses all
 that I can say from me. My feeble but sincere prayers are
 daily offered up on your behalf, that you may possess all
 spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Jesus.

But duties of a practical nature engaged him. The
 following letter not only exhibits an illustration of the
 unwearied labours of the distinguished writer in the great
 cause of popular education, with which his name will
 ever stand associated, but it shows also his regard for
 the local experience and trustworthy opinions of others.

Henry Brougham to James Montgomery.

"London, Nov. 11 1825.

"DEAR SIR,

"I hope you will excuse me for troubling you again
 upon the important subject of our last year's correspondence.
 I am anxious to learn the progress made since then by the
 Mechanics' Institution; and you would do me a
 great favour on me by giving me whatever information you
 deem material on this head. I am particularly anxious to
 know which of the rules and regulations have been found
 to require alteration; and whether further experience has
 confirmed the favourable opinion we had of the original
 plan generally. Let me especially direct your attention to
 three points—the readiness of the working men to adopt
 suggestions from the honorary members—what proportion
 of the men have been chosen on the committee—whether
 the regulation of appeals to the ministers has been
 on—whether any apprentices have been taken into the
 society—and whether any members have been
 expelled by being in the workhouse or prison—also, whether
 any lectures have been given (on this important part
 of the subject possibly some improvement might be rendered
 from hence: we are endeavouring to improve lecturing by
 new means). I should like to know whether you ob-
 serve any younger members more assiduous, more benefiting

LETTER FROM HENRY BROUGHAM.

more by the Institution — whether by the dis-
of private business, as rules, &c. — and whether
any ill blood exists from the elections of committee or other

"It is gratifying in all other instances,
those you mentioned to me, had occurred of working
men betaking themselves to scientific pursuits — hours — a relaxation, and — loving inquiry — speculation
for its own sake. Do you apprehend that good would be
done if a person were to deliver a
very plain lectures — pleasures to be derived
science — proving these — great, by going —
sciences, just teaching enough of each, in
plainest way, give persons, then acquainted
with the subject, a comprehension of what about, and
a sample or (as it were) of its truths? I mention
yourself only, and wishing your free opinion. The object
would be to give them a thinking reading, — to give them
a taste, — they might desire more, — which could only
be got by reading, or attending lectures which should go
more fully into each branch.

"As I have lost the original rules you gave me last year,
may I further trouble you for another copy?

"Believe me to be, with great esteem,

"Yours truly,

"H. BROUGHAM.

"P.S.—If you know of any Mechanics' Institutions
published in your part of the country since last year, and could
favour me with the name of the secretary, or other
taking an active part in them, I should be of ob-
taining information from such quarters, and write.

"Montgomery, Esq.,

"In answer Montgomery returned this letter
we do not know; but as the Mechanics' Library
Mechanics' Institution were separate, and
former, at least, not only unexceptionably but

cessfully answering the purpose of its promoters, I would make no remarks chiefly on it. Of the other, it is enough here to say that he knew how to distinguish between the essentially sound principles and the accidents of administration which may lessen or mar the usefulness, where parity of interest and freedom of action are recognised and maintained.

James Montgomery to James Holland

"BIRMINGHAM, Dec. 25, 1844

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Mr. Holland allows me to slip a line into the parcel of returned albums. These are excellent books indeed of the kind, which are worse after they have been written in than they were before. I can only thank you for all the kind sayings in your last letters; and if I fill ten sheets with acknowledgments, they would not express more than I mean in plain 'thank you'—for it comes from my heart, and is uttered there in two pulses with an emphasis which all the words in the dictionary could not exceed. As for your 'History of Methodism' [in Sheffield], if you determine to have [the printing of] it finished in Manchester, it will be no more to match the paper; you can order it yourself of Mr. Glover, paper manufacturer, of Leeds, at 7s. or 8s. per copy. The type, I should fear, would be less likely to be exact, if set at another office: it is Small Pica; but every line of Small Pica differs a little from every other. However, you may try specimens by getting a page or two. Whatever you determine, if I can serve you, inform me freely. I will not be so disingenuous as to affect to conceal what I know that I told you, in a much better way than I could do it,—that your precious album would break my head. I allude, of course, at this time, to the album of Miss ——'s album, which says very well between you and me, because I fully appreciate the simplicity and sincerity of your meaning; and in the world, the

tute excellence even in a hymn, than many ready popular of religious rhymes under designation imagine : —

“ A hymn ought be as regular its structure as any poem ; it have a subject, that subject simple, complicated, so whatever skill or labour might be required in the author to develop plan, there little or required part of the understand it. Consequently, a hymn have a beginning, middle, end. There should be a manifest gradation in the thoughts ; dependence should be so perceptible that they could be transposed without injuring the unity of the piece ; every line carrying forward the connection, and every verse adding a well-proportioned limb to a symmetrical body. The reader should know when the strain is complete, and be satisfied, as at the close of an air in music ; while superfluities be felt by as annoyances, in whatever part they might occur. The practice of many good men, in framing hymns, been quite the contrary. They have begun apparently with the only idea in their mind the time ; another, with little relationship the former, been upon them by a refractory rhyme ; a became necessary to eke out a verse ; a fourth, begin one ; and so on, till, having compiled a number of stanzas of so many lines, and lines of so many syllables, the operation has been suspended ; whereas might, equal consistency, have continued an imaginable length, the tenth or thousandth link might have struck out or changed places with any other, without the slightest infraction of the chain ; the whole being a of independent as they be a of phrases, figures, ideas, the property of every writer who has none of his own, and therefore found in the works of each, unimproved, and unimpaired, from generation to generation. These rhapsodies may be to time,

keep devotion already kindled; they no in memory, make no impression on the heart, through mind sounds glide through ear,—pleasant, may be, in their returning haunt the imagination retirement, or, in multitude of thoughts, to the soul. Of how contrary character, how transcendently superior as well influence, those hymns which, heard, remembered without effort,—remembered involuntarily, yet remembered with renewed and increasing delight every revival! It may safely be said that permanent favourites every collection those which, in the requisites before mentioned, for other peculiar excellence, distinguished above rest."

By this strict of composition and criticism let the tasteful reader try Montgomery's "Christian Psalmist," and "Original Hymns."

He time, to have projected a poem the destruction of Pompeii, appears from a collection of memorandums, and the following lines the subject, which have among his papers:—

"Pompeii's day is last,
Her pride shall to the dust go down;
Pompeii's fatal hour is past,
And where is now vanished town?
Opened jaws
To swallow up prey,
Break eternal laws
Sweep her away.
Heaven the sudden ruin
Ingulphed but unconsumed,
A of ashes through flame,
Temples and entombed. . . ."

A theme of a very character was in the year 1800 by a writer in the year 1800 this very year by a writer

in the "Quarterly Review." In an article on Pope's Works, the following passage in reference to Eloisa:—

"It is matter of regret that the genius of Pope had not employed in exhibiting the antidote as well as the bane;—that he, who so powerfully portrayed the weakness of Eloisa's mind, had not also depicted Abelard's deep contrition; his prostration of himself in recognition of Divine justice; his unaffected forgiveness and justification of his enemies; his purified nobleness of his sentiments for her who was still to him the most beloved of human beings. These feelings may be found in Abelard's letters, expressed in language so simple and animated; and combined with congenial matter to be supplied by the poet, would form a subject admirably adapted to the genius and character of Montgomery, to whom the liberty of suggesting this theme."*

That the subject was "adapted to the genius" of Montgomery may be admitted, but certainly not in the character; for though a Christian he would have imbued it with a deep and tender pathos, suited to the penitence of the Paraclete—assuming its reality—still the whole story of these unfortunate lovers so identified with associations which, to the purity of our poet's mind, must have been utterly abhorrent. It may, indeed, well be doubted whether Pope will be deprived of the merit which Johnson has ascribed to his treatment of this tempting theme,—“that he has excelled every composition of the kind.”

* Quarterly Review, June—Oct. 1825, p. 300.

CHAP. LX.

[REDACTED] AS AN EX-EDITOR. — FEELINGS [REDACTED] SENTIMENTS. —
 FRANCHISE QUARREL — ELECTRICITY OF THE BODY. — EPITAPH. —
 [REDACTED] [REDACTED] — THE "FIREMAN'S POET." — MONTGOMERY'S
 KINDNESS TO HIM. — VERSES TO MR. CONNOL. — FREQUENTLY AND
 THE HINDOOS. — BANK [REDACTED] [REDACTED] GAS. — LETTER TO
 J. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] MANCHESTER [REDACTED] LIVERPOOL. — EPITAPH.
 [REDACTED] TO HARRIET MONTGOMERY. — LETTER FROM JOHN CLARE.
 — SUNDAY [REDACTED] UNION. — LETTER TO J. EVERETT. — TO MRS.
 [REDACTED] MR. HUNTER.

THE year upon which we now enter may be said to have been the commencement of a new era in the history of Montgomery,—for having done with the harassments and anxieties of a newspaper politician, he could devote himself entirely to polite literature and the calls of benevolence: nor—if the collocation may be permitted—is it less important to the writer of this paragraph, as the first in a quarter of a century of public journalism the vicissitudes of which were little foreseen when he took up the editorial pen which had just been laid down by his revered friend, as that the valuable labours of the latter would be protracted through the still longer period embraced by the remaining portion of this work. And his official succession was by no means an unwelcome accident, as the poet was concerned; for—our retiring tallow-chandler, mentioned in the “Spectator,” stipulated with the establishment on “melting-days”—our friend

found his way to the new "Iris" office, the penetrale which was, of course, always open to him; while the playful letter in which he would sometimes introduce a paragraph, with "if you approve of it, Mr. Editor," has never been forgotten.

In a letter to Mr. Everett (Jan. 6.), Montgomery says, —

"I am exquisitely tortured on account of a very small circumstance in my life, in which I was as innocent and as passive as a new-born babe; and yet, by the injustice of opinion, am punished as though I had been a criminal. It will be weeks, perhaps months, before my wounded spirit be healed on this point, and the scar I must carry to my grave. Can any one, then, blame me, or think hard of me, for warning younger persons myself to beware how they act and speak even in little things, lest they lay up for themselves unimagined sorrows in their latter days? In reply to one of your inquiries, I noticed the passage in the 'Quarterly Review' which you refer. I dare not touch the theme which they recommend; there are too many unhallowed and horrible associations with it. Beside, I am not in tone for any great exercise of my small poetic powers at present. I am under a cloud of discouragement; it may be partly from bodily infirmity, but my spirit has been rebuked, and may soon come to itself again. Meanwhile I am preparing materials for a 'Christian Post,' to follow my 'Christian Psalmist.'"

Then follows a commission for several scarce books from the catalogue of a Manchester dealer. It is necessary to explain the circumstances referred to in the former part of the preceding extract, to give force to the lesson inculcated by the writer. The subsequent reference to the remarks in the "Epistle to Eloisa," and the article on "Pope's Works and Cha-

acter," which are quoted at the close of the preceding chapter. In reference to this period, we have heard a preacher say, "I recollect I once took a great liberty with our honoured friend,—at which I thought afterwards. We had introduced a Prayer Meeting into Norfolk Street Chapel, and I pressed upon him in prayer; and I shall I forget the petition he offered, and the feelings it excited among those who heard it. I feel greatly obliged to Mr. Montgomery for the advice he often gave me on the subject of my ministry, and which I have never forgotten."

Jan. 21. Mr. Holland dined with Montgomery at Mr. Blackwell's. As he was busy with his collection of Sacred Poetry, the conversation turned on that subject; and, among others, the names of Quarles and Wither were mentioned. *Montgomery*: "I know not in English literature a name that has been, in many respects, more wronged than that of Francis Quarles; wronged too, in times past, by those who ought best to have discerned, and most generously to have distinguished, between merits and defects, both partaking of the peculiarities of the age. I grant, once, that both and Wither have injured their own fame more than either the slanders of their contemporaries or the neglect of posterity could otherwise have done;—Quarles especially, by the quantity of crude matter with which he has encumbered some of his finest conceptions, as well as by the loose phraseology with which he has often profaned the purest, loveliest, and otherwise most felicitous diction." *Holland*: "But is not that an error in favour of the poets of poetical brethren?" *Montgomery*: "No; and certainly not the error of justifying indiscriminate slanders: poets are sometimes so laboured that they

seem to have been [redacted] on purpose, [redacted] beauties, [redacted] the other hand, are, apparently, so spontaneous, [redacted] they alone, amidst [redacted] anomalous compositions, [redacted] be natural to him." *Blackwell*: "There is [redacted] truth in old Pomfret's remark, that [redacted] please nobody would be [redacted] much [redacted] thing [redacted] please everybody." *Montgomery*: "Yes; but [redacted] [redacted] opinion on [redacted] 'Quarles and Withers,' is amusing enough [redacted] part of [redacted] who [redacted] be named with them. He [redacted] thought two feet high in [redacted] whole collection; for his 'Choice,' which [redacted] been praised, what is it but the common-place confession of an idle man, who wishes to be idler still?" *Blackwell*: "Do you intend to give extracts from [redacted] Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher?" *Montgomery*: "From the former, but not from the latter. I once bought [redacted] old edition of their works, which I found such [redacted] sty of filthiness, that I felt I could neither keep it nor sell it conscientiously; [redacted] I [redacted] out the fine portrait of Fletcher, gave it [redacted] collector of prints, [redacted] burnt the book." He then mentioned some amusing instances of perplexity which had arisen [redacted] himself and others, when players had been introduced to him by persons ignorant or regardless of his non-theatrical views. Something being [redacted] about electricity, the poet described an [redacted] which [redacted] startled him the night before. On drawing [redacted] his head [redacted] clean elastic worsted shirt—the room being dark—he noticed a sudden illumination about his face, accompanied [redacted] [redacted] crackling sound. Instead of seeking [redacted] protract [redacted] curious electric phenomena, he instinctively threw from him [redacted] the chamber [redacted] garment, which he declared was quite luminous [redacted] hand.

Under _____ of Jan. _____ have _____ following lines:—

“To the Memory of a Young Girl, who had been much delighted by a Discourse on the Ministry of Angels, _____ she _____ heard a short Time before her last Illness.

“Visions _____ angels, _____ kind,
Turned to a Paradise thine infant mind;
They seemed _____ home within so pure a breast,
Yet vanished soon, for here was _____ their rest,
_____ thing,—like those _____ Jacob’s dream, they _____
A ladder, rising to the throne of God:
And taught thy little steps that easier way
From night _____ earth to heaven’s eternal day.
Angels _____ long, but _____ vision, spread
Their golden pinions round thy dying bed,
And in their _____ thy ransomed spirit bore,
With _____ of joy, where death _____ be _____
Dwell there, sweet saint, in bliss with Him above,
Who loved thee with _____ everlasting love,
And wait the _____ thine only prayer
Yet unfulfilled,—that _____ may _____ there.”

About this time the inhabitants of the parish of Sheffield _____ in a _____ of intense excitement on the subject of church-rates, the laws relating _____ which—or, _____ events, the interpretation and _____ of those laws—are in a _____ unsatisfactory state. This is _____ generally admitted; and hence _____ an important local question, the merits of which _____ nowise interest the reader of these pages, except in connection with the fact that Montgomery was largely involved in the _____ troversy—not as a partisan, but _____ a mediator between _____ vicar and _____ the _____ side, and _____ parishioners _____ the other side, _____ in vestry assembled. At a public meeting, _____ January 16., _____ consider _____

propriety of levying a rate to defray the expense of enclosing the burying-grounds of three churches erected in Sheffield, under the "Million Act," a resolution was passed, adjourning the meeting, appointing Montgomery and other gentlemen a deputation to wait upon the church burgesses*, and lay before them the sentiments of the vestry. Montgomery drew up a long memorial to the burgesses, in which he says, "The only hope of inducing the inhabitants, without the compulsion of an ecclesiastical process, to grant a rate for the particular objects above specified,—or, indeed, any other,—rests upon the probability of your consenting to the payment of those charges connected with the services and repairs of the parish church, which had been defrayed out of the funds belonging to your church for upwards of a hundred and fifty years; but which have been for some time past disallowed by you, and borne by the persons who happened to be churchwardens, out of their private purses, to their great wrong and injury, as well as the discredit of the parish, and the detriment, in some respects, of the services of the church." This reasoning prevailed with the burgesses: they agreed to resume their accustomed payments; and as Montgomery had taken his part in the negotiation in good faith, he was not thenceforward personally willing to meet any opposition to a rate for enclosing the cemeteries, and providing some fittings for the churches in question. Very different, however, were the intentions of the majority of his constituents, as will be seen afterwards.

One cold day in the month of January, Montgomery went down stairs to a room whose form, cheek, keen eye, tortoise-like

* Trustees of an estate out of which they support three clergy-vicar.

in a moment; he was in surprise when the stranger said, "My name is Nicholson; I am the Airedale poet: I have walked sixty miles for the purpose of seeing you." Montgomery told him he was afraid he would be badly compensated for so long a journey. He then told him the tale of his success; it was that of many an inexperienced author: a poor wool-sorter, he had found himself a poet, had become the subject of local wonder and admiration, printed a thousand copies of his little volume of verse, sold every one of them, and put the proceeds into his pocket. He then persuaded to print a second edition of the same number, of which he had sold but a few; so that all the money he had realised by the first, was likely to be thrown away by the second experiment. Better and better luck, said Montgomery to him, could hardly have brought them nearly together. While they were in conversation, Mr. Samuel Roberts announced. *Montgomery*: "I have a poet in the parlour; allow me to introduce you to him." *Roberts*: "No; I will have nothing to do with him." But with a little management, Mr. R. was led forward, his surprise at the peculiar appearance of the stranger being once evident and amusing. For a while he was very cool and distant; not so Nicholson, who presently so won upon Mr. R. that the latter thrusting a bank note into the poet's hand, "let me have," said he, "half-a-dozen copies of your book"—an order which brought him into the eyes of the poor man, whose "unvarnished tale" had produced such a result. Montgomery promised Nicholson that he would read his book, and if he found nothing in it objectionable, and could in any way recommend it, he would do so. He read long before he his pulse began to beat quicker; throwing down the book, "that man," said he, "is a

poet." Having read through the volume, immediately, the best way of serving the author, wrote the following letter to meet him at Leeds:—

James Montgomery to Nicholas.

"Sheffield, 1834.

"SIR,

"I am glad that I did not give you my opinion of your verse, in writing, while my mind was under the influence of some unexpected impressions, because I am now that, after reading your volume through the second day, when the former glow of feeling is past, my judgment deliberately approves of my decision of the delightful surprise in finding your compositions merely smooth and agreeable, but powerful and pathetic in ordinary degree, whenever the subject is of sufficient dignity to interest and awaken the poet within you,—the poet (I am very willing to believe) born with you.

"I take it for granted that you may have had the help of some judicious friend, in the way of advice or least if not correction, to enable you to avoid many of the grosser faults into which it is no reproach upon unlettered genius to fall; but in your book there is much that could not have been taught you, nor interpolated by another, however accomplished he might be. With a very small proportion of the faults and excesses of verse, written under circumstances so disadvantageous as yours, a spirit so genuine breathes through the whole, that there are passages which even the celebrated of your contemporaries might be proud to have written, and which prove that poetry with you is like music to the lark, or fragrance to the rose,—the natural language of your tongue, and the emanation of your soul. Were you about to publish a new volume of your pieces, I should have sent them with some critical severity, and have pointed out various imperfections which ought to be remedied. Unfortunately, however, your volume is published, and it is the duty of your friends to state its merits, and decrying its faults, to

hope of recommending it to strangers, inducing benevolent purchase copies,—not merely relieve you the burthen of unsold hundreds, lying your hands, gratify with a perusal of worthy of being rewarded as well read.

"You have experienced something the and bitters of authorship; enough, I hope, of the latter make you careful again expose yourself to the such as you have lately to fear, misery, anxiety, labour which you continue experience you feel yourself (by the sale of a large portion of your volumes in stock) easy again in your your circumstances. If sincere hearty testimony sterling character of your talents, however rude fastidious some of your performances may appear, can be of any service in calling the attention of individuals or the public your name and your book, you may make what you please of letter.

"I am, truly your friend servant,

"J. MONTGOMERY."

In the following year Nicholson published another volume of verse, but greatly inferior in quality to the former, for he had fallen into habits of intemperance; and having also indulged in some the religion which he professed, he wrote to Montgomery in a penitential strain, and received from him serious advice, which it would have been well for had he reduced practice.*

* Poor man! was accidentally drowned in the river Aire, on night of April "Without wish shadows of character by one uncharitable reflection, may be usefully remarked, that amidst the numerous instances recorded obscure but irrepressible genius struggling sinking un- grave, case of John Nicholson illustrates but perhaps not striking truth, when conduct of gives way, mental power commonly possessed and patronage vain."—*Yorkshire Poets*, p. 179.

The following were addressed—

- " *Rev. Connor, on reading his Memoir of the late Mrs. C., who died Jan. 5. 1826, aged Years.*

" She in peace; for her
 Again wring affection's breast;
 hath now to share,
 And you grieve that blest?

" Weep for her, from whose eye
 God for wiped all tears;
 Nor o'er that buried image sigh,
 till Christ, her life.

" No longer at the mercy-seat
 For her your pleading soul you lay;
 And is not then her joy complete,
 For whom e'en love may to pray?

" Yet for those babes left;
 Yet in your lonely chamber weep;
 Sigh, of such fellowship bereft,
 And prayer her memory keep.

" Let Nature mourn, resigned and still,
 Till He who wounded heals the heart;
 And, since a Father's will,
 Believe it best that ye should part.

" Does repine? In marvellous light
 what you in darkness see,—
 That ways just and right,
 counsels reach eternity.

" Oakbrook, April 1826."

Montgomery especial interest in the memory of this good woman and the trials of her husband, having allowed himself become a sponsor the baptism of their child, whom own given the font, learn from following playful rhymes,
 —

*"To James Connor, of Ockbrook, aged 11 Years, Dec. 1844.
My dear James! May you be a Child of God!*

"Our Saviour had two disciples, whose names
Remind me of you, for each was called *James*;
Now James was Jacob, who was a deceiver,
Yet was of true and honest believer.

"One James was John's brother, who Lord's was the other;
But the glory of both was, through suffering and loss,
To follow in His footsteps, and carry the cross.

"May you, with these twain, your calling obtain
To publish His word,—and James, the third
Disciple of Jesus, through honour and shame,
To boast not your own, but rejoice in His name."

Feb. 8. Montgomery read at the monthly meeting of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society, a paper on Phrenology, connected with the developments and character of the Hindoos; and on the 7th of April a continuation of the same, in relation to the negro. In the February of the year following he delivered a public lecture before a large audience at the Music Hall, consisting substantially of these two essays. The object was less to discuss or deny the claims of phrenology as a method of ascertaining the leading characteristics of the mind from the external conformation of the head, than to rebut certain conclusions of a moral kind, hastily drawn by the bold disciples, and passionately regarded by some timid opponents, of this so-called science. The leading argument on its purport—that, if phrenology established the truth of its reasonable advocates, it involves no issues of fatality, could it, from the mere circumstances of organical conformation, elevate some

of our fellow creatures into intellectual eminence, ■
consign another class to perpetual mental degradation.

"If," ■■■ Montgomery, "phrenology were merely, ■■■
Hindooism, ■ system of *castes*, and every tribe of mankind,
by ■ fatality of organisation, were, according to ■ doctrines,
■■■ be, through ■ stages of society, savage, semi-
barbarian, ■ civilised, the same ■ their fathers had ■■■
in one ■ the other of these stages,—if phrenology ■■■ such
a system of *castes*, I for ■■■ would abjure ■ without ■
quiring any further evidence of its utter absurdity, and
point-blank contradiction to ■ the records of history, the
testimony of living experience, and the whole result of
man's knowledge of himself and his species. A science, in-
volving such anomalous consequences, could not ■ of God,
and would not stand. His works ■ perfect, however
slowly their issues may be produced;—they ■ perfect, be-
■■■ they include in their very rudiments the principles by
which they ■■■ on to perfection, if ■ unnaturally
obstructed; and even then the interruption can be only
temporary, while their power and tendency to progression
revive in undiminished activity the moment the hindrance is
removed. If this be the case in all inferior subjects of the
animal and even of the vegetable creation, is it possible that
■■■ masterpiece of the Almighty should ■ the only incor-
rigibly defective work of his hand? No; let science search
out every ■■■ of the universe, she has nothing ■ fear
except error;—error in the guise of truth, ■ truth adul-
terated with error;—every pure truth that ■■■ discover
■■■ be ■ ■■■ revelation of God in his visible universe, and
■■■ confirmation of the authenticity of that word which
reveals the things that ■■■ ■■■ eternal;—things
absolutely undiscoverable by physical investigation, and
necessarily irrefutable by that which ■■■ ■■■ have found
them out. Let, then, phrenology be ■■■■ throughout
in ■ ■■■■ so ■ as positive ■■■ compel in-
ductions as ■■■ only alternative of those facts, ■■■ ■■■
Christian ■■■ ■■■ tremble ■ ■■■ religion, ■■■ ■■■ philan-
thropist ■■■ his hope of the ■■■■ civilisation of every
class of ■■■ human race, whatever be their present darkness

mind, depravity of [redacted] preposterous developments of skull.*

Feb. 19. In consequence of [redacted] unfounded notion that parliament [redacted] about [redacted] put an immediate stop [redacted] the circulation of one-pound notes, [redacted] panic [redacted] created among [redacted] certain class of the inhabitants of Sheffield, [redacted] the consequence was, what is termed "a run" upon the local banks for gold. This unusual and unwarrantable movement threatened very serious inconvenience, first, [redacted] the parties who [redacted] expected [redacted] redeem thousands of [redacted] in hard cash, simultaneously and [redacted] a moment's notice; and secondly, to the trades- [redacted] and shopkeepers, who had been constantly in the habit of taking the paper. To counteract this mischievous mania, [redacted] public meeting [redacted] convened by the Master Cutler; and Montgomery, [redacted] a person well able to deal both intelligently and discreetly with [redacted] subject of such vital importance, and as possessing the entire confidence of his townspeople, [redacted] prevailed upon [redacted] occupy [redacted] foremost position in the meeting, and explain the whole [redacted] This onerous duty he successfully discharged in a long and admirable speech, which, [redacted] sulting in the proposal and adoption of certain resolutions, had the effect of immediately restorning confidence, and thus putting an end [redacted] the panic. It seemed somewhat curious to find the [redacted] who [redacted] known [redacted] engaged with the compilation of the "Christian Poet," taking this conspicuous and responsible part in assuring the present stability of the local banking [redacted] blishments—though not more curious than the appearance of Bishop Kaye behind the bank-counter of [redacted] Messrs. Mortlock, [redacted] Cambridge, during "a run" [redacted] their establishment in [redacted].

* *The Whycheote of St. John's*, vol. ii. p. [redacted]

Montgomery: "I once received a letter from good Thomas Alliss, ■■■ Quaker, to ■■■ effect—'Friend James Montgomery, wilt thou be kind enough ■■■ favour me with a copy of the ■■■ composed by thee after inhaling the nitrous oxide?' " *Holland*: "Did you ■■■ breathe the laughing gas?" *Montgomery*: "I did; but I neither laughed ■■■ ■■■ on ■■■ occasion.* It ■■■ in a party of friends, who ■■■ very anxious I should submit ■■■ the experiment: I ■■■ sented, and ■■■ the removal of the flask, everything seemed to be swimming around me; but I had ■■■ ■■■ consciousness and the power to make a mental effort; and flinging myself on a sofa, I passed through the ordeal without making any foolish exhibition."

When M. Alexandre, the celebrated ventriloquist, visited Sheffield, at the beginning of this year, ■■■ called upon Montgomery, less with the expectation of getting him to patronise his extraordinary performance, than with a wish ■■■ add his autograph to ■■■ of the most curious collections of the kind which ■■■ saw. The poet wrote the following:—

"To M. Alexandre, the Ventriloquist.

"Fama
 cui quæ sunt corpore plenas,
 ■■■ Hagum." Virg. ■■■ iv. 174—183.

"Stranger, I need not ask thy name,
 I know thee by thy wondrous lungs;
 Thou art ■■■ genuine son of Fame,
 Talking with all thy mother's tongues.

"Feb. 18. ■■■

* Southey ■■■ ■■■ it. Vide Cottle's "Recollections," vol. ii. p. 36.

James Montgomery ■ James Everett.

" Sheffield, ■ 24. ■

" DEAR FRIEND,

" I have heard ■ more concerning your ■ and know ■ when the first number will appear, ■ will appear at all. ■ struck me, however, ■ afternoon, that I ■ promised you ■ few ■ for ■ corner, and ■ unless I ■ them forthwith, they would be, like ■ of my performances, too late to be acceptable. ■ written in reference to the circumstances of ■ family of ■ late Mr. Manwaring, the Methodist preacher here; but I purposely made them *general* and not *personal*.^o ■ will account for the apparent abruptness of the termination. I am weary of writing memorials of the dead; yet everybody thinks, that though nothing but common-place ■ in every *other* case, yet in *their own* there ■ something that would inspire a stone—even ■ gravestone—to write eloquently. If you ■ these lines, print them just ■ they are, without any reference to the occasion. The good man with ■ unrememberable ■ whom you mentioned in ■ last, ■ yet called upon me; and I ■ much the sight of ■ stranger,—of whom I can know nothing except that ■ expects something from me which may be very different from anything ■ afford,—that I hope ■ will ■ over ■ a cloud, or by ■ like ■ wind. ■ one of ■ penalties which ■ for my youthful ambition and my later notoriety, ■ exposed to what, in ■ abstract, ■ very complimentary, and gratifying ■ feelings ■ vanity—the visits and correspondence of ■ who ■ the man ■ the same romantic ■ imaginative being which they have ■ the poet in their

own minds. If you can send me these books in a fortnight, it will be an accommodation; if not, do not trouble your-

"Your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"James Everett, Esq.

April 1. Montgomery left London to attend Missionary Meetings at Liverpool and Chester; on his way he dined and spent the evening with Mr. Everett, who was then residing in Manchester. Being asked how the "Iris" succeeded with Mr. Blackwell? *Montgomery*: "Very well, I believe: the noise made by the falling of the old tree [alluding to the public dinner given to himself] helped it to the outset." Mr. Everett gave the poet six small prints, which had been issued as illustrations of his works. *Montgomery*: "Two or three of them are very well conceived: but let me tell you," said he, smiling, "the artist has taken a great liberty with my Zillah, whom I never allowed to put her hand round the neck of Javan in this manner: it is almost as indecorous as it would be in the case of any one of our [the Moravian] single sisters. A woman must have assumed the blue ribbon, before such a freedom could be permitted." He was shown some MSS. at that time circulating through the newspapers with his name, and beginning—"O, had I the wings of a dove!" *Montgomery*: "They are not mine; and though smooth and pleasing, I am not anxious to take the credit of them. Do you think I should have written, in devotional poetry, such a line as 'A fairy-scene doth life

* Among the Moravians a plain blue ribbon over the cap is the badge of a married woman, as a yellow one of virginity, and a white one of widowhood; and these symbols are—or were—attached to the wedding and funeral pall of the parties respectively.

appear?" He conversed about the "Christian Poet," upon which he then engaged; and mentioned several works which he was anxious to see. Mr. Everett afterwards furnished some of them, and also gave him the copy of a curious fragment from which he has given the title of "William Billyng," including the poem entitled "Earth upon Earth," which, in altered forms, have been attributed to various authors.* He complained that having, after repeated solicitation, and promises of liberal remuneration, written a long poem for the "Amulet,"† during the busiest period of his transfer of the "Iris" in the preceding year, he neither received money nor thanks, nor a copy of the book, and he found others had similar grounds of complaint. The meeting at Chester was on the 3rd of April; and Mr. Montgomery had never visited this ancient city before, Mr. Everett was glad to become his guide. They took a turn on the walls; had a sight of the Welsh mountains; looked into the county hall where the assizes were going on; called on two or three old book shops; inquired for sacred poetry; and then walked along Water Street, where, among other inscriptions, the poet was struck with this, on the front of an old building—"God's Providence is mine Inheritance," immediately collating it with a stanza in a collection of "Spiritual Songs," which Mr. Everett had shown him:—

"I praise my labouring hand,
My labouring head, my chance;
Thy providence, most gracious God,
Is mine inheritance."

* Notes and Queries, 1853.

† *Elijah in the Wilderness*.—*Works*, p. 229.

He was evidently unwell, was out of spirits, and that speech at the meeting in the evening was less animated than usual. But, on the following evening, at Liverpool, he was superior to his previous depression, and produced a powerful impression on his audience. Dr. Hutton was anxious to have Mr. Montgomery as his guest during his visit; but he said he had been "signed, a bale of goods, the son of Mr. Byrom; with him he should stay." He accompanied the Doctor, however, to a Home-Missionary meeting, at the chapel of the late Rev. P. Charrier, an Independent minister, who had just died, and left his annual report in short-hand, which nobody could decipher. This curious and affecting incident afforded an appropriate theme to his friend on that occasion. He returned home by way of Buxton, where on the 10th he presided at a Wesleyan Missionary Meeting in Sheffield; acknowledging in his speech, very distinctly and gratefully, the obligations under which he lay to a body whose preachers had been the means of recalling him to the paths of piety and spiritual life.

In April he went to Ockbrook, on a visit to his brother Ignatius, as we learn from the following letter, the lines appended to which are on a tombstone in the churchyard of Workington, Cumberland, raised over the grave of Robert Dickenson, "a Christian poet, and distinguished by the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit: 'I was a man of peace,' said he, 'and I love peace!'"

James Montgomery to Miss Dickenson.

Ockbrook, near Derby, April 21. 1831.

"DEAR MADAM,

"Applications are made so often to me, that I cannot comply with them. You, however, appear

to [] so much in [] to obtain your suit, [] I
 [] find in my heart entirely [] refuse it. [] []
 [] will [] any degree meet your wish on [] sub-
 ject [] utterly exhausted of any possibility of new or []
 ing illustration, [] shall [] very glad.

"I am at this place [] a visit to my brother for [] days,
 [] account for the [] of the present communi-
 cation, [] of Sheffield, my usual abode.

"I am truly,

"Your friend and servant,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"[] Dickinson, Workington, Cumberland."

Epitaph.

"Peace [] the man of peace! his name,
 Illustrious once, [] humble same,
 Soon like [] must die;
 Yet, in the book of life enrolled,
 That name, when Time's last hour is told,
 [] and [] outvie.

"His spirit, numbered with the blest,
 Rejoices where the weary rest,
 The prisoners [] release;
 He led below the life of love,
 [] life [] perfected above;
 Peace [] the [] of peace!"

The original copy of [] "Three Marys" * [] dated
 there. Among many other proofs of her uncle's
 affection we have the following lines, addressed—

"To [] Niece, Harriet Montgomery, of []

"There is a Book in Heaven, begun
 When Sin [] [] birth,
 In which are written, one by one,
 The names redeemed from earth.

"Nor will the Volume ■ complete,
 The Christ ■ trodden down
 Sin, Death, and ■ feet,
 ■ perfect ■ :

"The crown of his eternal love,
 ■ living jewels bright,
 ■ saints, ■ darkness, ■ above,
 Transformed ■ marvellous light.

"Your name be entered in that Book ;
 And in that diadem,
 On you may Jesus love to look,
 As on a chosen gem :

"A gem to which the world ■ nought
 ■ precious ■ his view !
 Behold ■ what ■ price 'twas bought—
 He gave *Himself* for you."

Mr. Holland, having in the press ■ History of Workshop*, asked the poet to favour him with ■ motto for the title-page. He at once kindly complied by writing ■ the proof-sheet the following lines :—

"Time which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, ■ yet spared these minor monuments."—SIR THOMAS BROWN, on 'Urn Burial.'

"Thousands, ■ thousands, on this spot of earth
 Had lived and died ere we beheld the day ;
 Thousands, ■ thousands, ■ spring ■ birth,
 And live ■ when we have passed away ;
 The dead, ■ living, the unborn ■ meet,
 When ■ link hath made the chain complete,
 And Death, ■ Grave, ■ World, ■ vanish ■ their feet.

■ J. MONTGOMERY, May 11. 1826."

* ■ town and parish in Nottinghamshire. The work (one vol. 4to.) was published this year.

We have already mentioned John [redacted] written in imitation of [redacted] poets of the seventeenth century. When Montgomery printed them, he thought [redacted] so much less likely that his correspondent should himself be the author, than that they should have been transcribed from [redacted] old book, that he, [redacted] months afterwards, [redacted] [redacted] for further information, mentioning, [redacted] the [redacted] time, his own project of the "Christian Poet." He received the following reply:—

John Clare to James Montgomery.

"Helpstone, May [redacted] 1828.

"[redacted] Sir,

"I will lose no time in answering your letter, for I was highly delighted to meet [redacted] kind [redacted] notice from [redacted] poet so distinguished [redacted] yourself; [redacted] if it be vanity to acknowledge it, it is, I hope, [redacted] vanity of [redacted] honest [redacted] [redacted] ashamed of—at least I [redacted] [redacted] and always shall. But your question almost makes me ashamed [redacted] [redacted] the [redacted] of the falsehood I committed; and yet I will [redacted] double it by adding a repetition of the offence. I [redacted] confess [redacted] you that the [redacted] is mine, [redacted] that [redacted] [redacted] from whence it [redacted] pretended [redacted] have been transcribed [redacted] no existence (that I know of) but in my invention of the [redacted]. And now that I have confessed [redacted] [redacted] crime, I will give you the [redacted] for committing it. I have long had [redacted] fondness for [redacted] poetry of [redacted] time of Elizabeth, though I have [redacted] [redacted] any means of meeting with it, farther than in [redacted] [redacted] channels of Ritson's 'English Songs,' [redacted] 'Specimens,' and Walton's 'Angler;' [redacted] [redacted] winter before last, though [redacted] a severe illness, I [redacted] about writing a series of verses, [redacted] [redacted] manner, [redacted] well [redacted] I could, which I intended to [redacted] [redacted] under their [redacted] though [redacted] whom I professed [redacted] imitate I [redacted] [redacted] seen. As I am [redacted] judge of [redacted] own verses, whether they are good or bad, I wished to have [redacted] opinion of [redacted]

one on whom I could rely; and, as I was told you were
 of the 'Iris,' I ventured to send you the thing
 you, with many 'doubts and fears.' I was happily
 to see the favourable reception. Since then I
 have written several others in the same style, some of
 which have been published; some in Hone's 'Every Day
 Book,' some Death, under the name of Marvel; some
 others, in the 'European Magazine;' 'Thoughts in a
 Churchyard,' the 'Gypsy's Song,' and a 'Farewell to
 Love.' Some were intended for Henry Wootton; some
 for Tom Davies; the some for John Harrington.
 The thing I did in these forgeries was an address to
 Milton, the poet, under the name of Davenant. In your
 opinion was the encouragement the I ever met with from a poet to pursue these vagaries or
 shadows of other days, I venture to transcribe them
 here for the 'Iris,' should they be deemed worthy of it
 as the by your judgment, for my nothing.*
 I should have acknowledged their kind reception [sooner]
 had I not waited for the publication of my poems,
 the 'Shepherd's Calendar,' which is in the then,
 where it has been since, as I wish, coming out,
 beg your acceptance of a copy, with the other volumes
 already published, as I am emboldened to think they
 will be kindly received, and not be deemed intrusive, as one
 commonly fears while offering such trifles to strangers.
 I shall also be very happy of the opportunity in proving
 myself ready to serve you in your present undertaking; could I light on an old poem that would be worth your
 attention, some 1000 lines would be no objection
 against my writing it out; but I do assure you I would
 make a forgery for such a thing, though I know now you
 would suspect me; for I consider in such company it
 would be a crime, where blossoms are collected to decorate

the 'Fountain of Truth.' But I will end, I get very sleepy very unintelligible.

"I am, my Sir,

= Yours, very sincerely affectionately,

"JOHN CLARE.

"Mr. Montgomery,

May 15. As usual, Montgomery took an active part in the Anniversary of the Sheffield Sunday Union; recalling especially the minds of the blessed teachers the past services and present mission of their patron, Bennet. In detailing the of a mother in of the South Sea Islands, who, after hearing the "glad tidings" of the gospel, wept that the missionaries had not arrived sooner to prevent her from murdering her child, the poet with emotion that he had sit down, the large audience evidently participating in his feelings. The large work which he afterwards composed from the memoranda of Mr. Bennet and his colleague, records of child-murder in those islands.

James Montgomery = *Nieces.*

" June 11. 1826.

"DEAR BETSY AND HARRIET,

"I suppose you now at Margate, and, as I visit you in other way, I come to you in spirit, and you on paper, just to you under which each of you suffering have excited the deepest sympathy towards you, all well with you, I humbly, fervently, and believingly pray every day, many times a day (for I think of you without praying in my mind), all may well you last, both in the world that which is to come. that you will have leisure from the hurry and disturbance of business, that surrounds you at

[REDACTED] with many cares and concerns of [REDACTED] life, I [REDACTED] you, my dear, dear nieces, that you will employ some portions — a [REDACTED] at a time — of every day in reading [REDACTED] Testament, especially the four Gospels, and [REDACTED] particularly [REDACTED] of *St. John*, in which you will find refreshment for your minds, when you are languid; comfort for your spirits, when they are troubled; peace for your souls, when you are willing to hear what your Saviour has to say for you, to deliver you from sin and the consequences of sin. If you have a hymn book with you, [REDACTED] will [REDACTED] you pleasing and instructive [REDACTED] of another kind. But, above all, pray, each for yourself, [REDACTED] God would [REDACTED] you, [REDACTED] in you every purpose of his mercy for which [REDACTED] your present trials. Though you have been wonderfully and graciously preserved from [REDACTED] of the evils of that world which lieth in wickedness around you, yet you know, [REDACTED] I am sure, too, that you feel that you are sinners and need repentance! Oh! it is a blessing, beyond the mere enjoyment of good things under the sun, to know that you are sinners, and that *Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners!* He came to seek and to save the lost. He came to seek and to save you. Oh! may He [REDACTED] you now, and rejoice over you, [REDACTED] only [REDACTED] rejoice, who knows the value of a soul, having paid the price of yours with his [REDACTED] precious blood! But, [REDACTED] you find freedom, *pray together*, in your own simple language, and your prayers [REDACTED] be answered, for the Holy Spirit will help your infirmities, and, I trust, [REDACTED] witness with your spirits [REDACTED] you are born of God, when the love of God [REDACTED] be [REDACTED] abroad in your hearts. Do [REDACTED] I write [REDACTED] manner to distress you; — no, no; [REDACTED] are words of peace; they are good tidings of great joy to those who believe them; and oh! [REDACTED] the Lord open your hearts to welcome [REDACTED] message of salvation! . . . Kind remem-
[REDACTED] Woolwich.

“Your affectionate uncle,

“J. [REDACTED]

“[REDACTED] Foster.”

James Montgomery to James Everett.

*Sheffield, [redacted] 14. 1826.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"I write [redacted] that I cannot write [redacted] you. Mr. Holland, the good man and true, by whom [redacted] scrawl will [redacted] delivered, [redacted] you how I [redacted] in the toils of a subscription for [redacted] workmen, [redacted] in greater distress, perhaps, [redacted] one of them from want of companions [redacted] help me [redacted] help them. [redacted] it may, [redacted] thank you [redacted] my [redacted] hand [redacted] your hospitality [redacted] Manchester, [redacted] for all the [redacted] trouble you have taken upon yourself to promote [redacted] my 'Christian Poet.' I have nearly [redacted] the rough copy, and hope, [redacted] I [redacted] 'space to breathe, how short soever,' [redacted] begin with the fair one, which will not take much labour, though it will require much exactness, [redacted] it consists principally of references to about [redacted] hundred volumes, containing millions of lines—[redacted] of chaff and straw, with here [redacted] there [redacted] grain of gospel truth in genuine poetry. The winnowing [redacted] been [redacted] small nor brief toil. It is astonishing how [redacted] genuine poetry of any sort there is [redacted] all the [redacted] that [redacted] called by [redacted] name, and published as the works of [redacted] celebrated geniuses which this island [redacted] produced. Till you [redacted] to assay the standard, you would [redacted] believe how disproportioned the alloy [redacted] the pure gold. [redacted] two very curious [redacted] published [redacted] Manchester from [redacted] manuscripts, from which I have gleaned a verse [redacted] two; [redacted] Ames's three volumes, [redacted] which I have got no [redacted]. However, five [redacted] repay [redacted] of tumbling [redacted] hundred leaves, [redacted] glancing down [redacted]. I must not forget your Lian, if he [redacted] broken loose, or, which [redacted] likely, died of famine [redacted] hard times; [redacted] latter I rather think [redacted] impossible, [redacted] being given [redacted] to lions [redacted] die more than [redacted] world; and, as dead [redacted] not apt to walk, the former [redacted]. If, then, you have [redacted] otherwise [redacted] poed of him, and can contrive to forward him (that is, if

you remain in the same manner respecting your future destiny) in some safe package, that shall not be too expensive, — for a bear's skin, as well as a bear's, may be bought dear, — I am sure our Literary and Philosophical Society will thankfully receive him, and find him room, as your representative, among themselves, whenever your learned body chooses. We will readily defray any expense of packing which you may deem moderate. — Yesterday I was wise enough to keep my head and limb out of an immense crowd in the very wake of Lord Milton. Of course I was almost smothered in the straits between the Tontine Inn and St. James's Square. I thought I had escaped, but I did not go home, and I found that I had not done so, having sprained my ankle in such a manner that I can hardly walk. I am sure you will not write with my lame foot, though appearances are in favour of such a supposition, it is so woefully penned. Kindest regards to Mrs. Everett.

"I am truly, your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY"

"Mrs. Everett, Manchester."

James Montgomery to George Bennet.

"Sheffield, Aug. 16. 1836.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"From the hurry and anxiety of preparation for a journey to Harrogate, I snatch a few moments over land and sea — as I may do without the slightest interruption, though I am in a room in which I am sitting without an atom of mind or limb, — to write you, wherever you are at this time, in spirit, and whenever you arrive at the place to which I am directed, to meet you again on paper. The latter occasion, I hope, will be when you arrive at your stage, embarking, for good, for all, for England once more. At the Cape of Hope, then, and for some time probably, our interview will be on paper. I am glad to assure you, of what you know by your own feelings, that I am your sincere and long-enjoyed long-tried friend.

ship; but absence in this world cannot do it, where we but the possibility of meeting again to the remembrance of those with whom we once took sweet counsel, walked to the house of God in company,—absence from the body, when so present the Lord, cannot those are heart Him, though Therefore, whether we ever other's the or not, if we continue love, where is we be: can they be separated from each other who are and for ever with the Lord?—Your last letter, from the Eastern Archipelago, showed me that, you have turned the point from which you were to visit us, your feels the attraction of your native stronger and stronger, and the sweetness of home-sickness grows more and overpowering and bewildering, till the pain and the pleasure can scarcely be distinguished; latter, however, I trust, you come and nearer, will gain ascendancy, and, at the place where this may meet you, I you will yourself indeed arrived Cape of Good Hope, after the tempests and trials, by land and water, which you have encountered your missionary circumnavigation. One thing grieves us, which also to be a source of peculiar grief to you,—that so many of our packets miscarry. I can truly sympathise you in desolation of heart which you experienced on the of China, in river of Canton, where truth as it in Jesus is proscribed; where, by the decree of whose breath is in his nostrils, on every forehead of every native inscription seemed branded — 'To me the gospel be preached.' And there letter from England, no introduction from Dr. Morrison,—this, coming from of the Seas, where 'glory God the highest,' &c. singing from shore shore, as if Christ were new-born among people who in there,—this through your soul a sword ice, wounding, chilling, deadening, where pierced Faith, Hope, Charity

in your bosom. But it is discouraging us to send our from time to time, we know whither, in hope or two not miscarry. our restrains when we write, knowing for whose eyes the lines may be destined. All the public of neighbourhood you learn from newspaper; and from these you will find that the number of familiar faces is diminishing: many you never again; you do, appear as they once did; though fashion of features daily changing in the eye, you not affections have thus declined; they renew their youth, the eagle, every opportunity of writing to hearing from the beloved the absent. . . . You often inquired by persons whose I know not.

"Once more, your faithful friend,
"J. MONTGOMERY."

CHAP. LXI.

1826—1827.

MONTGOMERY ■■■■ ■■■■ HARROGATE. — REV. ■■■■ ■■■■ —
 FOUNTAINS ABBEY. — EPIGRAPH ON CAPTAIN ■■■■ ■■■■ — LOCAL DIS-
 TRESS — ELLIOTT CRESSON. — "VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD." —
 LETTER TO J. BLACKWELL. — TO J. EVERETT. — "ZENBA AND XILA." —
 ■■■■ ■■■■ PRESIDENT OF THE ■■■■ SOCIETY.
 — LINES. — LETTER ■■■■ JOSEPH ■■■■ TO JOSEPH ■■■■
 ■■■■ MISS ASTOR. — "PELLOAN ISLAND." — ITS ■■■■ AND PROGRESS.
 — THE PELLOAN.

IN the month of August he went to Harrogate, ■■■■ intimated in the preceding letter. This visit was ■■■■ dered very pleasant, in consequence of his meeting with the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, the vicar of Harrow*, in company with whom and an agreeable party, he made ■■■■ excursion to Fountains Abbey, ■■■■ memento of which exists in a bit of passing pleasantry, in prose and rhyme, in Montgomery's handwriting, and entitled "A True Copy of ■■■■ Certain Record, discovered in the Neighbourhood of Fountains Abbey, August 30. 1826."

In September, 1826, Captain Hewitson perished in the ship "Town," of Ulverston, which ■■■■ wrecked in the Mersey; but ■■■■ body ■■■■ brought ■■■■ shore by the tide ■■■■ Liverpool, where he ■■■■ buried, and ■■■■ plain monument erected to his memory by ■■■■ brother mariners: ■■■■ contains the following lines from Montgomery's pen:—

* At whose request he composed the verses on Mark xv. 30.—
 "He saved others," scornners cried," &c.—*Orig. Hymns*, CXXV.

"Weep for a seaman, honest and sincere, —
 Not cast away, but brought to anchor here;
 Floods had o'erwhelmed him, but ■■■ guilty wave
 Repented, and resigned him to the grave;
 ■■ harbour, safe from shipwreck, now he lies,
 Till Time's last signal blares in the skies;
 Refitted ■ a moment, then shall he
 Sail ■■■ this port on an eternal sea."*

The great leisure which the disposal of ■■■ newspaper had given him for public service of another kind, was largely drawn upon in the ■■■ of this year, by ■■■ active participation in local efforts ■■■ relieve the distressed poor, especially the workmen engaged in the staple trades of the town and neighbourhood of Sheffield. These labours commenced with a public meeting of the inhabitants, held at the Town Hall, in the month of June; and did ■■■ terminate till the 16th of No-

* The following lines appear to have been intended by Montgomery for a seaman's epitaph. We do not know under what circumstances they ■■■ composed; but they have never before appeared in print.

"■■■ commit thee to the deep,
 Breathless form of mortal dust;
 Sleep in peace, in Jesus sleep,
 Till the rising of the just;
 Then from ocean's midnight bed,
 Like the morning lift thine head;
 Meet thy Saviour in the air,
 Meet thy parted spirit there.
 Though no shrine of sculptured pride
 Decks the wilderness of waves,
 On the fluctuating tide
 Though no flint'ring hand engraves
 Love's lament in deathless rhyme,
 Claiming, to the end of time,
 Gentle sighs and generous tears
 From the passing mariners."

vember, when the committee made a report, which was drawn up by Montgomery, in which it was "assumed that less than *ten thousand men, women, and children*, in *great distress*, had been benefited by the distribution" of the alms of the charitable in this trying crisis. Nor did any friend find this merely a "flow of love," — benevolence on the part of the giver, gratitude on the side of the receiver; the misconceptions of both had to be corrected, or their unreasonable desires met, by verbal or printed explanations, which it generally fell to his lot to make.

Early in December, Mr. Elliott Cresson, a gentleman from the United States, visited England, as a representative of the parties who were then projecting the free negro settlement of Liberia. Being in Sheffield, he sought an interview with Montgomery, to whom he explained a scheme, which few of the abolitionists received without, at least, some degree of mistrust. He was particularly solicitous to obtain the autograph of the poet, who wrote for him the following lines in a book which bore on its cover this inscription — "A Mother's Gift:" —

" 'A mother's gift!' in what sweet way
Such kindness requite? —
That is no easy thing to say;
But ye — give her for white.

" Though from her lonely hand you,
Unsoiled new-fall'n it came,
 written through through,
At another and the

" all was blank and still before,
Let their bring,
Patriots their fervent feelings pour,
Young paint, poets sing.

" So may ■■■ mother with delight
On these transfigured pages look ;
So be ■■■ son, in her dear sight,
Improved by travel, like the book.

" Sheffield, 1826."

Having ■ attend one ■■■ religious anniversaries at Whitby in December, he determined to ■ afterwards for ■ few days ■ Scarborough; the ■■ lying deep ■ the ground, and himself, apparently, the only visitor in that fashionable locality ■■■ ungenial ■■■. The ocean, however,—which he had rarely ■■ without ■■■ interpretation of its voice,—was again suggestive; and he composed, while walking ■ the beach, the verses entitled a "Voyage round the World."* The "Stranger and his Friend"† ■■ written ■ the ■■■ time and place.

* Works, p. 323. Captain the Hon. H. Keppel, in his vindication of Mr Brooke, the Rajah of Sarawak, from the charge of cruelty to Malay pirates brought against him by Mr. Hume in the House of Commons, quotes these triplets as evidence of the popularly bad character of the Indian archipelago:—

" Glide we through Magellan's Straits,
Where two oceans ope their gates—
What a spectacle awaits !

" See, the vast Pacific smiles
Round ten thousand little isles,
Havens of violence and wiles !"

That the last line truly indicated what was "a world of piratical outrage and commercial peril," few persons will deny; and still fewer, ■ is to be hoped, will admit that this is "an age in which the poet should find only a revolting paradox where nature has been lavish of the sublime and beautiful."—Keppel's *Visit to ■ Indian Archipelago*, 1853. We know that "the poet" did participate in the interest ■■ satisfaction which were generally felt by the British public in the expedition and conduct of Mr. Brooke.

† Works, p. 232.

James Montgomery to John Blackwell.

1848, Scarborough, 1848.

"DEAR SIR,

"Please send the 'Iris' to me, according to the written, to-morrow forenoon, and I will receive it the following morning. I have not a newspaper since I left home; but have heard of wars and rumours of wars without being able to get any coherent story. I really do not know whether we may be engaged in hostility with the Continent, or whether we are, as I saw the world when I was last in it, at peace everywhere, except in another,—for I just now recollect I was at the Shakspeare Club and the editor of the 'Iris,' and his correspondent 'Spectator,' just in which I imagine England, and Spain, and Portugal be. If Miss Gales does not order the home by return of post, pray let me hear how you are going on in this new world of belligerency, to which your stars, in placing you in my shoes (as once the archer and the mark, to shoot everybody, and be shot at by all), have exposed you. I have been very unwell, for the most part, since I left Sheffield, and, in consequence, am miserable in soul and body, that I have been ready to lie down and cry out, 'Oh! a lodge in some vast wilderness!' . . . but I am much recovered this morning. I mention these impertinences merely because there are a few in the world who have so much affectionate sympathy towards me as to wish to know how I am. Pray let the 'Iris' say this; they are acquainted with my name than you are, and may help you to read it.

"I am, your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Mr. Blackwell, 'Iris' Office, 1848.

James Montgomery to James [unclear]

"Sheffield, Dec. 31. 1826.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"On my [unclear] [unclear] Whitby [unclear] Scarborough [unclear] Saturday, I found your kind letter [unclear] many others which I have been 'killing off' as briefly as possible; and [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] de grace I must give to yours, instead of breaking it as the wheel [unclear] by [unclear] in a folio of three and a [unclear] [unclear] which it would otherwise have suffered, and which its merits richly required in my [unclear]. Believe, that in my heart I have [unclear] [unclear] that you could wish upon it; and all [unclear] my friendship and gratitude, and a hundred other good qualities which you know I possess, could bestow upon a letter from you, full of your cordial, ingenuous, and, let me add, enthusiastic good [unclear] towards [unclear] who has little claim upon your generosity of attachment.—I have to thank you for the money, 6l. 6s., which balances the [printing] account between us; and 7s., [unclear] produce, [unclear] of [unclear] certain piratical publication of one of my small pieces,—‘What is Prayer?’—which I should be happy [unclear] [unclear] pirated [unclear] every [unclear] in the kingdom, and for which I should [unclear] apply for [unclear] injunction from [unclear] Chancellor, [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] of pounds [unclear] realised [unclear] [unclear] spoilers of my property. I grudge nothing of the kind; but I do grudge [unclear] [unclear] wrong from me continually by [unclear] importunity of editors—original poetical contributions to their annuals and periodicals of [unclear] kinds, which are actually impoverishing [unclear] because I have [unclear] a volume—and [unclear] small one—of such floating materials, here, there, [unclear] everywhere, except where it ought [unclear] be, namely, [unclear] a volume, with my name on [unclear] title-page. [unclear] as one I have [unclear] [unclear] hope [unclear] being [unclear] [unclear] produce [unclear] spring, containing a selection, [unclear] least, of [unclear] fugitives; but [unclear] the world, and [unclear] critics, and [unclear] [unclear] ladies, [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] heads in great style, [unclear] [unclear] ‘There’s nothing new! [unclear] have [unclear] it all before, [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] see any [unclear] [unclear] again!’ [unclear] will, however, if I [unclear] [unclear] to accomplish it, be a leading piece

which they neither seen before, nor anything it; but, for the very reason, it is a [redacted] to one that nobody will know whether [redacted] it or not, [redacted] cry is [redacted] way [redacted] other, [redacted] the poem may [redacted] hooted [redacted] by owls [redacted] they [redacted] by twilight [redacted] how [redacted] looks by daylight; [redacted] without good daylight I [redacted] [redacted] it will not, [redacted] cannot, [redacted] [redacted] just advantage. I am obliged [redacted] conclude.

"[redacted] truly, your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"[redacted] Everett, Manchester."

[redacted] printed, in one of the "Annuals,"* the "Adventures of a Star," already mentioned, and contributed [redacted] a volume, called the "Negro's Friend," a poem of upwards of one hundred and fifty lines, entitled "Zemba and Nila, an African Tale," originally published in the "Whisperer." These rhymes—which might, [redacted] think, without any impropriety have been included among the "Narratives" in his collected works—exhibit, in comparison with their original structure, [redacted] curious and instructive illustration of the way in which, [redacted] [redacted] have elsewhere remarked, a careful poet applies [redacted] skill [redacted] the recasting of an early composition. Whatever may be alleged of the cleverness or [redacted] the perfection of [redacted] pieces that may have been struck [redacted] [redacted] heat, and [redacted] afterwards retouched, the praise of such achievements is [redacted] likely [redacted] mark the early than the late triumphs of true genius in any art.

* The importunity of solicitation was sometimes seconded by large pecuniary bribes to induce him to write for these works, once so popular: indeed, such was the anxiety of [redacted] editors of [redacted] of them [redacted] this period to obtain contributions from men of note in literature, that [redacted] [redacted] editor of the "Keepsake" thrust 100*l.* into his hands as the price of one [redacted] lines of poetry! Perhaps to some persons this offer and the poet's rejection of it [redacted] [redacted] equally [redacted]

1827.

Jan. 5. Montgomery was again elected president of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society; and on the evening of February 16th he delivered, before a large audience, the Lecture on the Character and Developments of the Negro and Hindoo in connection with Phrenology, already mentioned; and which, in its enlarged and more demonstrative form, was not allowed to pass without public animadversion from some of the more zealous disciples of Gall and Spurzheim.

At the request of the Rev. Robert Newstead, missionary from Ceylon, he wrote the lines "On the Death of Joseph Butterworth, Esq., an exemplary Christian Patriot and Philanthropist,"* who died June 30. 1824.

Feb. 19. Under this date we find the following lines in a lady's album:—

"The naked, rugged rock contains
Gold, silver, jewels in its veins;
These are these friends, but you
May find them richer than Peru.
Treasures of thought in darkness lurk,
Whene'er you set your pen to work:
Use but that little tool with skill,
Your point will turn what you will:
O give these precious hoards a light;
Your owner's heart will bless your sight,
And wish you all, with health and health.
The riches of these wealth,—
This pearl of price which whose buys,
Though all have all hath, is wise."

James Montgomery to George Rountree.

" [] 28, 1827.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"I lately received a kind letter from your sister Elizabeth, and should have admitted the value of paper to her, if I had not thought it probable that she may be at Scarbro'. She inquires respecting my health since my return from the northern expedition, which I had the hardihood to undertake in the depth of winter, and the penalty of which I had to pay in great depression both of mind and body during my absence. I have not been very well since the present year commenced; but otherwise I have been as well as the sharp weather would let me be. I cannot like cold, and frost, and snow,—except when they are gone, and then I don't care how long they remain on the hills of memory, which they make very picturesque and poetical. But commend me to commonplace weather, such as you may have any day in the year in this variable climate, in mid-winter or midsummer, and in either of the equinoxes—air which I breathe, sunshine which I see, and showers in which I am not afraid of being wet on my skin—on my face and my hands. Your sister mentions a little piece of the 'Stranger and his Friend.' I will be interested in it when I tell her that, except the first verse (composed in the dark in the coach in the morning as I went out from [] to York), the sketch was written with pencil on a scrap of blank paper which I found in my pocket, while I was travelling alone in a chaise from Whitby to Scarborough, on that tempestuous Saturday, ten days before Christmas. The rough stanzas, inspired by 'vapours, clouds, and storms,' and melancholy moors along the lofty coast, were afterwards painfully, yet pleasantly, revised in my walks during the stay which I made at Scarborough; and I shall never forget the accomplishment of the fourth verse, on the height of Oliver's Mountain, on a gloomy, threatening afternoon, naturally made me anticipate the horrors of such a

night is there described.* I have no pardon for my seeming neglect of your hospitality which you showed me in going and returning from York; but I you know how much a creature I am at times, especially when exhausted by travelling, you would be sure that my declining to accept your good will for anything rather than ingratitude. Remember me kindly to your sisters, brother, parents, Miss Allie, Mr. Alexander, I believe me,

"Ever truly your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Mr. Rowntree, Pavement, York."

James Montgomery to Joseph Aston.

"Sheffield, Feb. 1837.

"MY FRIEND,

"I have a little deserved that you should I was you, as you have deserved I should take offence. My only fault, it seems, is my silence; can soon be explained—whether it be justified, is another question. Well, then, you have only just the complaint to make against me, every other friend I have in the world make. When I am absent, I write a letter I can fairly avoid now-a-days; because, in truth, I am oppressed and harassed with miscellaneous correspondence which I cannot escape, and which is often accompanied by such for my mind, my recoils shrinks instinctively from a blank; nothing can exceed

"'Twas night: the floods were out—it blew

A winter hurricane aloof;

I heard his voice abroad, and flew

To bid him welcome to my roof:

I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,

Laid him on my own couch to rest,

Then made the hearth my bed, and seemed

In Eden's garden while I dreamed."—*Works*, p.

which I launch my pen upon an unknown except the pleasure with which I drop anchor with it at the third page,—for I seldom put my port sooner,—and jump on shore while I fold it up in all the joy of freedom. It is quite otherwise when you and I were correspondents thirty years ago. I was then young, ardent, and I suffer than to lie still; I had abundance of surplus feelings, thoughts, and imaginations, which I delighted to disburthen to a faithful friend, who I would send them with as much enthusiasm as I wrote. I have passed through many labours, and trials, afflictions in plain prose of human life since that time; the poetry of my heart has been blighted and withered in cold mildews and dry winds which have gone by me since I was an inhabitant of the world of men. This is very much like frenzy, you will say; there is, however, truth, implied if not expressed, in it, and truth which I have power to communicate in ordinary words, and which I would not communicate if I could; for it is connected in me with that which the heart keeps to itself, and with which a friend cannot altogether sympathise. In a word, I have lived so long, and have been carried by the flood of events in a situation which exposes me to the honour and misery of being deemed by many people a much greater, better, wiser man than I am; consequently I pay the price in sacrifice of time, talents (such as they are), feeling, and power of mind, for such distinction. It is, that I can do very little for myself; my spirits are engaged with business to which I am compelled either by a sense of duty, or imperious necessity,—not having learnt to say no,—so that when I have an hour of leisure, I am out of tune, and down in despondency, thinking I live in vain, not more than in vain, and my strength have I spend for nought. During the last months I have been attempting, at intervals, to compose a leading for a volume of fugitive pieces, which I have, flying about the kingdom in all directions; yet, hitherto, I have found it the hardest task

of the kind I ever undertook, and of the success I cannot form any idea, indeed, hardly a hope; the theme, the plan, the manner are altogether so different from any of my preceding works. In the progress of it I have met all the disadvantages of the hurry and vexation of daily engagements in which I live. I scarcely know how it has been produced; for I cannot say that I have spent an hour of time of any application. I must be brief. . . . I have written to you, because I had no occasion, that is, no compulsion: I write now because I have both. If you can imagine for a moment that I have wilfully slighted you, or wronged your friendship, after this, I must say that you will wrong mine: I am to you what I once was—a grateful friend. . . . Give my kindest regards to Mrs. A.; and, assuring you of my unchanged and unchangeable sentiments of affection,

“I am your friend,

“J. MONTGOMERY.

“Mr. Joseph Aston, ‘Recorder’ Office, Rochdale.”

The foregoing was, we believe, the last letter addressed by Montgomery to his old friend, who died at Chadderton Hall, near Manchester, 1848, at the ripe age of eighty-two years. Some time afterwards one of his daughters, being on a visit to Sheffield, called on the poet, who made an affecting and somewhat anxious allusion to the early and unreserved correspondence which had been carried on between her father and himself, and which, it appeared, was still in existence. Miss Aston not only quite understood the drift of the remarks thus incidentally made to her, but so justly and generously interpreted their force, that immediately on her return home she transmitted to the Mount the whole of the documents in question, for which she received the following acknowledgment:—

James Montgomery to Miss Aston.

"The Mount, Sheffield, Jan. 8. 1844.

"DEAR MISS ASTON,

"You have done me an act of kindness, the value of which I can better appreciate by the gratitude which I feel it than express to you in words. I thank you very much for voluntarily, honourably, and most delicately presenting me with the volume of manuscript letters, formerly deposited by me to your late beloved and venerated father. For certain reasons, which I ventured to hint to you when I was the pleasure of seeing you here, I had often longed for an opportunity of reading them (if in existence, as I doubted not they were, from the attachment subsisting for nearly half a century between us) the early portions at least of my communications to him during the most perilous and painful period of my life, when, from external circumstances, especially the persecutions to which I was exposed for imputed political heterodoxy, and, moreover than these, the conflicts in my mind on subjects of far greater importance than any affairs of this life, I was harassed almost to despondency concerning my future before my Creator, Redeemer, and Judge, from having forsaken that communion of faithful people among whom I had been born and trained up in the love and admonition. Now, your father for several years of this sore trial having been the only friend with whom I could freely correspond, my letters to him were purely personal and confidential, and they were the very disclosures of my soul which I could not have been public; and yet, without my consent, it was possible they might be ferreted out by some officious but indiscreet person desirous of honouring my memory, and given by him to the world, which, in a world, could not understand the spirit in which they were written, and would despise them as puerile and of a morbid and hypochondriacal ignorant life, of himself, and of human nature in its artificial state of society. The hope, therefore, of your friendly call, I presumed

cherish, some time or I might have ask permission to see the volume, and your inclination, such a preserve rude violation or exposure relics so peculiar from the very events, public and private (in reference myself) of years in which these epistles penned, only render many passages and per- and things of a bygone scarcely intelligible, exceedingly be misrepresented misunderstood by of a later generation. Your packet, containing whole of these, most unexpected and welcome gift, though, as line of explanation accompanied it, I guess what conditions I was entrusted with the enclosure. I was less than surprised by the discovery. I then, and feel now, that to me it was a providential blessing which placed (in some measure), the goes, my credit in my own hands, to it from being inconsiderately hazarded by imprudent being of the confessions of only too ready pour out troubles and complaints into a congenial bosom. Except a few phrases religion, I nothing to disavow. your kindness, and as the daughter of a worthy parent, and my dearest friend, I am glad subscribe, truly,

"Your much obliged friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Aston, near Oldham."

We have already adverted to Montgomery's solicitude about the correspondence in question in an early portion of this work; and from the selections which have printed, the reader will have been enabled judge himself, not merely of their interest illustrative of the mind and feelings of the writer a critical period of his history, but perhaps decide how far, whether all, their publication in these justifiable on any ground. On point, strong in one part of the foregoing letter

demand a few words of explanation. In the first place, then, I never or knew anything of the contents of the letter to Miss Aston, until long after I came from that section of the correspondence about which the poet expresses solicitude to print; but it been otherwise, our course was sufficiently justified, for, in the second place, Montgomery himself, after having obtained the letters under the circumstances described above, gave them, with his own hand, to the writer of this paragraph, undoubtedly with a full consciousness of the use that would be made of them; and, thirdly, — I say nothing of any apprehension, well founded, which he might happen to entertain, that the letters would be turned to sinister account, if they fell into the hands of the enemy. — It must be remembered that, while personal feeling must and generally ought to be the sole rule of action in dealing with such documents during the lifetime of the writer, obvious propriety and universal practice have sanctioned a different principle in the biography of a deceased individual—the exercise of discretion.

March 31. Mr. Holland called upon Montgomery in the Hartshead, and found him apparently feverish and excited, and evidently engaged upon a subject which painfully absorbed his attention. There was a folded circular letter lying on the table, which he had not seen. He took it up—read it—then threw it down, saying, rather peevishly, “No, I won’t”—meaning, that he would not attend the meeting at which I invited him. He had, he said, received fewer than twelve solicitations of a similar kind within the four days; and he really could not, if he would, attend to them. He presently became placid, telling his friend that he might then divulge to him the title of a forthcoming poem, which was nearly completed

he had written to Longmans — subject, — the conclusion of the — canto. "You will — surprised," he added "when I — you that — entitled the 'Pelican Island.'" *Holland*: "I am — surprised — the title, and unable — derive from it any distinct idea of the drift of the poem." *Montgomery*: "Probably —, and other persons will, no doubt, be equally — a loss in that respect: and yet it is — interesting subject, — I have treated it." *Holland*: "But how — you to adopt such — extraordinary theme?" *Montgomery*: "It has been floating in my mind several years—at least since 1818; about which period I think it — that I read the account which Captain Flinders gives, in his "Narrative of a Voyage — *Terra Australis*," of one of the numerous gulfs which indent the coast of New Holland, studded with small islands which appeared — have been the haunts of pelicans during many generations, through which the birds had been hatched, lived, and died, — unseen — they had been unsung by man. Impressed — I — with the subject, I thought it would do very well for the foundation of a missionary speech, and — to illustrate the — in which the heathen on the adjacent islands had been born, grown up, and perished — ignorant of God, and of — that is good, as — ignorant of them, and of their neighbours the pelicans. I tried the subject — in this way*; and then it struck — that it would make — good subject for — poem of — couple of hundred lines. I therefore — solved that I would — some time work it up; but I — a loss for — leading idea, until, when — Ockbrook — spring, I thought I — got a cue; but after —

* — a copy of the ample notes used by the speaker on that occasion is before us.

posing two — three stanzas*, I — both with — and the plan, and — it — the time. As I — returning — from Scarborough last autumn, with my friend — Hodgson, my attention — forcibly arrested by the singular appearance of the country about Thorp Arch, which — completely flooded, that only a few of the — prominent points of ground — seen, like green islands amidst the lake.† By — involuntary association of ideas, I — powerfully reminded of the Pelican Island. In a moment — radical thought of which I — been so long in quest rushed into my mind; and I — the whole plan of my poem from beginning to end. I immediately began the subject in blank verse; and by the time — reached Ferrybridge, I had composed a number of lines, which I wrote down with my pencil in the inn there‡; and from that time to the present I have laboured incessantly at the work, and — hope that its execution will be in some degree comparable — my conception of the subject." *Holland*: "I — scarcely

* The substance of the unsuccessful experiment alluded to is comprised in — following stanza, of which we have — dozen versions:—

"Day followed day; from sun to sun,
Night round her world of beauty sailed;
Moon after moon a course begun
Of glory which as quickly failed;
While many a weary month went by
— of ocean, land, and sky."

† The scene alluded to in the text must have borne, in every way, far less resemblance to the reefs and lagoons of the Pacific than to the Halligs, or islands of the North Sea — "those grassy runcs," as Hans Andersen calls them, "which bear testimony to a — country."— *True Story of my Life*, p. 220.

‡ The — scrip, dated "Ferrybridge, Sept. 8. 1826," lies before us. It consists of thirteen lines, which, with several alterations, form the opening of the poem.

more surprised at the thing itself, than at the vehicle in which you have chosen to embody it: I think you never before published a line of blank verse; and I shall be curious to see which of the great poets in that style you have taken for your model—Milton, Young, Thomson, or Wordsworth." *Montgomery*: "I have imitated some of them: the versification is my own; but perhaps it rather resembles some of the dramatists, in admitting a great variety of pause and accent, with frequent double endings of the lines." *Holland*: "I confess I feel apprehensive that you have ventured upon a perilous experiment: there is a great temptation, in the facility with which thought flows and expands in that form of verse, to become less exact, less condensed, than your previous elaborate structures of rhyme, and hence not equal to what your readers are justified in expecting." *Montgomery*: "I know what you mean; but that has not been my temptation: I have all along laboured to force as much thought into as few words as possible; and with this object I have written some passages over and over again several times: I have a section of fifty lines lying before me for three weeks, before I could finish it to my mind. I am sure I could have written the poem as easily in rhyme." *Holland*: "Well, sir, I wish your success may be at least proportionate to your pains: it is that you will not only have created the incidents of but an interest in the story, which must, after all, I think, be unallied human sympathy." *Montgomery*: "I foresaw those difficulties from the beginning; and I think you will say I have surmounted them. I am aware that such objections as you mention would be urged; but therefore I forbore to consult even on my design on any point I advanced."

ciently to form my own opinion as to the effect of the poem as a whole: and I have kept my resolution. They know what I was about in the house: Gales found a few lines the other day; but could make nothing of them; and anybody had an earlier period only of what you have just said, I believe I should have been too disheartened to have proceeded."

The first pelican* ever by Montgomery—or indeed by persons in the provincial generally—exhibited in 1794 at Sheffield, by old Pidcock of Exeter-Change celebrity, and who described its rarity in which would now be thought gargant if applied to the dodo. But however uncommon living specimens of the bird may have been previous to the above date in travelling menageries, by name in engravings it has been known to the inhabitants of country at least ever since the earliest translation of the Bible appeared, it is there mentioned in three or four places; and it has been during fully long period a favourite with English poets, who have celebrated the fabulous notion of its feeding young with its blood, for purpose puncturing breast with its bill: a notion which the frequent appearance of the bird in menageries, and the prevalence of better views of natural history, but slowly dissipated. Joshua Sylvester, who classes the

* *Onocrotalus*, as the bird is called by Linnaeus, is found in most of temperate regions of the globe. In May, 1663, one was shot on Horsey Fen, near Norwich, and was long in possession of the celebrated Sir Thomas Browne, of city, who supposed might of the King's birds, which was missing from St. James's at that time. "But for this information," says his editor, "the pelican might probably have been added authority of Dr. Browne."—*Works of Thomas Browne*, by S. Wilkin, vol. iv. p. 318.

pelican ■ the stork ■ "Charitable Birds," says
of ■ former, that she

"Kindly for ■ brood
Tears her own bowells, trilleth-out her ■
To heal ■ young, ■ in ■ wondrous ■
Unto her children doth her ■ transport :
For, finding them by ■ serpent slain,
■ her breast, and doth upon ■ rain
Her vital humour ; whence, recovering heat,
They by her death another life do get :
A type of Christ," &c.*

With reference to the sudden and successful inspiration of the "Pelican Island," Montgomery not only truly expounded ■ conviction which every genuine poet must more or less frequently have felt, but probably alluded to his own particular experience, when he thus wrote:—"Poetic spirits ■ to have ■ of intellectual revelation, when themes long meditated, and apparently meditated in vain, ■ suddenly presented in such a light, that thenceforward they have nothing to do but by long and patient labour to develop the inspired conceptions of ■ few moments." †

* Sylvester's "Du ■ Day of ■ Week." ■ alludes to the bird under this figure ■ his "Paradise." With the same meaning it is found rudely figured in the catacombs ■ Rome.

† Introductory Essay ■ "Pilgrim's Progress," p. xlii.

CHAP. LXII.

1827.

MONTGOMERY AT OCKBROOK.—LETTER TO MR. EVERETT.—GIFT OF
POEMS TO THE HERRICK COLLEGE.—THE "CHRISTIAN
POET."—LETTER TO GEORGE BENNET.—PUBLICATION OF THE
"FELICIAN ISLAND."—CHARACTERISTICS OF THE POEM.—HERRICK-
SOCIETY TOUR IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.—CONTROVERSY AT
NEWCASTLE.—TESTIMONIAL TO MONTGOMERY.—LETTERS ON THE
SUBJECT.—TOMAGO AND SILVER

Among the "memorial days" which mark the intervals
the progress of the ecclesiastical year among the Mora-
vians, is the 12th of May, on which the congregations
the "agreement to the first orders or
statutes" of the Brethren, promulgated at Herrnhut
in 1727. The centenary celebration of this event led
Montgomery to Ockbrook, where he spent a few
weeks very pleasantly between the religious services of
the festival, and his out-door walks in the finest
of the year.

James Montgomery to John

"Ockbrook, near Derby, May

"DEAR FRIEND,

"I have with difficulty found to fulfil my pro-
to-day." means nothing now; but means
everything. I have been greatly engaged I
hither, principally indeed with ink, paper; yet I

* This allusion is to the verses beginning, "Time grows not old
with length of years."—*Original Hymns*, CCXXIII.

no three things more unmanageable when they fairly fall possession of hands, head, and heart, — they have lately done of mine, — sometimes, I fear, — again I hope. In truth, the within me — is, weather the Island — much froward, stormy, winter-like spring, with gleams of sunshine, then a breath of air all paradise — but *Paradise Lost* follows *Paradise Found* with Pray give my remembrance well; and tell Miss Gales I will write to her as soon as my is a lighter. Accept the sincere good of

"Your friend,

"J. Montgomery.

"Holland,

During this visit he met with the Rev. J. D. Wawn, of Staunton Rectory, who, as a memento of the interview, asked the poet to write a few lines "ancient church, the ruined arch, and the Hermit's Cave." Hence originated the two sonnets "*Dale Abbey*,"* which several months afterwards transmitted Mr. Wawn, with the remark, "I send you annexed stanzas, the first line of which darted into my mind when the theme was suggested by you, but which found not until a few mornings ago, when, being confined to bed, it lighted upon my pillow, and would not let my head alone till it had ferreted out nearly all the remainder attached it."

James Montgomery to James Everett.

"Ockbrook, near Derby, May 10. 1827.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"I have duly arrived Sheffield, safely to the custody of the keeper of our

Museum, I saw in a few minutes something so majestically the stuff of which his bones are made. The outside is admirable, though impossible to lament the loss of so much of the teeth, however, and his jaws are left; and one may see him roar, when he is appointed to literary or philosophical discussion, his voice might be a very disturbing though magnificent accompaniment to his wranglings and readings. Your letter of introduction arrived after him; and, though I had heard from Mr. Wood, of Sheffield, that you had been poorly, I was pleased to hope that your silence respecting your illness was a proof that your indisposition was only of an ordinary kind, such as may be considered in the spring-time of the year. I do trust that you take care of your throat; and yet, I fear, not so much as you ought, for you threaten yourself with an expedition to Hull, where, I am sure, you will have no mercy on it. Now, if it would be for you to be on the platform there, on a certain occasion, like your quondam lion in a debating room, and only roar to the eye, I should think you were acting wisely, if not speaking the latter, no doubt, you will do, though at the hazard of having to keep your throat a month afterwards. I should have been truly glad to have accompanied you and witnessed your performance, even if my heart had been delighted and my heart pained for fear of the consequences to yourself. I am of the opinion that you do what you find in your heart to do after your heart has taken counsel of your head.

"I have been in this place nearly three weeks on a visit to my brother, who was alarmingly seized, some time before Easter, with a paralytic affection; but, thank God, I believe he is quite recovered, and I think I am better since his great affliction was laid upon him. He and

The cranium, which, as the only solid, turned out to be the only imperishable part of the animal, is now in the

Agnes have repeatedly [redacted] a [redacted] visit [redacted] you made [redacted] [redacted] Derby, [redacted] rainy day, [redacted] [redacted] peril of your [redacted]. They [redacted] send [redacted] grateful remembrance [redacted] you, [redacted] will always [redacted] glad to bid you welcome when you come this way, but especially in [redacted] weather, for your own [redacted].

"I [redacted] it [redacted] granted that [redacted] Literary [redacted] Philosophical Society [redacted] you [redacted] for your royal gift [redacted] their [redacted] on Friday last,—I not being [redacted] home.

"A main purpose for which I have been staying here [redacted] [redacted] only very imperfectly carried into effect, namely, to finish my long poem of the 'Pelican Island,' which [redacted] [redacted] have puzzled you and many others [redacted] a little on the [redacted] annunciation. Indeed I defy all the heads into which thoughts of poetry, or even poetic thoughts, [redacted] [redacted], [redacted] guess the plan or anticipate [redacted] issue, [redacted] while they [redacted] reading, before it is all developed; and yet nothing [redacted] be more simple, gradual, and natural, [redacted] far [redacted] least [redacted] I have proceeded, and up [redacted] the point [redacted] which I [redacted] to stop,—which point, I may say almost literally, I expect to reach to-day, being within about ten lines of it! This [redacted] accomplishes only half of the original project; but [redacted] is perfect in itself, and needs no sequel: and should a sequel [redacted] attached hereafter, that also will stand sufficiently distinct to be an entire poem of itself, yet still an obvious and integral part of [redacted] whole, comprehending both the 'Pelican Island' and whatever [redacted] uncreated follower may be. I hoped by [redacted] time to have finished, [redacted] [redacted] rough [redacted] only (which is all that I [redacted] do this week, I fear), [redacted] [redacted] prepared [redacted] transcript for the press during [redacted] visit here; [redacted] I have been exceedingly unwell, [redacted] though I have laboured very diligently, I have proceeded [redacted] slowly [redacted] [redacted] a line of the revise [redacted] been written. The publishing [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] its height in London; and [redacted] I make [redacted] [redacted] speed I can, I shall be just in time [redacted] [redacted] too late for availing myself of the tide [redacted] launch my [redacted] bark. [redacted] [redacted] will [redacted] break my heart; [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] all weathers or sink. It is *blank verse*! Now [redacted] you [redacted] look blank [redacted] that, you are [redacted] nobody else. [redacted] ex-

periment [REDACTED] new and perilous. Aware [REDACTED] that, and knowing that a look, a word, a motion of [REDACTED] face, lip, [REDACTED] leg, might discourage [REDACTED] from proceeding, I determined [REDACTED] communicate either my subject [REDACTED] the [REDACTED] [REDACTED] casting it [REDACTED] any human being, till [REDACTED] executed so much [REDACTED] [REDACTED] past retreating, whatever doubts, fears, wishes, [REDACTED] hopes might be expressed by any kindhearted friend, who might pity my madness in going [REDACTED] of my pack-horse line, with the jingling bells, and the whistling [REDACTED] [REDACTED] they inspired [REDACTED] I hearkened [REDACTED] kept [REDACTED] to them. Till I thought I had arrived [REDACTED] the [REDACTED] canto, therefore, I kept [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. Then I [REDACTED] it tremblingly, [REDACTED] put [REDACTED] [REDACTED] into the hands of one whose candour I durst [REDACTED] in. Canto after canto [REDACTED] thus submitted [REDACTED] [REDACTED] impartial censorship; and I can only say that, let the issue with the public be what [REDACTED] may, I know [REDACTED] that I have [REDACTED] utterly failed, and [REDACTED] I ought not [REDACTED] be [REDACTED] to [REDACTED] treadmill for ignominiously employing my small talents, but [REDACTED] [REDACTED] I deserve to be forgiven, if I have not [REDACTED] happily applied them in this way [REDACTED] I might in another. It will be dog days, I fear, before the work is published.

Although after many delays, for which I [REDACTED] not [REDACTED] able, I believe Mr. Collins, of Glasgow, will publish the 'Christian Poet' this month. [REDACTED] fear [REDACTED] dishonour there: I [REDACTED] conscientiously say that I have done the religious and the literary public [REDACTED] service by that compilation; and, laying [REDACTED] all your friendly partiality, you will [REDACTED] [REDACTED] when you have fairly examined its contents.

"On looking back, [REDACTED] that I have forgot to say, though I [REDACTED] invited [REDACTED] Hull, I cannot [REDACTED] Other [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Derby and Shrewsbury, in the [REDACTED] week, absolutely prevent [REDACTED]; or I should have been happy [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Hull again, [REDACTED] you there, who first tempted me thither. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] regards [REDACTED] Wm. K., [REDACTED] am truly your friend,

"J. [REDACTED]

"P.S. [REDACTED] regard to re-stuffing the lion, I thank you [REDACTED] the hint; [REDACTED] after finding the skin, which is all in such [REDACTED]

I conscientiously [] acceptance [] a piece of gold to fill it up.

"To Mr. James Everett, Manchester."

Montgomery [] of his poems, each volume of which bore the following inscription:—

"To [] Dr. Carey [] the Rev. Dr. [] volumes are respectfully presented, [] the [] of [] Baptist Missionary College [] Serampore, with [] of the author, J. Montgomery. Sheffield, May 19. 1827."

Nearly coinciding with the foregoing date [] three ex-tempore contributions [] ladies' Albums:—

1. *Under some lines copied from a window-pane—*

"Faint lines [] glass and clear,
A diamond pen may trace with art;
But what the [] writes here,
[] engraved on my heart:
Then write a word,—a word or two,
And make me love to [] of you."

2. *The next is a playful response to a rhyming solicitation:—*

"Of your [] give me a sample,
A line will be of worth untold;
In gifts the heart is all and ample;
It makes them worth their weight in gold."

Answer.

"Lady, I'll set a good example;
Accept of my esteem this sample;
I send 'a line,' and as it is the first,
[] it better,—may it be the worst."

3. "May all who here in spirit meet,
At the great supper take their seat;
[] one [] them, [] the King [] round,
[] a wedding-garment them []"

June 4. On Whit Monday, when Montgomery made his appearance on the platform at the meeting of the Sunday School Union, he put into the hands of Mr. Holland a copy of the "Christian Poet," which was just published. When he rose to speak, he read a letter from Mr. Bennet, in which that gentleman described his visit to Huaine, one of the South Sea Islands, where he found a large school with the "Royal Guards" parading in front; and, on entering, was more surprised and gratified to see the king and queen learning to read and spell along with the lowest of their subjects! Upon such an incident it was easy to dilate, and the speaker did so in a very affecting manner. Mr. Holland and he left the meeting together, conversing, as they walked along, about the "Christian Poet," of the value of which the editor spoke more complacently than he usually does in such cases, on account of the rich poetical treat, thus rendered easily accessible, exhibiting, in most of the extracts did, piety and intellect, combined in specimens of verse, which comparatively few of the readers of such a volume would have met with in the original works of the authors who are respectively quoted. On passing a shop window, the poet suddenly stopped. *Montgomery*: "That is beautiful-looking tobacco: I like it a little; but it is an article upon which I presume you will exercise your judgment?" *Holland*: "No, sir; and posterity will, I doubt, be a little surprised, should I ever take it by the button, and say, 'Mr. Montgomery was a smoker!'" *Montgomery*: "Posterity will care nothing about the matter: at all events, many of our greater men than myself have had recourse to the pipe, though I believe none of them used it more moderately than I have done." The list of notable persons who have used tobacco would certainly be a long

if not a curious we at this moment recollect, as belonging to it, the names of Milton, Hobbes, Dr. Parr, Rev. Robert Hall, Burns, Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Campbell, Moore, Bloomfield, &c. &c.

The admirable "Introductory Essay" prefixed to the "Christian Poet" is one of the author's happiest efforts: it opens with a magnificent passage from Milton, descriptive of what "ought to be the highest of all arts, and require the greatest powers to excel in it,—that is poetry, and the special subjects on which it is here exhibited as being most happily employed are almost all sacred." The leading intention of the compiler of this work, as well in his Essay as by his extracts, was to counteract the prejudice which not only sceptics and profligates, but many well-meaning people have entertained against the union of the two excellent gifts which God has conferred on intelligent and immortal man,—“piety and poetry.” “We are continually told,” says he, “that religious subjects are incapable of poetic treatment. Nothing can be more contrary to common sense; nothing more manifestly contradicted by matter of fact. There are only four long poems in the English language that are often reprinted, and consequently better known and more read than any other similar compositions of equal bulk. Three of these are decidedly religious in their whole or their prevailing character,—‘Paradise Lost,’ the ‘Night Thoughts,’ and the ‘Task;’ and, of the fourth, the ‘Seasons,’ it may be said, that one of its greatest charms is the pure and elevated spirit of devotion which occasionally breathes amidst its reveries of fancy and the descriptions of nature, as though the poet had sudden and transporting glimpses of the Creator through the perspective of his works; while the crowning hymn of the whole is one of the

■ magnificent specimens of ■ in any language, and only inferior ■ the inspired original in the book of Psalms. . . . This fact ought for ever to silence the cuckoo note, which is echoed from one fool's mouth ■ another's (for many of the wise in this respect ■ fools), that religion and poetry ■ incompatible; no man in his right mind, who knows what both words mean, will ever admit the absurdity for a moment." *Montgomery*: "If there ■ other example in ■ language, the poem entitled 'Christ's Victory and Triumph,' by Giles Fletcher, would be sufficient ■ clear religion and poetry alike from the slander ■ upon them,—that they cannot be united without degradation to both." The main scope of the *Essay* is avowedly directed against the well-known dictum of Dr. Johnson, in his "Life of Waller," which in ■ amounts to this, "that contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical." The futility of the critical canon alluded to, especially if it be taken in any other than ■ very limited sense, is generally admitted not only to have been satisfactorily demonstrated in the argumentative portion of the volume, but ■ be conclusively illustrated by the metrical extracts from ■ authors; to which ■ may surely add, ■ most signally corroborative of his doctrine as ■ the compatibility of "the two ■ excellent-gifts" of God, the better portion of *Montgomery's* own poems.

As might ■ expected, the volume received ■ improvement on being reprinted, and this ■ partly the result of hints from judicious friends. One of these, the Rev. James Tate, the justly esteemed ■ the Grammar School ■ Richmond, in Yorkshire, suggested ■ very interesting addition ■ the brief notice of ■ deceased pupil Herbert Knowles, whose ■ ■ ■

poem of the "Three Tabernacles" has been universally admired.

James Montgomery to George Thompson

"Sheffield, Aug. 16, 1840.

"MY FRIEND,

"Once more, and after a long interval, mountains open before you on the other side of the equator. Twelve months ago (on every day, I find) I was on the expedition, towards the very point at which I now aim, — the 'Cape of Good Hope,' but the 'Cape of Storms,' according to its ancient designation. I had made up a large packet of reports, papers, &c. concerning our local benevolent and Christian friends here, and enclosed a letter, expecting that the whole would be forwarded in a cask of goods leaving Sheffield in a few days. I went from home immediately afterwards, and on my return found my cargo driven back by force of weather, or, in plain terms, seized by the merchant with a view whether there was a letter in it, as a letter could be thus forwarded without hazarding the forfeiture of the goods that were in the cask with it. The time had gone by in my absence, and the books, which lie in my window, and the letter unopened in my desk at this hour.* I have been discouraged by this misadventure, as well as the uncertainty of reaching you in any part of India, long as your sojourn has been there, I determined to write no more till I could ascertain about what time you might arrive in Africa. I calculate that this epistle will have better fortune than my forerunner, and arrive in safety at its destination, as I now send it by the regular post, by the only conveyance in which dependence may be placed. I am sure I may yet have an opportunity of making up a parcel of pamphlets, like the former, which I have

* This letter was afterwards sent to Mr. T. Vide p. 180., ante.

with entertainment on your homeward O, when will you for last time, after your hundred embarkations in many different with one long, swift, right-forward course reach your native land,—that which I am you have loved more, only every remove, you went further and further from it, but more especially with accelerated impulse and power of affection every stage as you drew it! O may He (the Angel of the Covenant) who accompanied, guided, and guarded you, so far as we have heard, who I trust at this very moment yet with you of living (for in the correspondence of spirits between the extremities of the globe, we know whether we are addressing the living or the dead), may He continue for you in his providence, and strengthen you with his grace, till you have your course—I your missionary course—with joy, and the work which given you to do in every place whither Spirit you, He has brought you home to your ‘father’s house peace,’ and to the friends who long again see your face in the flesh, hear large from your lips (what they read indeed with delight in your letters) what He done for you, and by you, and in you, since called you away! Now the period of your voyage of mercy round the world appears so near, I begin to wish, but repiningly, that I had been with you all the while, and suffered, and laboured, and rejoiced you have done. here I and here where I ought too; I am quite clear of that, unless I dreadfully deceive myself. once, only, I may believe, with truth, was permitted choose own way; I chose long, long found death in of it, but a of mercy was upon me when I had mercy on myself, preserved from destruction, well as spared when Justice cried ‘Strike!’ and arm of Omnipotence could stay of vengeance. that choice—fatal as refers folly and wretchedness of it, and peril to which it exposed me—my whole course has been

manifestly directed by Providence. I thank God every step; I thank God that, in this respect, I have been early and of my own hands, and that His goodness and mercy follow me all the days of my life; even while I was an apostate and a rebel, as well as a fugitive from his presence, and from his people. May every purpose for which I have been preserved be eventually fulfilled, or I were fain for me that I had never been born, or, having been born, that I had never known the way of truth, had been at my birth among the savage savages whom you have seen, and perished without the knowledge of God, under the wheels of Juggernaut's car! But I may return to less awful subjects. I last wrote to you, if I recollect rightly, I have twice appeared before the world—as a 'Christian Psalmist,' and as a 'Christian Poet.' I have two volumes of compilations of psalms and hymns, in the first instance, in which I deemed poetry and piety to be united, and a hundred original pieces of my own, which have been a very successful publication, something of the kind having long been wanted. The sequel, the 'Christian Poet,' had a different object in view, but comprehended pieces of a higher order, and laying claim to the genuine honours of verse, as the noblest vehicle of the noblest thoughts. My publisher promises a reward to my spirited publisher, and, I may add, my laborious editor. Last week I assumed a new poetical shape, and came out as the author of 'Pelican Island,' of which I can say no more than that it is in blank verse, and that, if I have opportunity, I shall be exceedingly happy to enclose a copy of each of these works, to 'kiss your hands' (as the Italians say) to the Hottentots. You hear from me direct—though often by our friend, Mr. Hodgson, you hear from me indirectly, and affectionately—you have been informed that I have given up my newspaper and printing business. Of this I have never repented one moment: I am thankful, inexpressibly thankful, to gracious Providence, which thus has freed me from a burthen which I can scarcely any longer. I cannot enter into particulars here. I was

enabled to dispose of this property on terms satisfactory to myself, yet very easy to the person who succeeded me. It has also been a great relief to me from an anxiety which by being dreaded, that in which he embarked thus prosperously conducted. It have made me miserable I had first; and I fully my mind, if he did, to indemnify him, far, least, as to return him all the money I had paid me for copyright. That copyright, by the rivalry 'Independent,' I considered as precarious, I the of its estimated value half to him, comparison with what I been in preceding years. Of course I am not rich,—I never took the money to be so; I have often said that I could not afford to pay the price of wealth; and there was neither a law of Nature nor Act of Parliament to compel me to become rich, I would sell all my peace of mind, nor consume my time in gathering what I might never enjoy. I do not despise money; I love it as much as any man ought to do, and perhaps something at particular times; but a small provision is enough for my few wants, and the Lord has made that provision for me. I owe it all to Him; I say my skill, my industry, my merit of any kind I acquired it; I have received it as a free gift at his hands, and to Him I would devote it, and every other talent, as an unprofitable servant at the best, and too often as a slothful and wicked man. I live with Galea in Hartshead, still; and shall Providence again changes my there a little prospect, I am resigned. foregoing written, I have secured a conveyance in South Africa for and pamphlets I have mentioned already, by Joseph Levick & Co., merchants in Cape Town. Levick, I think, is nephew to the Rev. W. Thorpe, of Bristol. I inform you respecting Christian institutions here; you regret to learn though there is a multiplication of number, there is of for the support, I believe, of every one

them. The 'dissenting interest,' as you call it, is not flourishing here. The congregations in all the chapels, where I occasionally, appear to me considerably thinner: many reasons might be assigned for this, but I will only mention one, which is perhaps the only good one,—the gospel is not so faithfully preached in all the churches, as by all our church ministers. What I principally regret among your friends here is, that while the old ones are so rarely off in vigour and zeal (I will not say in love), few, very few young men forward to supply the lack of service, or rather, the increased service, which requires all the energies and affections of both young and old in entire consecration to carry it on. There is as much need for your return to revive those whom you left behind, and who are still in the land of the living, as there is for your visitation to the missionaries all over the world, whither you have been. On this account, not less than from every personal motive referring to ourselves and to you, I long for your safe arrival among us, with all the gifts which you must have received in your various labours, and which perils as well as enjoyments, and reflection as well as experience, must have blessedly matured. There is no change among the Sheffield ministers of your denomination, I think, except that the Rev. J. Mather has just removed from Howard Street to Birmingham. Perhaps Mr. Jones is at the Baptist chapel when you went: Mr. Larum, a very useful preacher, and a speaker at meetings, is pastor to that congregation. What has happened to Carey and his family? Do they separate themselves and their property from the Baptist Missionary Society? It may be a separation as of Lot from Abraham; but I feel, at least, that it had better have been otherwise, so far as short-sighted mortals can judge of everlasting issues.* And now, my dear friend, farewell! I forget not that you may be in eternity while I am writing; and if not, that I may be in eternity when you are reading.

I write, then my love is such that I utter
you, for myself, all my love,—the Lord bless
keep and bring us all to heavenly kingdom.

"I am truly your affectionate friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"George Bennet, Esq., of Sheffield;
care of Messrs. Joseph Levick and Co, Merchants,
Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope."

At the beginning of August appeared the "Pelican Island, and other Poems," a copy being immediately sent to "Mr. John Holland, with the best regards of my friend, the Author." The acknowledgment of this welcome present accompanied by the current number of the "Literary Gazette," which contained a favourable notice of the work. As the first public expression of any critical opinion, this courteous greeting was obviously grateful to the anxious poet. The germinal idea of the "Pelican Island," and something like a key-note of the versification, may be caught from the first half-dozen lines of the poem:—

"Methought I lived through ages, and beheld
Their generations pass so swiftly by me,
That years seemed moments in their flight, and hours
Of crowded centuries revealed;
While Time, Life, Death, the world's great actors, wrought
New and amazing changes: these I sing."
"I am a Spirit in the midst of these,
All eyes, all thought."

Such a conception is surely highly poetical, and affords, in its treatment, unlimited scope for the development of sentiment, description, and action. It is, perhaps, in the last-named quality that the poem alone is short of the reader's expectation; for the vicissitudes of Pelican — beautifully as they are narrated, are instructive as they become to those who read them

the apologue of humanity—fail to excite ■■■ sympathies like those which affect our fellow-creatures. And yet man occupies his place, and with affecting propriety, in this poetical apocalypse: —

“Man, ■■■ image of his Maker formed;
 Man, ■■■ image of his tempter fallen. . .
 I ■■■ sunk in loathsome degradation,
 A naked, fierce, ungovernable savage,
 Companion to the brutes, himself ■■■ brutal.”

The gratification which a large class of readers of ■■■ confessedly derived from the perusal of this elegant and ingenious production, was always liable to the drawback of tolerating the tone and sentiment of evangelical religion which pervaded the whole. *Holland*: “You perceive, sir, that the writer in the ‘Literary Gazette’ has a qualifying and mysterious remark about the poet’s peculiar views of savage life; not, assuredly, because there is any obscurity in the subject, but evidently because he did understand it.” *Montgomery*: “It is the ‘offence of the cross!’ Any direct allusion to the state of the poor heathen—their barbarity and immorality on the ■■■ hand, or their religious experience and their hopes of salvation on the other—is generally unpalatable; I have long had to endure a good deal for my sentiments on these points as well from the open pity as the secret contempt of ■■■ of my readers.” *Holland*: “But you have, ■■■ the other side, the satisfaction of knowing that many persons allow themselves ■■■ be reminded of religion by your poetry, who would hardly tolerate even *that* from any other quarter.” *Montgomery*: “Yes; and ■■■ persons ■■■ whom your remark does not apply, ■■■ nevertheless, ■■■ I have said, indisposed to admit the scriptural—the actual—exhibition of our fallen humanity in

its worst phases. I had a letter the other day from my old friend Lucy Aikin, in which she speaks highly of the 'Pelican Island,' but I have made my New Hollanders vile, by attributing particular tribes the vices of the natives generally; but I am mistaken: much more is at present known about the feelings and habits of barbarous nations from the missionaries who reside among them, than could formerly be learnt from the reports of our voyagers and travellers, however observant and able they may have been. I am sure I would be the last man in the world to misrepresent these poor creatures: I would not lose a finger from my hand, than unduly blacken the character of a cannibal: but alas! the depths of depravity into which the natives of New Holland are sunk, scarcely admit of being aggravated by description."

Viewed in the coincident foci of evangelical and moral truth,—and that is the only point at which the truth of Montgomery's poetry, and indeed his character generally, can be seen in a true light,—the concluding portion of the "Pelican Island" contains passages of power and pathos, examples of word-painting and soul-speaking, which are not surpassed by any imaginative writer in the language. If the writer of this paragraph were to confess that his judgment may have been biased, surely his heart was affected, by having once heard the greater part of this canto read by a minister of the gospel in his pulpit, he might still ask upon what contemporary poem a similar experiment could be made without the risk of loss of dignity to the reader, or perception of incongruity on the part of the audience?

The portion of the poem which is perhaps most generally admired is the first, has been frequently quoted, and, it may be added, most severely criticised,

the elaborate description the mode by which the coral zoophyte, one of the frailest of living creatures, raises such prodigious and enduring ramparts of hard rock in the bosom of the Pacific, and in other instances the form of coral forms a small insular peak or table-land; commonly it exists on a border of varying width around a lake or lagoon, or engirdling a rocky island; sometimes it presents innumerable groups, as in the Maldives; or stretches out in continuous length to an almost incredible extent,—the Great Barrier Reef, near Torres Strait, being not less than twelve hundred miles long!*

In describing the production and nature of coral reefs, Montgomery adopted the authority of Captain Basil Hall in his account of a voyage to the island of Loo Choo, in the Chinese Sea. The principal objection† to the poet's accuracy is, that he has represented the coral animals as carrying on their works much higher above and much deeper below the surface of the ocean, than is thought to be compatible with recently ascertained facts. It may be so; though the evidence is by no means irrefragable in that direction,—for, to nothing of the theory which attributes all the deep coral to a sinking of the rock to which it may be attached, and admitting that most of the known coraliferous zoophytes could not exist at a greater depth than twenty or thirty fathoms,—and we do not know that the poet's meaning demands more,—we think, with Mr. Jukes, that living animals which secrete coral may occupy still deeper situations. The beauty, variety, and activity

* Surveyed by H.M.S. Fly, 1842—6. J. B. Jukes, Naturalist.

† A very elaborate Memoir on the Structure, Growth, and Distribution of Coral Zoophytes, by J. D. Dana, Naturalist on the American Exploratory Expedition, printed in Jameson's Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, 1851—2.

■ such ■ are known, ■ ■ ■ the ■ ■ ■ minute as the ■ ■ ■ conspicuous species, can hardly be overrated by the poet. Mr. Gilfillan has, in ■ article in "Tait's Magazine,"* referred to one passage in this poem in ■ ■ ■ of such high but merited commendation, that we should feel conscious of something like injustice ■ the "Pelican Island" were we ■ ■ ■ quote them here :—

"It ■ ■ ■ description of the sky of the South, a subject which, indeed, ■ itself inspiration. And yet, ■ that solemn sky, ■ great constellations, hung up ■ the wondering evening air, the dove, the raven, the ship of heaven 'sailing from eternity;' the wolf, 'with eyes of lightning watching the Centaur's spear;' the altar blazing, 'even ■ the footsteps of Jehovah's throne;' the cross, 'meek emblem of redeeming love,' which bends at midnight ■ when they ■ taking down the Saviour of the world, and which greeted ■ eye of Humboldt ■ he ■ ■ ■ over ■ ■ ■ Pacific, had so hung and ■ burned for ages, and no poet had sung their praises. Patience, ye glorious tremblers! In ■ ■ ■ of this 'Pelican Island,' ■ page bright ■ your ■ ■ ■ beams, and, ■ ■ ■ them, immortal, shall your splendours ■ yet inscribed. This ■ ■ ■ which floats the poem, and will long memorise Montgomery's ■ ■ ■ the more remarkable, ■ the poet ■ ■ ■ saw, ■ in imagination, that unspeakable southern midnight."

In the autumn of this year Montgomery visited the north of England ■ a ■ ■ ■ tour, in company with his friend Rowland Hodgson. They ■ ■ ■ Barnard Castle ■ the ■ ■ ■ of August, and ■ Darlington† ■

* Sept. 1846, p. 547.

† "To Anne Backhouse, eldest Daughter of Mr. John Backhouse, Darlington.

"May you be blessed of the Lord!
And, many a bliss possessing,

the of September : they also a meeting Richmond*, when the poet, in speech, an affecting allusion Herbert Knowles, a pupil there, whose well-known written the churchyard, " Methinks it is good here," &c., repeated with deep emotion. of September they attended a meeting Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which also present Dr. Steinkopff, foreign secretary of the Bible Society, and Dr. Marshman, the Baptist missionary from Serampore. Montgomery addressed audience at considerable length, giving, as often did, additional interest remarks by the charm of local allusion.

" This," said he, " is the fifteenth meeting that I have attended in this northern district,—a district which with a peculiar interest, it contains many interesting monuments historical associations connected with olden times. When I came to Boroughbridge, I saw those

Through life, in death, by deed and word,
May you be made a blessing !"

" *For Elizabeth Buckhouse, her younger Sister.*

" May He who gave you to their love,
Your parents' prayers for you fulfil ;
On earth below, in heaven above,
With all your heart to do his will !

" Darlington, Sept. J.

* It was probably during this visit that he wrote the following Epitaph for Miss Mary Christian, daughter of Mr. J. C., of Gilling, near Richmond, who chose for her funeral sermon the text, Ps. xlv. 10 :—

" " Be still, and know that I am God !"

She heard the warning, and was still :
Conducted by his staff and rod
Through death's dark vale to Zion's hill,
Fearless she walked the gloomy way
That brightens to eternal day."

famous remains, probably of Druidical idolatry, called by the people the Devil's Arrows. Why do not they still, as probably once they did, call together the people children? we have the Bible. At this place, in various others that have passed, the Roman remains reminded us of the departed greatness of those of the civilised world, of their gods. Why Jupiter no longer management of his thunder, or Mars of his weapons of war? Because we have the Bible. On our way we saw the hills topped with castles, more in their ruins than in their glory, they were dungeon-keeps for holding the vassalage of the earls. Why do we delight in these ruins? the dreadful dominion of petty kings has passed away; and this, because we have the Bible. In the valleys we have interesting beautiful objects of another kind,—monasteries mouldering into lonely ruins. When in their glory, they too often were pampered idle, vicious monks; but the Scriptures were not there; if they were, they were in a different language. The dominion of these spiritual castles has passed away, as much as the temporal castles on the hills, because the Bible is amongst us. We recollected that we were actually on the verge of a debatable land so celebrated in border history by historians and poets; scarcely a field where had the Percies and the Douglasses fought, where for mastery, where my countrymen and your countrymen put each other in continual fear; but now there is peace, for we have the Bible. We are met here in a town once and against the northern neighbours; but its walls have been thrown down, fragments only remaining to remind us of the past: here we see every country, combined in friendly union, which has done great things."

Our visit to Newcastle took place when the Society was passing through a crisis occasioned by the agitation of what was termed the "Apocrypha

Question;" it was apprehended that the Andrew Thomson, the powerful Scottish opponent of the Society controversy, might present himself at the meeting. Unless the gentlemen having the management of the proceedings of the auxiliary agreed with Montgomery that he would best not to meddle with the dispute at all; but to his surprise, he found a resolution placed in his hand, which left him no alternative between formally declining to touch the vexatious topic, or going fairly into it. He took the latter course, dealing with the arguments of the opponents of the Society as he embodied in an article in a preceding number of the "Quarterly Review." * He did not, of course, attempt to deny the facts alleged, viz. the cost of working the Society; the circulation, in many cases, of Bibles containing the Apocrypha; and the defectiveness of many of the translations which had been issued: he rather defended the committee as having done, on the whole, the best they could under the circumstances: arguing that not only had the charges been grossly exaggerated in their importance, but that, assuming their truth at the enemy's estimate, the Society was still entitled to the support of the religious public. An attempt was made by a resident Presbyterian minister to make his platform the arena of a discussion on the subject; but it was not allowed, though several letters afterwards appeared in the local newspapers, and were passed between Montgomery and the individual above alluded to, on the matter in dispute.

From the time the two friends proceeded to Redcar, and returned to Glasgow on the 15th of September. The controversy, which Montgomery had

* Quarterly Review, XL. LXXXV. pp. 1-22.

Newcastle, was ably carried on by his friend Mr. Fenwick; at the same time the minister edified his congregation by introducing and caricaturing the remarks above quoted on the influence of the Bible. He may have added that the committee of the Bazaar Society adopted, and transmitted to Montgomery, a resolution expressive of "sincere gratitude for his kind and valuable services" rendered to the Society in visiting several of the northern auxiliaries.

In October, John Jackson, R. A., spent a few days with a friend at Sheffield, on his way to Castle Howard. He was naturally anxious to have an interview with Montgomery, and, having enjoyed that, was equally desirous to paint his portrait. This wish having been communicated to Mr. Blackwell, he agreed with the artist for a likeness of the poet, on condition that a duplicate of the picture should be executed.* The immediate result was such a spirited and faithful delineation of the form of the head and the features of the face, that every one who saw the work in this unfinished state was not only satisfied but pleased alike with the resemblance and the execution. Jackson took the portrait with him to London, where, by agreement, Montgomery waited upon and saw him again; the last touches being given to the picture on the very day when the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence and his brother academician in the field of that branch of art which they had both pursued with such distinguished success. From the portrait, Mr. Blackwell has kindly allowed the engraver which is prefixed in the present

* We regret to say that the moral part of the contract was less faithfully fulfilled than the artistic—the portrait having been surreptitiously copied under circumstances little creditable to the parties concerned.

volume was engraved; and we believe that the other friends of the poet perceive that the burin well seconded the pencil in the attempt to publish an object which was seldom heretofore been attended with complete success.

When a public dinner was given at Montgomery in 1825, there were many classes of persons—ladies, several religious individuals of the other sex—who, while they could not be present on that occasion, were nevertheless anxious to pay a tribute to the virtues and talents of their honoured countryman in their own way. It was therefore proposed to raise, by subscription, a sum sufficient to buy a memento in silver plate, and also, if practicable, to found and support a Moravian mission, in the name of the poet, at the West Indian island of Tobago, where his parents had commenced a similar work about forty years previously. The project was realised the year, and will be, by the following letters:—

James Hodgson to James Montgomery.

“Highfield, Sheffield, Nov. 1825.”

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“It is nearly two years since your friends in this town and neighbourhood expressed the respect which they felt for you by a public dinner at which Lord Brougham presided. Your friends, and some others, were necessarily precluded from being present on that occasion; but they were by them thought that some other plan might be devised, and all might be effected in accordance with their sentiments. It was therefore determined to form a committee to receive contributions which might be voluntarily made, and to order to present you with a small piece of plate, and, if anything remained over, to give it towards the revival of the Brethren's mission in Tobago,

which was established by your father, and the remains of your mother interred. It gives me great pleasure to be called upon at this time, as the committee, to present you an inkstand, which you will receive herewith, as an appropriate mark of the respect and value in which you are a Man, a Poet, and a Christian, by those amongst whom you have long resided; and I doubt but that eminent talents which I am pleased to endow you, will continue to be employed in promoting the particular interest of this town, and the general welfare of mankind. It gives me much pleasure to add, that £100 hundred pounds have been remitted to the Rev. C. I. La Trobe, in London, for the Tobago mission, in which island one of the Brethren is already stationed for the purpose of re-establishing it. I trust it will please God to grant you every temporal and spiritual blessing, that you may be permitted to see the happy morning of that day (Nov. 4.) which gave you birth. I remain, with sincere regard,

My dear friend,

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

Row. Hodgson.

"J. Montgomery, Esq."

James Montgomery to Rowland Hodgson.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your letter, and its splendid accompaniments, were received Friday last, when I was so near leaving home, in my absence, that my answer was necessarily delayed till my return.

"I trust, that, in your heart, when you were influenced by vanity and selfishness, I was duly sensible of the high honour conferred upon me two years ago, by many of my respectable and distinguished of my townsmen and neighbours.

"The additional kindness of those ladies and wellwishers

who on foot a subscription — generous particularised in your letter, claims my humblest acknowledgments. The delicacy and munificence displayed in the appropriation of the fund thus raised, by providing an elegant 'mark of respect' — myself, — consecrating the surplus to a service so purely Christian — — you mention, must lay me under willing obligations — pray that 'the blessing of God, which rich, and no sorrow,' may rest upon all my benefactors.

"At the time I might have been justified in expatiating on topics so creditable to my friends — — myself; but I have been brought — often — — much before the public, here — — elsewhere, of late, — — I — — simplest expression of my gratitude will now be the — — becoming and acceptable. Wherefore, with my — — thanks to all who have — — pleased thus to honour — — delight me, especially to yourself, and the gentlemen who formed the committees on both the aforementioned occasions, I am, truly,

"Your obliged and affectionate friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Hodgson, Esq."

The inkstand was an elegant specimen of — — workmanship, of the estimated value of forty pounds: it bore the following inscription: — "Presented — James Montgomery, in addition to former Testimonies of Esteem for his Character, and Approbation of his Public Services, by the Inhabitants of Sheffield, and other Friends." It likewise exhibited some heraldic devices belonging — the Montgomeries; including — three *flours-de-lis*; a figure of Hope, with anchor in — hand, and the head of — enemy in the other; with the motto *Gardez Bien* — meaning, said Montgomery, "Have a care!" and very monitory — him of — propriety of accepting — honorary insignia

with which his kind friends had chosen to honour the compliment paid to his memory. An unlucky mischance befel the plate some years afterwards: the settlement also fell in vicissitudes. Erected in 1811, the following year, enlarged in 1839, the buildings were destroyed by a desolating hurricane in 1847, but happily soon restored* through British aid; and the mission, under the name of "*Montgomery*," continues in useful activity to this day; the congregations comprising about 1400 adults, and, including the schools, as many children. It is certainly the most appropriate memorial which could have been founded or ever be maintained in compliment to our friend; and we are every admirer of his genius in its highest and holiest manifestations, will concur in the sentiment recorded by himself in relation to this subject in 1840:—"With the blessing of God upon the preaching of the gospel by his servants there, may be perpetuate, to the end of time, the memory of those sainted relatives who left that name to him!"†

* The vignette on the title-page of this volume (from a sketch kindly furnished by one of the missionaries on the spot, through the kindness of the home) presents a western view of the mission as restored after the hurricane of 1847; comprising the large new chapel, the dwelling-houses of the missionaries, school-houses, &c.

† Works, vol. ii.

CHAP. LXIII.

1828.

LECTURES ON MODERN POETS.—PULPIT AND PLATFORM.—LETTER TO
 ■ EVERETT.—CONVERSATION.—MONTGOMERY'S INTEREST IN POLITI-
 CAL TOPICS.—DECLINES AN INVITATION TO MEET THOMAS MOORE.
 —CHURCH-RATE REFORM.—CONTRIBUTION TO THE ADVERTISING
 TRICK.—THE "■■■■■ OF THE FATHERS."—"CRY FROM SOUTH
 AFRICA."—MISSIONARY REFORM AT YORK.—DESCRIPTIVE POETRY.
 —CORAL FORMATIONS.—■■■■■ TO LOCAL ■■■■■.—YORK
 CASTLE.—MORAVIAN ■■■■■ IN ■■■■ SLAVERY.—"IN-
 TRODUCTORY ESSAY" ON ■■■■■ PROGRESS."

ON the evening of the 4th of January, Montgomery delivered a very pleasing Lecture, under the title of "Strictures on several Modern Poets," before the members of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society. The ■■■■■ connected with extended remarks ■■■■■ those of Dermody, Bloomfield, and Kirke White. It ■■■■ on this occasion he first introduced the assertion of those "general claims of poetry ■■■■ pre-eminence" which he afterwards repeated with applause at the Royal Institution. Innumerable have been the attempts ■■■■ define what poetry is, notwithstanding Johnson's celebrated dictum, in his "Life of Pope," that all such attempts "will only show the ■■■■ rowness of the definer;" and perhaps Montgomery has done well ■■■■ disclaim everything like a definition of "poetry ■■■■ abstract," contenting himself with using the ■■■■ as signifying "verses in contradistinction ■■■■ prose." Hardly less various are the opinions ■■■■ what place ■■■■ occupy as a special art,—many

authorities having wholly rejected its consideration of the *fine arts* at all. Frederic Schlegel, who maintained that there were only three symbolical forms for the manifestation of the beautiful,* viz. music, painting, and sculpture, adds, however, "even poetry no fourth alongside of the other three. It does not stand in the line, and form, were, a complement of the number. It is rather the universal symbol art which comprises and combines in different mediums those other exhibitives of the beautiful."* Southey, who combined in an eminent degree the practical with the speculative in this matter, denies the co-ordinate equality of music with poetry and painting in the æsthetic triad. Montgomery, differing from these authorities, assigns a very definite and pre-eminent position to "the craft of making" in the very key-note of his lecture, where the position specifically maintained is "that poetry is the eldest, the rarest, and the most excellent of the fine arts. It is the first fixed form of language, and the earliest perpetuation of thought: it existed before prose in history, before music in melody, before painting in description, and before sculpture in imagery. Anterior to the discovery of letters it was employed to communicate the lessons of wisdom, to celebrate the achievements of valour, and to promulgate the sanctions of law. Music was invented to accompany, and painting and sculpture to illustrate it."

But his claim to pre-eminence is eloquently put in behalf of poetry as an art, not extended to the moral obligation of the poet to practise it. Montgomery's engagements in the service of religion at this time scarcely regular, and hardly, if at all,

* "Philosophy of Life."

less important, in seeking the welfare of mankind, than those of his colleagues who were officially devoted to the ministry; for "how could they preach unless they were sent?" To send forth, therefore, these evangelists to every region of the habitable globe, and to give them and their hearers the Word of God, that every man might hear and read of the things that pertain to salvation "in his own language,"—this was the mission of him who not only laid down the fruits of his poetical genius, of his literary talents, at the foot of the Cross, but who willingly became "the servant of all" for Christ's sake. That while he could not be said to occupy an official position in those ranks which comprise the clergy of every description, from the class which arrogates to itself true, inexpugnable, sacerdotal status, *jure divino*, to those of a far different order, who, labouring for their daily bread during six days of the week, do the "work of an evangelist" on the Sabbath, believing that, they have the "call of God" to preach, and "souls for their hire" in preaching, they are, in the true meaning of the terms, *ministers of the Gospel*,—while to none of these did our friend belong, and although the platform, and not the pulpit was his preaching-stand, there he did preach. Nor, Catholic as he was, in the only justifiable sense of the word, did it matter to him whether the service sought from the Christian poet should be rendered in the church or in the school-room, or—as was frequently the case—in the chapel or the Town Hall; in which he aimed, the "unction" with which he spake, and the interest which he excited, were always the same. To that extent, indeed, under certain circumstances, this desire to "do good to all men," as well as to "think no evil of any one," gave to his conduct the appearance of indecision on important

questions; but such not, in reality, for he held the theological opinions with a degree of firmness only exceeded by the charity which extended to others. Hence the religious controversy in all its phases, and of all where it is so often bitter, personal, and profitless,—in the pulpit and the platform.

James Montgomery to Rev. James

"Sheffield, Jan. 15, 1841

"DEAR FRIEND,

"If I were to tell you all the reasons why I have acknowledged your various favours, in the shape of books and epistles, since we last met, I could give you the history of every hour of every day of the six months of my life. That, however, would be such a record of mis-spent time as could be scarcely exceeded, except by the fatuity of mispending it, I know not how much more in making it, and tempting you to enter into the folly of wasting what is so precious, in reading it. The worst charge which you can bring against me on any occasion, the usual one,—that I have procrastinated from week to week, the pang of momentary remorse has driven me to my pen, with the determination to confess my fault as unworthy of correspondents and more forgiveness, without promising amendment in future. I know that I shall sin again and again; and oftener you than I offend, by laying me under obligations in your free and generous way, better, for there never was a time when I could gladly run in debt with my friends, though I am more reluctant to do so in kind; not less of kindness, or humbly grateful for it, but, plainly, my letter-writing in the past. If that reason could satisfy you, I could give you another, might satisfy you; and another after that, with as many more as your heart

wish, till you cried, 'Enough!' But I shall not dwell on the particulars of your communications.

"I am glad that the 'Pelican Island' was not what you expected, because if it had been, you would have been disappointed in a way less agreeable to yourself, and more advantageous to me. If I had fallen into any kind of thought which you had anticipated, neither novelty, surprise, nor peculiar interest would have been excited in your mind: you would have seen the work solely as a critic; and in every step would have perceived such a *matter-of-fact* execution and the *banal* which you had conceived of the capabilities of the subject, that my work would have been twice as good as it is, it would have been half so good to you. One principal cause why the most successful efforts of genius are frequently decried is, that they are tried by that most inhuman *experimentum crucis*, the standard of unattainable excellence set up by the reader himself, that he may have the gratification of looking down with a degree of conscious superiority upon the masters, whose real eminence, except in imagination, he cannot approach. I disclaim any personal application of this invidious reflection upon readers (at least an author's sovereigns and his subjects) to myself or my work. The 'Pelican Island' certainly has been a puzzle, not only in its only, which I conjecture concerning its plot and defiance, but in its development of an undiscoverable plot. Whatever be its merits, they are of a commonplace character, for they commanded earlier and particular notice from that fraternity of dictators, the reviewers, than any previous publication of mine has done; and they have caused a diversity of opinion among the gentlemen, every one of whom is right by himself, but taken together they are quite as wrong as those who could desire. There has been much happy contradiction among the authorities respecting the 'Pelican Island,' and it would be hard to find a case of censure or commendation in one of the critiques, which has been reversed in another. These things differ,

this should be so; the public will in time settle all
 ferences, and form a judgment as independent of as
 they ever existed. The nerves
 exercised by every species of transport,
 opinions of those who have been
 mercy awakened, the presence of his
 poraries, who such a time, in his morbid imagination,
 have all their eyes him, like those of a mob upon
 victim at an execution, and all their open to the
 oaths plaudits poured upon him. Having now
 nearly passed ordeal, been thus far pretty favour-
 ably treated, I gradually recovering my feeling,
 resigning my and myself what
 await in the ordinary of this world's
 Circumstances * daily occurring which remind me
 I have every day a less stake in the interests of the present
 life than I had before, and the things of eternity are
 becoming of awful and imminent importance
 than they have hitherto been. I have no room, however,
 moralise present, but I can say truly that I
 be delivered from this bondage of corruption, and brought
 into the glorious liberty of children of God. Then will
 praise or condemnation of my vain labours
 please him, and gratify myself, as a poet, be of little in-
 fluence either depress or exalt above measure my
 susceptible feelings, in whatever relates to object of
 my past (perhaps my present) idolatry, I
 once thought good under heaven.—I
 turn other subjects in your letter.

"My Introductory Essay to 'Pilgrim's Progress'
 finished several weeks, but I
 how soon the work may It
 promised this month; but I do not expect it before March
 April, interruptions having occurred. I

* One of these circumstances was the death of Mrs. Robert
 Montgomery, which had taken place two or three weeks before
 the date of this letter.

make use of Dr. Johnson's opinion in the way I expected, I send you the copy of it: the Mr. Scott, 18th edition, with Notes, Mr. [redacted] follow, [redacted] in the Memoir of Bunyan. Bernard's 'Man' I duly received, Lord [redacted] Poems. I previously obtained a copy from another quarter, already [redacted] my mind [redacted] Bunyan owed very [redacted] of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' [redacted] work. You will [redacted] my [redacted] when the volume [redacted] and I [redacted] say will [redacted] much from my conclusion. I have searched [redacted] a variety of antecedent publications [redacted] which [redacted] may have been [redacted] indebted for [redacted] incidents than [redacted] Bernard's work, however, [redacted] a very ingenious [redacted] though [redacted] of allegory is little to my taste; nothing in literature is [redacted] forced and artificial; the machinery is [redacted] clockwork, and the personages automata. The author was, I am sure, a [redacted] of admirable mind, and [redacted] for much better things. Some [redacted] in his Preface [redacted] exquisite, particularly [redacted] alluding [redacted] prisoners, and [redacted] judges [redacted] the assizes. [redacted] be duly returned, as [redacted] with Lord Brooke's Poems. The latter [redacted] exceedingly elaborate productions. There is much profound and curious thought displayed in them, [redacted] very [redacted] either [redacted] tenderness. They show a [redacted] of noble intellect and indefatigable study in searching for hid [redacted] in [redacted] accessible depths of [redacted] mind. It requires almost as much toil to read them as to write such poetry as [redacted] for very pretty thinking in [redacted] volatile [redacted]. This book came too late for the 'Christian Poet,' or I should have given [redacted] considerable [redacted] specimens which I [redacted] previously obtained. It will much oblige me [redacted] you would still, as you say you do, keep a look- [redacted] old and [redacted] English poetry. [redacted] 'Christian Poet' [redacted] very well, and I have several corrections [redacted] (of names [redacted] anonymous, principally) [redacted] a [redacted]

"Accept my best thanks for Part I. of your 'History [redacted] in Manchester.' [redacted] will [redacted] exceedingly

interesting, on the same account as the corresponding volume referring to Sheffield * has been. The images and scenes of an age gone by, yet so recent that we have a sense of sympathy for the sufferers, in comparison with those of centuries before, in distant parts of the world, we feel towards our grandfathers and contemporaries in comparison with the generations more remote, which our children of yesterday can hardly kindred. As far as I have looked into it, the new history promises well.

"A copy of your letter of Nov. 10th just reached my eye. I know not where to look for the manuscript of the *original* 'World before the Flood.' It is where I expected to find it, but the present is lost. The volume which strayed into Mr. Pitt's green bag may be found in the 'Sheffield Register,' about the midsummer 1793, I believe.

"You mention Mr. Jackson's portrait. He left the painting unfinished, the face only being brought to a point which I thought prudent to stop. It is in London and have the portrait attached. Mr. Holland can tell you more about the portrait than I can.

"I am going to Switzerland this month, and next spring, I am going to Switzerland when you can. I can only accompany you in spirit, and with my prayers, for your preservation, and the blessing of God with you wherever providence may lead you. I look forward as far as I can say, I have either plan or desire respecting my journeys in the current year, I can be spared; several, however, have been proposed and pressed upon me and I hold myself disengaged at least in regard to two, of which I am within the precincts of England. My regards to Mrs. J.

"Your sincere friend,

"J. J.

"P.S. I am sorry to hear of your lion, who is in the Museum, is much out of repair, I am sorry to hear of it.

strip off his skin.* I hope we shall find an ass under it, and I am afraid we shall not be able to restore him himself again, that is, make a lion of him again."

Jan. 11. Holland upon Montgomery and found him busy writing, "weighed down," said, "beneath accumulation of feathers. I have hardly," he added, "been free from engagements since I left the Pelican Island; and I believe I shall have to embark on another voyage thither get quit of these pestering demands upon my time, spirits, and temper." He at the moment busied in the preparation of a memorial he laid before a public meeting of the inhabitants of Sheffield, on the still exciting question of Church Rates, and in relation to which he knew he should occupy an unfavourable position. On the following day Mr. Holland took in the Hartshead with Montgomery; his nephew, John James, from Fulneck, Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell, and the Misses Gales, being also present. The bard appeared in good health and spirits; but his feelings accidentally excited by a little circumstance which, a man of the temperament of ordinary mortals, would either have produced no emotion at all, or, the most, have been regarded only as a matter of course. During tea Blackwell and he kept up a brisk conversation about the changes of government which just then taking place in consequence of the resignation of Lord Goderich, Mr. Canning's in the premiership, and introduction of the Duke of Wellington office. It was on occasions this that the political fervour and vivacity of his worthy ex-editor would

* A cranium only was found under it, and this, as already mentioned, is at present in the Museum of the Literary and Philosophical Society—*ex assue locum*.

sometimes become [redacted] [redacted] by collision, and [redacted] appeared reanimated for [redacted] with the [redacted] spirit, —

" [redacted] worn war-horse, [redacted] the trumpet's sound,
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground—
[redacted] the [redacted] generous lord assigns,
And longs to rush on the embattled lines,
[redacted] he——."

[redacted] he would *talk*, when in private, [redacted] intimate friends; but [redacted] for them he would not *write* [redacted] popular topics; and never, however apparently inviting the occasion or favourable the opportunity, could he be persuaded [redacted] produce a "leader" for the "*Iris*" after he had done with it, though he frequently enough volunteered paragraphs in advocacy of local benevolent institutions.

As [redacted] Blackwell had [redacted] seen the poet's silver inkstand, it [redacted] placed on the table. Mr. Blackwell remarked that it did not appear to have been much used. Montgomery replied that it [redacted] only fit to be used on great occasions. *Holland*: "Such [redacted] the introduction of the Poet Laureate, who I should like [redacted] in this room." *Montgomery*: "It is my own fault, or I should have been sitting in [redacted] far more splendid room, and with [redacted] poet [redacted] popular than Southey himself." And now [redacted] our knowledge of the cause of his evidently ruffled feelings: with [redacted] reluctance, he explained that Thomas [redacted] [redacted] then on a visit [redacted] Stoke Hall, in Derbyshire, the pleasant residence of Robert Arkwright, Esq., whose wife was [redacted] Kemble; from [redacted] lady" the [redacted] poet [redacted] just received a [redacted] in-

" Mrs. Arkwright was herself a composer of beautiful songs, which, according to the testimony of Moore, she sung with exquisite taste and effect.

viting him to spend a few days with the author of "Lalla Rookh" at the Rectory of the Derwent. To this proposal, otherwise so gratifying, there was an insuperable obstacle in the mind of Montgomery, — he had written a review of Moore's "Odes and Epistles" in the "Eclectic;" that article had been republished with the author's name, and without his authority certainly, but with the best intention it might be. Under these circumstances, and as he could not be quite sure that Moore would read, or that he knew Moore to have been the writer of the strictures in question, he could not venture to meet him by appointment if nothing of the sort had happened. As a reviewer, Montgomery added, he had done his duty, not only without anything like personal ill-will, but conscientiously, with regard to the work in question; and that whatever might be the feelings of Moore himself in reference to the article in question, if he knew he had read it himself, he should be glad to meet him. But, as the matter stood, he could not join the poet at Stoke Hall, enjoy with him the hospitalities of the Arkwrights, and indulge in that generous interchange of courtesies for which both parties were otherwise prepared, when, perhaps immediately after the interview, and certainly soon after his death, he might be described as the man who could, at any time, write with such severity against the immoral doctrines of the Anacreontic poet, and afterwards meet him at the social board of a common friend if nothing of the sort had happened; under other circumstances, he should have liked well enough to have been introduced to Moore. His thought on receiving the Arkwright's invitation was a hint to her, in a letter of apology, that there was a difficulty in the way which he could not explain; "but," he, turning to Gales, "you know

when a lady and a poet get together, they are sure to get every difficulty in the way of such a conclusion that which they are anxious to arrive at would have been in this case." His next intention was to write a note to Moore himself, avowing the authorship of the strictures on the "Odes and Epistles." The novelty of this resolution led him through a page and a letter-paper, when he changed his mind, and finally adopted the wiser course of making an apology to the lady in general terms, and confiding the specific details of his anxiety to his friend Dr. Knight, whom he should have accompanied to Stoke, and who might mention it, if not, at his discretion. The subject was mentioned; and Moore said he thought better, not worse, of Montgomery for the delicacy of feeling which had influenced him on this occasion, much as he regretted having in consequence missed the anticipated pleasure of his company.* The testimony of the Rev. Francis Hodgson, of Bakewell, who shared in the regret of his friend.

Jan. 31. We have briefly adverted, under 1826,

* I allude to the subject in his Diary:—"Jan. 31. Forgot to mention that Montgomery the poet was to come (from Sheffield) yesterday to dinner with a Dr. — who dined here, but refused, from rather an over-delicate scruple with respect to me. It appears he once wrote a very violent attack on myself or my poetry, which, though he is not quite sure I did anything about it (as is really the case), makes him feel not altogether justified in meeting me till I am apprised of the circumstance. Anxious as I had been before to make his acquaintance, this, of course, increased my desire; and we were in great hopes, from the messages sent, that he would have come to-day; but he did not. It seems he writes all those imaginative (and some of them beautiful) things of his in one of the closest and dirtiest alleys in all dirty Sheffield." Then follows the entry of Montgomery's speech in 1826 already alluded to.

the important part which, at the beginning of that year, Montgomery took in the dispute about church-rates at Sheffield. From that period to the present, chiefly in consequence of the distress of the working population of the town arising from the want of trade, the question of rates had been in abeyance. On the 31st of January, this year, a vestry-meeting—and, it turned out, a “monster meeting”—was called, and assembled in the chancel of the parish church, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of levying rates upon the whole parish of Sheffield to repair the fences of the old churchyard, to fence the three churches, to provide a bell for each, and also books, sacramental utensils, ornaments, &c. for two of them.” The vicar presided, and having opened the business of the day in general terms, he called upon Mr. Montgomery to lay before the meeting a statement of the rates at issue. As factious opposition was a feature in the poet’s character, and in this instance he certainly regarded the rate as at once legal, reasonable, and necessary, he endeavoured to show why it ought to be granted. Nothing, however, could be further from the mind of the bulk of the meeting, consisting, as it did, almost entirely of recusant ratepayers, than any disposition to deal with the question on its merits: and accordingly, as soon as the drift of the speaker clearly perceived, than an uproar, such as can but rarely, if ever, have been heard before within the walls of a church, arose from the densely-packed and clamorous crowd. With astonishing courage and perseverance Montgomery stood his ground, confronted the hubbub, and continued his statement, not, indeed, until he delivered all he had to say, but until he sunk with excitement and exhaustion.* This extraordinary

* This speech is a specimen of forensic argu-

meeting, although a failure in respect to the main object of its promoters, had a threefold issue: 1st. it was the last time such an unseemly exhibition was permitted to disgrace that consecrated enclosure; 2nd. it satisfied all parties that thenceforward a church-rate would never be either voted or collected in Sheffield; and 3rd. it levied on Montgomery's popular reputation, as the advocate of liberal opinions, the highest penalty he could pay—the double reproach of being a friend of the clergy, and an advocate for the support of the Established Church.

When Mr. Holland afterwards asked Montgomery whether he did not feel somewhat alarmed at the threatening aspect of the unruly multitude before whom he stood in the ancient chancel, he replied that he did not;

and eloquence. It was published in the "Sheffield Iris" on Feb. 5. 1828. from a MS. supplied by the speaker himself, and fills five closely-printed columns.

* He was, however, somewhat surprised and annoyed to learn that it was intended to deny him a hearing on the alleged ground that he was not a *ratepayer*: the fact being, that having succeeded to the premises occupied by Mr. Gales, he had, for more than thirty years, paid all of rates, on demand, without asking a question; it turned out that his name of his predecessor had remained unaltered in the parish books for more than forty years! During this period the vestry themselves, whenever they thought Montgomery could render any public service, had always looked upon him as a ratepayer, and had repeatedly appointed him to committees of such persons only. In this instance he had been summoned before the magistrate and paid a penalty as a ratepayer. This was an amusing one:—a heavy snowfall had suddenly occurred, and about fifty inhabitants, including the poet, were brought before the Bench on charge of neglecting to have the snow swept from the footpath in front of their premises respectively. "What shall I do with you?" asked the magistrate. "You can do nothing but fine us," said Montgomery, as spokesman. And, accordingly, they all paid a nominal penalty.

for however many persons might naturally enough have been terrified in such a position at such a crisis, he knew the character of the mobs better than most people; and on every occasion, though there was enough of turbulence, there was nothing of the fierceness which he had sometimes witnessed under other circumstances of popular excitement. Besides, he added, "that no man in a right mind would offer himself a volunteer in such a conflict between the supporters and the opponents of a church-rate, yet a man, who deserved the name, ought to be free from the conscientious discharge of a public duty, however painful to his feelings or perilous to his popularity."

Feb. 6. Montgomery called at the "Iris" office: the morning was exceedingly mild and beautiful; exactly such weather as the poet enjoyed. *Montgomery*: "I suppose you will have heard the wood-lark singing, on your way through the fields? I have heard the red-breast, who was already to have changed his autumnal for his spring note." *Holland*: "I have heard neither lark nor robin to day; but it does so happen that I have just been reading your apostrophe to the latter bird in 'Prose by a Poet;' and one naturally speculates with regard to the subject. I have been trying to make out what 'happened' to give rise to the mysterious record on the same page.* My notion is, that the writer fell asleep over

* "Well, it has happened. Something truly worthy of being remembered no more for ever occurred in this room just after I had concluded the foregoing sentence. It lasted half an hour; though the circumstance especially to be forgotten occupied less than two minutes of that time, the whole transaction must be buried here, with no other epitaph than this note of interrogation (!), which shall never be removed till the world's end."—*Prose by a Poet*, vol. ii. p. 47, "My Journal at Scarborough."

journal!" *Montgomery*: "As I have said, the [REDACTED] shall [REDACTED] divulged: I may, however, say your guess [REDACTED] wide of the mark; but, curiously enough, [REDACTED] happens, that only [REDACTED] very morning I had nearly let the subject slip, and only caught it just before [REDACTED] passed over my tongue."

About [REDACTED] time appeared [REDACTED] widely circulated notice of [REDACTED] publication of "*Montgomery's New Poem, The Omnipresence of the Deity*;" [REDACTED] style of advertisement well calculated—whatever [REDACTED] intended—to lead [REDACTED] the supposition that the only poet of that name then popularly known, and around whose [REDACTED] a halo of piety and genius had long been gathering, was the author of the work thus announced.* To admit that *Montgomery* [REDACTED] capable of feeling the slightest degree of anything like envy at the [REDACTED] of a poetical [REDACTED] temporary, would be [REDACTED] injustice to his memory, [REDACTED] it would have been [REDACTED] insult to [REDACTED] understanding: while [REDACTED] deny that he felt annoyed by what could not but be regarded [REDACTED] best [REDACTED] act of singular disingenuousness [REDACTED] part of those interested in the [REDACTED] of the advertisement in question, would be to compliment his good [REDACTED] the expense of his good [REDACTED]. It was [REDACTED] poor subterfuge [REDACTED] say that the title-page of the book [REDACTED] not favour delusion as to its authorship, when, in fact, purchasers had been first misled by the advertisement. Indeed, [REDACTED] influential was the prestige of [REDACTED] name familiar [REDACTED] literature, and so little [REDACTED] a trick suspected [REDACTED] quarters, that, [REDACTED] say nothing of egregious compliments paid to the [REDACTED] poet, [REDACTED] orally and by letters, he received [REDACTED] London

* The unworthy trick was repeated in an advertisement which, [REDACTED] moment, deceived [REDACTED] persons, immediately [REDACTED] poet's [REDACTED]. Vide "*Athenæum*," June 17. 1854.

evening paper in which the "New Poem" was formally reviewed in his, in spite of the evidence of the title-page, as well as every other page of the book. "Such criticism," our friend, "is enough to humble the proudest poet, when he finds himself puffed in a quarter where not only his style is unrecognised, but his very identity mistaken!"

At this time he happened to read, much struck with, a paragraph in a newspaper, to the effect that "the Jews occasionally held a 'solemn assembly' in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the ancient burial place of Jerusalem. They are obliged to pay a heavy sum for the privilege of thus mourning, in stillness, at the sepulchres of their ancestors." On this hint he composed the touching stanzas, entitled the "Tombs of the Fathers,"* which first appeared in a volume of poetical contributions by various hands, published by the Rev. Francis Hodgson for the benefit of a brother clergyman. It was probably the perusal of these lines which led the Rev. Dr. Croly to send a copy of his volume of "Salathiel, the Wandering Jew," to Montgomery, with the assurance that he was "among the admirers of his zeal, his feelings, and his poetry." At the same date as the "Cry from South Africa,"† in advocacy of the erection of a chapel at Cape Town for the negro slaves of the colony.

April 21. Montgomery went to York to preside at a Wesleyan Missionary Meeting: he was the guest of the Rev. Robert Wood, whose house Mr. Everett visited him. He appeared very unwell, having left at five o'clock in the morning: "I courted sleep," he, "but it would not come." Everett: "You are more successful than John Bunyan with his verse, who,

* Works, p. 100.

† Works, p. 101.

when he 'pulled, it came.' *Montgomery*: "Aye; but he first got his 'subject by the end'—which I could not. People seem to have dealt in that way with me; for I have lately been drawn to wire!"* In talking about the part he would have to sustain in the evening, he said, "I hope Mr. Wood has not done New York, as Mr. Maraden did at Shrewsbury last year:—on entering the city, I saw, on a large placard announcing the meeting, that 'James Montgomery, Esq., the celebrated poet, would be present!' Much as I was grieved at this, the matter was rendered worse, as it happened, by the fact that, in the evening, although I had nearly lost my voice, I made to deliver five or six speeches. And to crown the whole, when I went to a friend's house after the meeting, good Mr. Maraden, like a poet as he is†, put a hundred interrogatories to me across the room, which, voice or no voice, I had to answer aloud, till I fairly broke down." Descriptive poetry is mentioned. *Montgomery*: "In reading descriptive poetry, we often form images in the mind that differ widely from the reality, in connection with places we have not

* He had only a few days previously declined an invitation to take part in a similar meeting at Hull, alleging numerous engagements as an obstacle. "Indeed," he added, "the very thoughts of them make my heart fail, and I am ready at times to lay down this cross altogether, from personal aversion to which the labour of action is nothing, or rather is relief when I am actually engaged in it and there is no retreat. I must therefore rely on your generous forbearance and forgiveness if I say, 'I pray you have me excused.' May the blessing of God a thousand-fold compensate in some other way for any deficiency on my part in your festival!"—*Letter to Isaac, April 1841*

† The Rev Joshua Maraden, a missionary in North America and Bermuda. After his return to England, in 1814, he published "Amusements of a Missioner," "Forest Musings," &c.

seen. I [redacted] poem of 'Rokeby' when I first [redacted] the place; but, having spent a day or [redacted] there two years ago, I was much struck with the general agreement between the scenery and my recollection of Scott's descriptions.* In the same way, [redacted] read Bloomfield's ' [redacted] of the Wye,' and found, when I afterwards visited Tintern Abbey and the adjacent scenes, that I [redacted] derived a very [redacted] idea of them from the language of the poet: indeed, [redacted] generally [redacted] the locality of such a poem before [redacted] can fully enter into the author's mind and feelings." *Wood*: "What then becomes of the Pelican Island, which [redacted] never [redacted] see?" *Montgomery*: "You may [redacted] much of it [redacted] I ever [redacted] and so far [redacted] the language [redacted] exactly according to truth and nature, and your perspicacity of these exact also, there will be [redacted] agreement between the ideas embodied by the author, and the impressions made on the mind of the reader; and that is all that can be claimed for imaginary scenes. But do not mistake me: I by no means intend to say that it is *necessary* to the enjoyment of descriptive poetry, even in a high degree, to be familiar with the real scene; I only contend that in many cases the accuracy [redacted] beauty of poetical description [redacted] only be *fully* appreciated by actual comparison with the objects described." [redacted] then mentioned the origin of the "Pelican Island," and the missionary speech of similar import, which [redacted] have already described, recalling [redacted] Everett's attention to an incident connected with the latter:—"When I was speaking, [redacted] adverted [redacted] narrative of Captain Flinders; but, in my ardour, I [redacted] utterly unable [redacted] recollect the [redacted] of [redacted] with whose history I was so familiar, and was

* Rokeby, canto ii. and notes.

actually compelled me ask, 'What is the meaning of that large white bird, with a pouch under its bill, and that pierces its breast to feed its young?' 'A pelican!' shouted Captain Hawtrey. 'Yes, that's the bird,' said I: so you may see the time I visited the Pelican Island. I saw the bird flown; but I never ventured upon the experiment again in a speech. My first glimpse of the subject was at Ockbrook, where I saw it once or two—but again, the bird was flown! The subject never ceased to haunt my imagination until the morning of the sudden and complete development of the plan of my poem on my way home from Harrogate in the autumn of 1826." Wood: "I recollect, on a missionary occasion, hearing you make an allusion to the coral islands in the South Seas." Montgomery: "Yes; and I surprised and delighted the president of your Conference (the Rev. John Stephens) with the conceit that, judging from the size of existing reefs, and seeing that coral islands are still constantly in progress of formation and enlargement, a time might arrive when these would coalesce, and a new continent appear where there only spreads an immense expanse of ocean with its inular spots—a continent peopled with human beings blessed with the light of the gospel, basking beneath the meridian beams of a sun more glorious than ours, and reflecting back on our world looking down in loveliness on our world a light thirteen degrees broader and brighter than that which the earth at present imparts. 'Thus,' I added, after-generations may witness nature and grace, heaven and earth, reciprocally increasing and diffusing their light respectively.' But this rhapsody had no connection with the original conception of the 'Pelican Island.'"

The Wesleyan chapel, in which the meetings were held, was crowded both in the morning and in the evening—Quakers, Calvinists, and church-goers

contributing to swell an audience which the reputation of the poet had done much towards bringing together. In ■ introductory address he dwelt ■ some length and with great animation on the history, antiquities, and importance of the city of York; turning from the past ■ the present,—from the legions of Constantine, and the conflicts between the houses of York and Lancaster, to the establishments for the celebration of religion and the administration of justice—to the venerable cathedral and the frowning castle. He adverted frankly ■ ■ own repeated imprisonment there: adding, that whatever might be the justice ■ injustice of ■ sentence, he had learnt within yonder walls, if not the lessons of humility, which he might have done, ■ least to mistrust the efficacy of punishment merely as an instrument of moral reformation: it might *restrain*, but it could ■ *correct* vice. He then proceeded ■ ■ the influence of the gospel ■ a corrective of wickedness, with different non-religious schemes for regenerating humanity at home, and with the various systems of heathenism abroad. In the evening he dwelt largely ■ the duty and importance of *prayer* in connection with missionary operations; and he did this with a fervid eloquence that seemed the ■ affecting and conclusive ■ coming from a layman—and a poet. One of ■ observations was very striking: “Prayer,” said he, “is not only the sublimest expression of the Church on earth, but there ■ ■ be something very like prayer among the souls of the martyrs in heaven itself,—‘How long, O Lord, holy and true, ■ thou not judge and ■ blood ■ them ■ dwell ■ the earth?’” And ■ in hell there was prayer, but it ■ uttered with a tongue of fire, ■ without the hope of personal advantage.”†

■ Rev. vi. ■

† Luke xvi. 24—31.

April 1864 Montgomery accompanied Mr. Everett to the castle, the latter being anxious to ascertain which the castle occupied by the poet during his imprisonment.* On approaching the massive entrance he quoted the well-known line of Dante, —

“Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che 'ntrate”

“All Hope abandon, ye who enter here!”



THE NEW BUILDINGS, YORK CASTLE

* That portion of the castle which comprised Montgomery's rooms was in his time the “New Buildings,” exactly opposite to, architecturally counterpart of, the edifice in which the Assize Courts are at present held, as will be seen from the vignette on the title-page of this volume of the poet's apartment

And to many who this stronghold the admonition literally applicable! Whatever might the feelings with which Montgomery revisited a where he suffered so much, companion a deep interest in consciousness that man who had been twice sentenced incarceration within walls, not only that moment replacing the green-sward in freedom and in joy, but honoured and beloved by every who knew him.* tions were, of course, heightened on entering the apartments which been occupied by the poet, altered some of them been. Montgomery, who for horrors of any description, turned with repugnance from a collection of instruments of murder, and of legal torture, which have very properly ceased to be exhibited: the latter especially, he remarked, ought to be burnt with the laws that authorise their buried a thousand miles deep in the earth! The gallows, and melancholy being mentioned, Montgomery said, the "new drop," one of the themes of conversation and admiration among the inmates of the prison when he there,—the chap himself having remarked that "six might hang very comfortably once, but many!"

is indicated by the upper window between the pilasters, at the right-hand extremity of the prison. The other window (from which he used to watch the motion of the warden in direction Bishopthorpe, Vol. I. p. 231.), is in the end of the building, overlooks the Foss-*mill* bridge, from which is distinctly seen.

This remark can hardly be extended to the barber into whose shop he went to be shaved after one of the meetings, and who, having first entertained a customer on whom he operating with an account of the Sheffield poet and his visit to York, edified the latter in his turn with some not very uncomplimentary opinions on Methodism; the whole being listened to with a becoming gravity!

The poet and his friend afterwards visited the cathedral, and the site of St. Mary's Abbey; the interest of the former place having at that time been lessened by the fires, and that of the latter increased by the erection of the hall of the Philosophical Society.

He found at Mr. Wood's not fewer than eight or nine albums, accompanied by petitions from the owners soliciting inscriptions, and which, as usual, the good-naturedly complied. On his way to take the coach for Sheffield, he encountered a formidable autograph collector in the person of Dr. Raffles, who pressed him for the use of the "Pelican Island." Montgomery replied, that he did not know what to do in the case; there were many claimants, he thought he had better throw the book into Chancery!

On the 10th of April a large public meeting was held in Sheffield, to consider the propriety of petitioning Parliament for the repeal of the Act, passed in 1826, prohibiting country bankers from issuing their local notes, under 5*l*, after the expiration of three years from that time. Montgomery took an active part in the proceedings, speaking at great length in favour of repealing the Act, on the ground that a continuance of the use of small notes in the country was "of essential importance to the convenience, the comfort, and the morals of the working classes;" and, viewed from the speaker's position at the time, such appeared to be the case. The prayer of the petitioners, however, echoed as it was by the country generally, was listened to — happily for the town, in which, had it been otherwise, the crash of one of the old local banks, which occurred a few years afterwards, produced so much suffering and to so many individuals, would probably have been disastrous.

James Montgomery to James P. [unclear]

"Sheffield, May 11 [unclear]"

"DEAR FRIEND,

"I have an opportunity of returning Lord Brooke's Poems by [unclear] Blackwell, [unclear] gladly [unclear] myself of [unclear] to say that I hope you arrived safely [unclear] home from York last week, and that you [unclear] fully recovered [unclear] the [unclear] of indisposition, which alarmed me more, perhaps, than [unclear] alarmed yourself, when I found you writhing under [unclear] bodily pain in a mortal quarter. May [unclear] Lord preserve you long, and enable you to [unclear] [unclear] and [unclear] cause, in [unclear] [unclear] which He, [unclear] you, [unclear] choose!—and yet you will choose that and that only, I think,—desiring to have no will but his. I shall keep Bernard's 'Sale of Man' a little longer, [unclear] I may have occasion for it when I [unclear] to Bunyan's 'Holy War.'

"I [unclear] your obliged friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Mr. Jas. Everett, Manchester."

May 9. Montgomery called [unclear] the 'Iris' office, and, asking [unclear] a private interview with Mr. Holland, said he wished him to read the correspondence which had taken place between himself and the Moravian missionaries [unclear] Antigua, relative [unclear] [unclear] imputations on their conduct, contained in a private letter addressed by [unclear] of the Wesleyan missionaries to his friends in Sheffield, [unclear] the vexed question of negro slavery. The poet [unclear] not only a good deal perplexed, but, as he confessed, deeply grieved by this inconsiderate [unclear] of [unclear] individual who [unclear] not intend the mischief that followed. "I [unclear] peculiarly wounded," [unclear] Montgomery in a letter to a friend, "because the complaint [unclear] from my friends, the [unclear]; for friends from my heart I call them, [unclear] love them [unclear] such (and they

style, and manner of thinking, to have maintained its place in popular literature of every succeeding age, with the probability that, so long as the language in which it is written endures, it will not cease to be read by a great number of the youth of future generations, in that period of time when their minds, and imaginations, and their hearts are susceptible of the moral excellence, splendid picture, and religious sentiment. The disparagement made by the learned, and the profane, and upon its account its homely diction, or its pious discourses, are never to be brought to 'Pilgrim's Progress' into contempt, or to diminish the author's imperishable glory. When we hear any one speak against it with wit or device, or malignity utter, it is the most successful of all felicitous application of a singular simile to a subject for ever equally interesting on every point, at least—the soul's salvation; while to those who are peruse it, of whatever degree of intelligence or cultivation they may be, it will continue to be a book exercising more influence upon minds of every class than the most brilliant genius, with all the advantages of education and good fortune, has been able to rival, in this respect, since its publication. Indeed, it would be another work of any kind, in our native tongue, of which so many editions have been printed—of which so many readers have lived and died; the character of whose lives and must have been, more or less, influenced by its lessons and examples, and its realities. This fact alone proves that, though there may be many books superior to it in learning, taste, ability,—and we readily admit that there are,—the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is an ordinary offspring of an ordinary mind. It is impossible that a production of fancy, without extraordinary merit of its own, standing perfectly apart from everything of its sort, could have been so long and triumphantly popular."

The foregoing sentiments, as indisputably true as they are happily expressed, have been indorsed by subsequent writers on the subject, including Robert Southey,

Mr. Macaulay, Dr. Philip, George Offer, in this country, Dr. Cheever in America. Although is the place to review the opinions which have been put forth concerning Bunyan generally, as a man author, we may be permitted very briefly to point out affecting in his character. The question which, raised in his own time, has reiterated in the present hour,—Was to any, as to what, preceding publication, for the idea, not to the plan, of his work? Montgomery first, in the "Christian Poet," the hint, he repeats in that "the *Pilgrim*, 'Whitney's Emblems,' might perhaps have inspired the first idea of this extraordinary work under consideration; " an opinion which Southey quotes without any disparagement of its probability. Offer, who has much taken into inquiry, having examined all the known allegories antecedent which could be imagined to bear any resemblance to " *Pilgrim's Progress*," to the conclusion Bunyan spoke what was literally true when he declared that he in any way indebted to any one for his story: such is certainly our conviction. He says that, "had it been discovered hints might have been given by previous writers, would have been any serious reflection upon its originality of a work which no prototype. idea," he adds, "is well expressed by Mr. Montgomery:—'If the Nile could be traced to a thousand springs, still be the Nile; and so far undishonoured by its obligations, it would repay a glory fold by reflecting the nameless glory of being allied to the most renowned of rivers.'"

* Mr. Offer's very curious Essay is prefixed to an exact reprint

at [redacted] [redacted] by Collins that the "Pilgrim's Progress" should be followed by a similar [redacted] [redacted] Bunyan's "Holy War," [redacted] an Introductory Essay by Montgomery, in which he intended [redacted] make particular inquiry [redacted] [redacted] "analogies [redacted] parallelisms" alleged to exist between certain portions of that work and Bernard's "Isle of Man; or the Proceedings [redacted] Manshire against Sin:" but the design dropped.

of the first edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," 1678, issued by the Hanserd Knollys Society in 1847. Southey's "Life of Bunyan" was written for "the most beautiful edition that has ever appeared of this famous work,"—that printed by Major in 1830.

CHAP. LXIV.

1828.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING.—WEDDING OF MRS. HUNTINGTON.—THE POET IN HIS GARDEN.—LETTERS ABOUT THE "WHISPERER."—THE "MONTGOMERY GALLERY."—LETTER TO MRS. MONTGOMERY MOUNTAINS AND PEOPLE.—LADY MONTGOMERY MOUNTAINS TO MRS. MONTGOMERY MOUNTAINS.—SOCIETY OF GRAY'S "BARD."—ASCENT OF MONTGOMERY.—INTERVIEW WITH MRS. MONTGOMERY.—LETTER FROM MRS. ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.—MR. RICHARD PHILLIPS IN SHEFFIELD.—STOPPING RURAL FOOTPATH.—LETTER FROM MR. MONTGOMERY.

JUNE 9. At the beginning of summer Montgomery was again deeply engaged with the question of slavery. Meetings had been held in other towns to further the entire abolition of that abominable system; and it was now the turn of the abolitionists in this town to come forward as became them in this mighty movement. Upon the poet devolved the duty of calling the townspeople together, drawing up resolutions to lay before them, and preparing a petition to Parliament. This was an affair of considerable delicacy; while all of the inhabitants, who thought on the subject at all, were agreed as to the desirableness, as well as the practicability of putting an end to slavery in the British dominions, they differed materially about the manner of doing it. Montgomery, whose prudence happily was accompanied with his enthusiasm, managed the matter, and all parties, even the most scrupulous, could assent at least in the prayer of the petition; while others, who overlooked all conflicting

considerations in the [redacted] here [redacted] a [redacted] evil which ought to [redacted] remedied, were pleased with the placard calling [redacted] meeting, [redacted] Montgomery had instructed the printer [redacted] the largest type he had [redacted] the first of the two words of the headline—"No Slavery!" The meeting [redacted] held on [redacted] of June, when Montgomery spoke [redacted] great length, and with equal propriety and effect.* An [redacted] [redacted] before us, in his own handwriting; but [redacted] arguments have lost most [redacted] their [redacted] [redacted] success, [redacted] only transcribe a single passage, which [redacted] [redacted] remarkable for its force [redacted] beauty [redacted] justify [redacted] in consigning it to oblivion.

"What," demanded the speaker, "has been the condition of every negro mother during the [redacted] eight-and-twenty years in her hour of sorrow and peril? [redacted] condition has been that of the woman in the Apocalypse, who cried, travelling in birth, [redacted] pained to be delivered; while a

* This and similar meetings in different parts of the country were auxiliary to one which was held in Exeter Hall in the month of March, and [redacted] which Lord Brougham presided. Although not personally present at this great metropolitan gathering of anti-slavery delegates, Montgomery's words were heard, and his spirit felt, even on that occasion, in a way which will not soon be forgotten by those individuals who listened to the animating speech of the Rev. J. Carlisle, of Belfast, and joined in the applause which followed its concluding sentiment,—

"Where a tyrant never trod,
Where a slave was never known,
But where Nature worships God,
In the wilderness alone,—
Thither, thither would I roam;
There my children may be free;
I for them will find a home,
They shall find a grave for me."

Wanderer of Switzerland, Part vi. 5, 6.

great red dragon stood before her, ready to devour her offspring as soon as ■ should be born! The dragon of slavery has thus swallowed the negro woman's progeny, during a whole generation, the moment they saw the light of this world: happy, ■ happy, ■ they (and their number, too, must have been great) who, like the child of that woman, were caught up from his rage unto God and to his throne. But ■ have been the survivors; hundreds of thousands of children have thus been born; they ■ indeed been murdered; but of every one of ■ may be said, without a quibble, that its ■ has been taken from it and given to another, who had already many more lives than his own ■ his disposal,—given ■ a master, for whom ■ was doomed to live, ■ labour, ■ suffer, ■ spend ■ strength! Ought ■ things to be so? They ought not."

There was a good deal of spirited discussion ■ the meeting; and between the real, but cautious opponents of slavery, who were almost afraid to ■ lest they should do ■ harm than good, and the reckless haters of ■ system and its supporters, who neither ■ nor feared danger, Montgomery had enough to do ■ ■ for the general co-operation: he ■ however, successful, though his spirits were for ■ ■ good ■ by this "fine brush," ■ he called the altercation. He ■ hardly reached home, when a letter was placed in his hand, bearing the address, "J. Montgomery, Esq., forwarded by ■■ Montgomery," with an intimation ■ a gentleman was waiting. ■ this be? Was it Robert Montgomery, ■ portrait and memoir* were lying ■ the table? Whoever ■ would gladly have been spared ■ ceremony of ■ introduction ■ stranger, in ■ present ■ and ■ his feelings. ■

* In the "Imperial Magazine" for June, 1828.

turned the letter was from Collins of Glasgow, and the gentleman who presented it a respectable Mr. Irvine of Ayrshire, the birthplace of our bard; and who, on these credentials, was recommended by the coincidence that both his father and his mother were *Montgomerys*.

The letter of Collins referred to his reprint of an American book, "Memoirs of the Mrs. Susan Huntington, of Boston, Mass.," for Mr. Montgomery just written an "Introductory Essay," the object of which is to demonstrate the influence and value of these unambitious memorials of piety which are actual, and it may be deep and varied, religious experience of men and women not otherwise remarkable in the estimation of their fellow creatures.

"In Mrs. Huntington," says the essayist, "we have an exemplification of Christian life in the rising into grace, expanding into beauty, flourishing in usefulness, from infancy to youth, from youth to womanhood; then, without reaching old age, translated to Paradise, 'like a tree planted by the rivers of water,' brought forth its fruit in due season, and whose leaf also not, being down in its prime, only as the glory of the place where it grew. There were no extraordinary incidents in her brief existence; she occupied no eminent station in society; she was endowed with no splendid talents; but on account of these very (defects they not) something excellent, yet attainable by all, having been found in her, she may be presented as a model to others passing through the same ordinary circumstances, whereby they may themselves to meet every change till the last; and that last, be perfectly prepared for a state beyond the possibility of a change for ever."

There is another passage which we

to quote: it embodies a meaning almost every thoughtful have felt—perhaps it may be the anticipatory feeling the reader of work present:—

“Towards the close of any book of biography in which we have been peculiarly interested, there is something of apprehension experienced as we approach the last pages; we know the catastrophe consummates every work kind, because the same is the consummation of every human. Whose heart has not palpitated? whose has not trembled, as it felt a faster pulse at turning over and whose eye has not keenly, eagerly, yet afraid and revoltingly, glanced at the very last agony is described, as though it saw the dying look of one who ‘very pleasant in life,’ and from whom, even ‘in the volume of the book,’ it was hard to be divided?”

Collins not only gratified by Montgomery's promptitude in writing the essay, which him to anticipate a competition reprinting the work from the American original, but was much pleased with the article itself. “It is,” he “an article of much ability and peculiar interest; and you have finely discriminated her character and writings. I have to express my gratitude for the beautiful very experimental with which you have closed the essay. Oh, the great is to love, and like God!” The “Poem” is that republished under the of “Lot of the Righteous.” *

July Mr. Holland, having been present at Montgomery's consecration of Philip's Church, accompanied home to the engravings, which just purchased, partly because they represented scenes in the neighbourhood

Sheffield, mainly as an artist, David Martin, formerly a pupil of Bowick, Newcastle, but afterwards connected with publishing speculations. After tea, the poet took with him the garden which he rented just outside the town. The plot was productive, and neatly kept: but, as appeared then and afterwards, he was indebted to the owner's personal management; for, as we have intimated, he was remarkably inexpert with either spade, rake, or pruning-knife. His beds and borders always presented in their season a fine display of rarities, the presents of kind friends, including, especially, handsome varieties of the rose. The gardens of Wentworth House, both before and after the mania for cultivating this fine flower for show or for sale, led to such extraordinary beautiful developments of size, form, and colour under the management of floriculturists. It will be seen from the following note that the poet made a mistake in one quarter at least:—

James Montgomery to Joseph Cooper.

“Sheffield, Jan. 30. 1830.

“DEAR SIR,

“In length I have the pleasure of informing you that I have procured for you, by personal application to our missionary agent in London, some small parcels of fresh seeds from Labrador, which shall be delivered to yourself or your order. If I am mistaken, you have long wanted specimens of this kind, which, however, are very difficult to be obtained; and ship only, our missionary vessel, visiting that lonely region annually. Waiting your directions,

“I am, your friend and servant,

“J. MONTGOMERY.”

“Mr. Cooper, Botanical Gardens, Wentworth House.”

We [redacted] the [redacted] following [redacted] together, [redacted] they [redacted] [redacted] same subject, and explain each other : —

James Montgomery to Mrs. B——d.

"Sheffield, Jan. 4, 1838.

"DEAR MADAM,

"I am exceedingly ashamed that anything which I said this morning to Mr. B. should be the cause of depriving you of the possession of a book on which you set the smallest value; yet I cannot be sorry that your kindness, on a consideration of the peculiar circumstances of the case, [redacted] have [redacted] you to make a voluntary sacrifice of the 'Whisperer.' The plain truth is this,—there are here [redacted] there, in the heterogeneous contents of its pages, coarse or profane phrases, which I cannot bear to think might hereafter be revived and printed for no other reason [redacted] the world than because they were written by me. I know not what the indiscretion of friends may do to bring [redacted] name into discredit, when I am gone hence and [redacted] more seen, by publishing what ought never [redacted] have been written [redacted] all, and what it will be a sin in them to call [redacted] from the dead,—(if I have, unfortunately, any such friends, who are more [redacted] be feared than enemies; and if I have not, I shall escape better out of the world than most [redacted] authors have done. There is such a rage for 'remains,' [redacted] another fear is added to the ordinary terrors of death, in the apprehension of 'posthumous works,' till I, for one, feel [redacted] as if I should blush in [redacted] grave for what [redacted] be done to honour me in this way! I will not attempt to explain the last sentence, but, presuming that you will be able to guess the general import, I beg to say that I reconcile myself to the thought of having so [redacted] impoverished your library, by the conviction that you will feel much more pleasure in the recollection of having done a generous act, than you ever could have done in the gratification of holding a worthless book, merely because it had become a rarity. At the same time,

in justice to myself and the readers of the 'Whisperer' in the last century, I am honestly desirous of suppressing the work so far as I can, not on account of its juvenile extravagances, but because of the few particular expressions to which I have [redacted]. Had it not been for *these*, I would have left it to [redacted] own fate—long ago [redacted] oblivion—without much fear of a resurrection to do my memory any great harm. Should [redacted] ever be in my power otherwise than by words to testify my gratitude for this obligation, I shall be most happy.

"I am, very truly and respectfully,

"Your obliged friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY."

James Montgomery to Mrs. B.—d.

"[redacted] July 28. 1838

"DEAR MADAM,

"I have not forgotten your kindness in giving up a certain volume of my juvenilities (the 'Whisperer'); [redacted] though I thanked you heartily at the time, I have long [redacted] for an opportunity of presenting a more substantial pledge [redacted] my gratitude [redacted] such circumstances as should leave you no room for hesitation in accepting it. I [redacted] two volumes just published, of which, though I am neither the author nor the editor, the popularity is, in some measure, to depend upon my Introductory Essays. This [redacted] entitles me to a number [redacted] copies, [redacted] [redacted] distribution amongst my [redacted] [redacted] you, therefore, allow me to consider you as one of the latter on this occasion, by accepting the books, viz., 'Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress,' and [redacted] [redacted] of Mrs. [redacted] Huntington?' Though I [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] acknowledge your [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] my feelings respecting [redacted] 'Whisperer,' by offering you what [redacted] [redacted] me money, I can frankly offer you these volumes, which have come gratuitously to myself, but which I honestly confess I value too much to bestow otherwise than in the best manner I

Bunyan's work, no doubt, you know well, and may already; but the alloy of my Introduction to the fine of his Pilgrim will add to the weight, if not to the value, and Mr. Scott's Notes will certainly enhance the latter. The "Letters" of Mr. Huntington have already been printed four times at least, within a few months, in this country. Though neither you nor I can be expected to express every sentiment in my journal or letters, I am quite sure that you will estimate the value of her doing good, and her piety in exercising her gifts, as I do; and her simplicity, her godly sincerity, her faith, and hope, her love in working out her salvation with fear and trembling, as she is held in esteem by all who know anything of their own hearts, and the conflict between sin and grace which is continually carried on in those who have experienced any of the power of the latter.

"Believe me very faithfully and gratefully,

"Your friend,

"J. Huntington."

About the middle of the year a series of large pictures were exhibited in Sheffield, under the designation of the "Montgomery Gallery." They were founded on the scenery of the "World before the Flood:"* the artist was J. R. Walker, of Nottingham, who, it was said, painted them for a gentleman of the name for 500 guineas. The compositions, entirely scenic, mostly rendered in the style of a poet in an elegant and satisfactory manner, and were very generally admired, on all accounts especially.

The subjects are — 1. The Mount of Paradise. 2. Zillah's Fall. 3. The Patriarchs' Glen. 4. An Earthquake at Sunset. 5. The Patriarchs' Sacrifice. 6. Twilight. 7. The Tomb of Abel. 8. Conflagration by Moonlight. 9. The Prelude to the Deluge. 10. The Deluge. After sundry vicissitudes of ownership — and artistic retouching — the paintings are at present the property of Mr. Bailey, of Nottingham, the father of the author of "Festus."

Montgomery to Miss Mary

"Aberystwith, Aug. 22 1828.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Your letter reached me at [redacted] on Saturday evening. I read it to the [redacted] of the harp, [redacted] you may [redacted] I [redacted] that [redacted] [redacted] more than I [redacted] have done to a shower of rain against [redacted] windows, though it was the first time in my life [redacted] had [redacted] [redacted] principality, [redacted] touched, for aught I know, by the spirit of 'The Bard' himself, for I saw not the minstrel who struck up his music in the passage of the [redacted] Hotel, just when your paper representative, [redacted] captivity at [redacted] post-office by Mr. Hodgson's servant, [redacted] by me on the table after a hasty walk through the town. Your hand touched another harp,—one of which my life-strings are the chords, [redacted] from which, indeed, you [redacted] most [redacted] yet melancholy notes; but do not be alarmed; nothing is sweet to me, so strangely am I constituted, [redacted] it be melancholy also. You [redacted] over [redacted] of the springs both of joy [redacted] grief in my remembrances [redacted] past, [redacted] my anticipations of time [redacted] come,—eternity itself included, which I may say is almost ever present [redacted] like the sky over my head, [redacted] changing from [redacted] arch of [redacted] immensity, however [redacted] horizon [redacted] change, as I travel [redacted] mountains or [redacted] plains,—that I gave myself [redacted] in reverie, [redacted] the things [redacted] you had actually named, [redacted] of others indefinitely allied to them. Into none of these dare I now enter, for [redacted] I begin I know not where I may end, nor should I, perhaps, be able to make myself understood even by you, though none could [redacted] readily comprehend, [redacted] more [redacted] rously interpret, my hypochondriacal imaginations.

"I [redacted] immediately, and for two hours [redacted] myself up to the enjoyment of such pleasures of memory and [redacted] hope as [redacted] [redacted] with a [redacted] of mind which, however disturbed, [redacted] exquisitely susceptible [redacted] tranquil-
lising [redacted] [redacted] scenery [redacted] circumstances

that surrounded me were calculated to inspire. The evening was calm and fresh; the little town was all alive, and presented [redacted] of the peculiarities [redacted] the people and their dwellings in this part of the island, where every sound and sight reminds one of the ages gone by, when the descendants of the true old Britons maintained their mountain fastnesses against all the power of the savages, [redacted] Normans, and successively overran the rest of the country, and where the living descendants of [redacted] still maintain their language and their manners, with little variety, notwithstanding their frequent intercourse with [redacted] foreigners. Rowland Hodgson [redacted] Montgomery journeying through [redacted] picturesque regions in quest of the [redacted] poetic. Of the former there is abundance, an abundance that overwhelms [redacted] crowds the mind even [redacted] bewilderment,—mountain driving mountain out of remembrance, as wave [redacted] wave on the sea, and few being so distinguished above [redacted] rest as to leave an imperishable image in the mind. As for the latter,—‘the poetic’ I mean,—I have found nothing yet: [redacted] for poetry there have been repeatedly presented [redacted] eye, and suggested [redacted] the thought, but [redacted] inspiration to give them form; and like dreams they came, lively [redacted] ravishing while they lasted, [redacted] forgotten [redacted] gone, as [redacted] they had never been. I think [redacted] was you that told me the secret how to remember a dream,—by thinking back upon it immediately on awaking, catching the skirt as [redacted] flits into invisibility, and thus retaining it from [redacted]. I have often made the experiment, [redacted] though, without this reflex act of the mind, even if I try what I dreamt of two hours afterwards, I can fix the most trifling incident as long as I please in [redacted] memory by one turn to look at it disappearing. (I meant [redacted] have applied this dreaming similitude to [redacted] neglect of poetic glimpses that have visited me by the way.) By the bye, your letter made me dream—of what, think you?—Eckington! [redacted] was nothing romantic or sentimental, though my mind was all glowing with the sunset of that day which, to most people, is the

most beautiful of life—the day of youth; mine was not so, but your letter brought the best part of it to my remembrance—the end, when I began to resign myself to what might befall me in the order of ■■■■ gracious providence, ■■■■ than ■■■■ any longer for myself, ■■■■ having chosen so long and so ill through many, many bitter years. Well, but ■■■■ dream of Eokington. ■■■■ was nothing of days that are gone, and are a thousand times lovelier in retrospect than they are in reality; nor was ■■■■ anything of days to come, if I dare contemplate such an association with that place;—it ■■■■ about something which I hope and which I ■■■■ I may prophesy ■■■■ never happen—it was ■■■■ ■■■■ and Winifred, the proprietors of your little patrimony there, had become insolvent, ■■■■ I fancied that I should lose a newspaper debt by them! From this preposterous digression, into which you will hardly forgive ■■■■ for running, I must return to my Saturday evening walk ■■■■ Brecon. This I might, perhaps, have ■■■■ entertaining, had I ■■■■ it into ■■■■ form of my ‘Scarborough Journal’ just after I got home. Indeed, I tried to do so, but both hand and heart failed. I was so ■■■■ and wearied, ■■■■ ■■■■ beginning my letter twice, ■■■■ spoiling half a page each of two sheets of paper, I was forced to give up and go to bed. From that hour to the present I have not had opportunity ■■■■ ■■■■ down quietly and resolutely to letter-writing; and now I am all unstrung from illness yesterday, and the irritation of noises last night ■■■■ this morning around me, being Aberystwith races, and Mr. H. and I prisoners ■■■■ ■■■■ head inn, where, ■■■■ ■■■■ eight-and-forty hours, there has been no rest, either ■■■■ or in ■■■■. But ■■■■ Brecon walk! Well, I must set off to hunt a mountain, which, ■■■■ of the inn window, seemed near enough, poetically speaking, if I had shouted to it, to have answered my voice with an echo, and yet it proved to be five miles off, so delusive is distance when ■■■■ by such objects. I learned this, indeed, before I set out; and ■■■■ intended to reach only an intervening eminence till I might view the magnificent height—forked like Parnassus, and

supported by peaks only a little inferior to itself—from a point where I could command, at one glance, the whole groupe in their true proportions. I crept through a long, close lane, neglecting the occasional loop-holes in the hedges, that I might enjoy at once the view above, around, below,—the hills, the woods, the river, and the town. When I gained the top, I was literally enabled to enjoy the privilege of peeping above the hedge at first, and then at the sides of the valley. The view was enlarged by nearness, and the symmetry of the elevations was either prolonged or foreshortened, and I was reminded of what I had before observed, that the grandeur of such objects, and their beauty of course, must be, on the one hand, sufficiently diminished to bring their magnitude down to the miniature of the eye, and their colouring and shape to the confined limits of harmony and grace. The valley, however, compensated, with its innumerable and minute images, for the disappointment on the part of the mountains. I cannot pretend to particularise here, for all the words in ‘Johnson’s Dictionary,’ in their combinations, cannot be made to paint a landscape of this kind, or indeed of any kind, in which the multiplicity of the objects constitutes the attraction, and forms the charm. Even the pencil cannot touch without breaking it. Brecon, however, being the true Welsh town that I had seen, had a very peculiar interest to me as I looked upon it from the hill, or crept through its streets. The houses were not more than two storeys high, plastered or whitewashed, with roofs of brown slate, or thatched, and green with moss, or yellow with lichens. The streets are very narrow, having many public-houses in them, and, being Saturday night, the country people in abundance, crowding the doors, or revelling within. What puzzled me was the perpetual murmur of voices of men, women, and children, on every hand, among which I could rarely catch a sound I understood, or which was not necessarily strange to me. Had I been deaf, I should have had no suspicion that I was in a land where anything

good plain English was spoken. This expression is not so absurd [REDACTED] may appear; for the [REDACTED] and action, and, [REDACTED] may add, the effect of speech of the good folks around me [REDACTED] natural, [REDACTED] I could scarcely conceive [REDACTED] other [REDACTED] [REDACTED] comprehending what they said, except [REDACTED] I heard them imperfectly. [REDACTED] from [REDACTED] understanding each other [REDACTED] well, [REDACTED] I really [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] to make out the meaning of [REDACTED] occasional English [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] tongue, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] have an alphabet of [REDACTED] own. Yet everything [REDACTED] everybody appeared [REDACTED] be quicker of apprehension than I was. I smiled to hear a woman talk Welsh [REDACTED] a dog, who perfectly [REDACTED] what [REDACTED] meant, which he interpreted [REDACTED] me by [REDACTED] obedience,—running out of the way of a [REDACTED] [REDACTED] a [REDACTED] [REDACTED] pulling, and the men pushing through a [REDACTED] door, till [REDACTED] caught at [REDACTED] side [REDACTED] fell backwards [REDACTED] their heads. They [REDACTED] soon extricated. My [REDACTED] surprise [REDACTED] find a little girl talking Welsh to her doll, [REDACTED] understood her tender accents, accompanied with more intelligible kisses, [REDACTED] well [REDACTED] I did. This [REDACTED] my fancy [REDACTED] than all beside with [REDACTED] seeming absurdity; though the next day a child of my own sex committed a much more flagrant absurdity, by coming [REDACTED] and talking Welsh [REDACTED] me! I will only [REDACTED] that, from a house, [REDACTED] probably where they sold [REDACTED] though I did not [REDACTED] the sign, I heard a [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. It was a wild [REDACTED] powerful voice, that, like a torrent, sounded as if it could have gone on for [REDACTED] without wearying, [REDACTED] almost without varying; yet there [REDACTED] something very plaintive in it; for rough, and loud, [REDACTED] stern as the tones were, the strain was [REDACTED] minor key, and I thought might have been a lay of Taliessen. Thank you [REDACTED] all your information about Worcestershire, [REDACTED] which [REDACTED] [REDACTED] wiser [REDACTED] I was before. I thought [REDACTED] Butler, and knew [REDACTED] [REDACTED] treasure found at Little Malvern. But it is a fact that, some years ago, a speculator spent several hundred pounds on one [REDACTED] the hills in [REDACTED] of gold! I bought for sixpence a specimen of the ore which has as much of gold in it as the whole mountain

contains, I dare venture to say. You [redacted] Lord Lyttelton and [redacted] monody. On the day [redacted] I wrote last I had the honour [redacted] pay a visit to *Lady Lyttelton**, the widow of that Lord Lyttelton who died half a century ago, according to a warning from a spirit. [redacted] nearly ninety years of [redacted]. I must [redacted] you more when we [redacted]. Since we [redacted] Malvern, [redacted] travelled through Herefordshire, where [redacted] seven meetings [redacted] five days, [redacted] I was [redacted] to flee [redacted] refuge to [redacted] mountains. Among [redacted] we [redacted] wandering ever since, [redacted] expect [redacted] on for ten days to come. I have no room to say more [redacted] [redacted] present. [redacted] you [redacted] your [redacted] of my Essay [redacted] 'Mrs. Huntington's Memoirs.' Give [redacted] [redacted] regards to all whom I would name if I [redacted] [redacted]. I hope your dear sister and yourself [redacted] be [redacted] whether I write or not, that I am, at all times and everywhere,

"Your [redacted] friend,

"J. [redacted]"

"P.S. All [redacted] well at Ockbrook a fortnight [redacted]. I have received Mr. Holland's [redacted] letter; [redacted] wrongs the men of Ross—they are worthy of 'The Man.' Keep my key, [redacted] keep my secrets, if you find any; you are welcome to know all! You mention my 'own shire,' [redacted] talk of, &c. Believe me, I have been, I am, and shall always be, *nobody* of [redacted]."

"Miss Gales, Sheffield."

James Montgomery to the Misses [redacted]

"Aberyst, North Wales, Sept. 5. 1835.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

"I wrote to Sarah [Gales] from Aberystwith on Thursday last week, and in one of the five or six postscripts [redacted] my rambling letter, I requested any [redacted] from Sheffield to be addressed to me at *Carmarook* (unless

At Peachfield Lodge, near Malvern.

by a blunder quite natural to a head like mine, crammed with all ~~the~~ in ~~the~~ in ~~the~~ through it—which is about the same thing as that head ~~the~~ through those mountains—if I get to the end of this parenthesis, I mean to say, unless I wrote *Carmarthen*, which, however, I ~~did~~ I did not); but neither ~~the~~ nor epistle has reached me yet, though ~~at~~ every stopping-place between Carnarvon and this little town directions were left at the post-office for such to be forwarded. I am not complaining that no letter has been received, because, however earnestly I have desired such a token of your kind remembrance, I could not calculate upon it; but I did reckon fully on the 'Iris' being duly transmitted, especially as that of the former week, if sent at all, has never come to ~~me~~. I am not ~~com~~ complaining of this; but I mention the ~~circumstance~~ under ~~an~~ apprehension that my own letter from Aberystwith may have miscarried, ~~and~~ fallen into ~~the~~ less willing to find good sense and right feeling in it than yours. Be this ~~as~~ it may, please to desire Mr. Blackwell to send the next 'Iris' to me at the post-office, Wrexham, Denbighshire; and ~~to~~ forward ~~it~~ on Monday evening, as I know not whether it will not have to hunt me, as I presume its two predecessors have done, and, like them, lose its way ~~in~~ ~~the~~ labyrinths of this inextricable region, where mountains ~~are~~ much ~~like~~ clouds in ~~the~~ ~~various~~ forms, as ~~they~~ in other countries occasionally resemble mountains in their regular masses; so that it is very probable the 'Iris' has ~~been~~ literally playing the rainbow; ~~and~~ ~~the~~ striding to me over the mountains, has lost itself in the ~~clouds~~. I have, however, seen a copy of the paper of last Tuesday, ~~where~~ Mr. Hodgson received ~~the~~ Conway.*

"At ~~the~~ place I ~~was~~ ~~in~~ vain ~~to~~ ~~find~~ ~~the~~ scene for Gray's Bard, whom, we are told, stood—

"On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood."

* He composed at Conway the verses entitled "Evening Time," founded on Zech. xiv. 7. Works, p. 236.

is that Conway [Castle] a 'dried specimen' of a of fortresses almost extinct in country, being entirely encompassed with a and bastions in a respectably ruinous condition for picturesque effect, perfect enough to give a good historical (if I may call so) of an ancient British stronghold was in glory—I ought rather say in its terror, when a city a bastille inhabitants, under tyranny, an annoyance the adjacent country, which it in servile subjection, while it nominally for its protection it assaults from invading enemies. Thank God! I say, from the ground of my heart, that we have no need of now, than have of monasteries; our government more without the former, and strong defend its subjects, than ever it with them; and religion flourishes much better without the latter, than it did when monks and nuns monopolised all the good things of this which king his barons previously seized, while the people upon the crumbs that fell from the tables of both, which their labour supplied with the barbarous luxuries of the dark ages, when gluttonous feasting, and furious fighting, and fantastic devotion, constituted the hospitality, the heroism, and the piety of forefathers.

"On looking back I find out from Conway this digression, and from the reign of King Edward the First 'old' town in . The castle a superb of mouldering battlements and towers, only masonry the rock which it founded. I found a single labourer hard work in one corner, demolishing a part of this base for stones mend the road, which, to me least, presented a curious with the weather-worn materials of the bulwarks about, being every fracture within as when it was created beginning, or emerged from the waters of the Flood. Another amused me a little: just under the mighty walls, on grass, a child had been erecting a tiny cob-castle of broken cups which no would its time,

■■■ purpose for ■■■ its architect ■■■ planned ■■■ erected its miniature parts. ■■■ purpose, I ■■■ help thinking, ■■■ not only ■■■ harmless, ■■■ in ■■■ more ■■■ the design for which, ■■■ thousand years and more ago, the neighbouring pile had been reared—not that I condemn the heroes and patriots of ■■■ past, when ■■■ required for the maintenance of liberty and independence, ■■■ have ■ right ■ conclude Welsh ■■■;—I have ■ objection against ■■■ maturity; ■■■ I cannot help liking them ■■■ better in ■■■ decay. I said that I looked in vain ■■■ suitable ■■■ for Gray's *Bard*, ■■■ imprecate ■■■ and ■■■ blasphemies from an eminence worthy of the magnificence of his poetry. A rock ■ might find; that ■■■ castle stands left ■■■ enough for the minstrel ■■■ harp; but ■ for 'old Conway's foaming flood,' I ■■■ neither flood nor foam: the tide was down, and the river ■ petty stream, while the opening towards the ■■■ ■■■ still ■■■ as blue as the sky above. Poets have strange powers, which they sometimes exercise ■■■ strangely. If I recollect rightly Gray brings Snowdon ■■■ near to Conway, ■■■ army ■■■ winding their 'toilsome way' down its 'shaggy steeps,' while the bard is pouring out the thunder of his song upon their heads. ■■■ have ■■■ a marvellous voice, for ■■■ 'old prophetic mountain' must ■■■ some twenty ■■■ ■■■ least! Yet I would ■■■ have ■■■ geography of ■■■ noble strain rectified on any account; only ■■■ having ■■■ both Snowdon ■■■ Conway, ■■■ scene ■■■ in the Wales of my imagination.* Reality ■■■ always contradicts ■■■ disappoints poetical

* Perhaps, if we compare the language of the poet with the names of places as usually applied by visitors, the criticism is just; but such also appears the description of Gray, when we ■■■ that the Saxons included under the term "Snowdon" not only the principal mountain, but all the high lands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. The words of Matthew of Westminster indicate a similar relation of localities as the Bard: "spud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdonie."

picturing and impression. At Conway I experienced one of the miseries of travelling: it is a happy thing for me that I can be my own servant—I can't say so with respect to being my master!—but I have many advantages in being able to wait upon myself, and do my own errands. In one thing, however, I am miserably in the mercy of others: I have no mercy, being subject to many inconveniences from being at all times to throw myself into their hands. I cannot shave myself. At Conway my beard was ten days old, and I was restless till I could get rid of it. I depended for relief here. After running through the town, and discovering no pole projecting from any house, I asked at the inn if there was a barber in the place? I was immediately answered 'Yee,' and they sent for him. They sent. I waited. The messenger returned with the tidings that the barber had gone home, leaving all the men in Conway Penmanmawr to thrive in their leisure. It was in vain to be angry and vex my beard with vexation; there was no remedy: and long as it was, I was obliged to let it grow twelve miles longer,—that is, another stage,—to Abergel, where I was determined to make its progress myself, if I could find no hand more expert than my own to do it there. . . .

"On Monday last, being at Carnarvon, a council was held respecting future operations (the opinions of Joseph [Mr. Hodgson's valet and coachman] being duly taken), when it was resolved that Snowdon should be visited. We were told it was off; but though the highest point (about three-fourths of a mile from the sea), we had sought in vain all Saturday, at Dolgelly and Bedgelert, and then at Carnarvon; being told to the north by which it is to be distinguished; though the peak is very small, and the adjacent eminences, is so high up the mountains of stupendous bulk, that, except in peculiar situations, it appears at a disadvantage.

them; nor in any point, as far as I can learn, does it present an insulated form, which many of its inferiors do, and seem to fill and command both sky and earth with their majestic [redacted]. We [redacted] out in a [redacted] gig, [redacted] [redacted] horses, which carried us about six miles, over roads only [redacted] for [redacted] [redacted] and Welch-made vehicles. Further [redacted] [redacted] way being [redacted] length impracticable, [redacted] walked about half a [redacted] down a rugged path, [redacted] every step barely escaping [redacted] our lives. We then took [redacted] water in a [redacted] boat, rowed by a [redacted] and his wife, traversing a lake [redacted] three [redacted] in extent, between hills, and gradually rising [redacted] [redacted] steeper slopes [redacted] either side, till we [redacted] the inn at Llanberries, near [redacted] foot of [redacted]. The peak [redacted] latter was in a favourable aspect, being frequently quite clear of clouds, and standing [redacted] a single point for an eagle to perch upon, as you might fancy*, and seemingly [redacted] than a mile distant. On inquiry, [redacted] were told it was more than five miles off, and [redacted] it would require four hours and a half to visit it [redacted] return, even if we hired ponies to carry us. It was then two o'clock in the afternoon, but I had [redacted] notion of flinching. Waiving dinner, therefore, I got a crust of bread and butter, and immediately set out, accompanied by a guide and Mr. Hodgson's [redacted] servants, he choosing to remain where he was till our [redacted]. My nag was a very steady good one; the others were asses in horse-skins, [redacted] would not budge a foot without beating. The road [redacted] so narrow that only one at a time could go on it, and made [redacted] generally of loose stones, which no horse unaccustomed [redacted] travelling could step amongst without endangering his knees or his rider's neck. It was hard enough [redacted] [redacted] this; but when you consider that the greater part of the way was along [redacted] sides of an [redacted] precipice, coming down on the left hand from the clouds, and descending on the right lower than I durst follow them [redacted] my eye, [redacted] I should follow [redacted] altogether, you ought to think highly of my horsemanship when I tell you that I reached the landing-place, within a quarter of a [redacted].

* The Welch call it *craigiau crywi*, the eagle Craig.

of the peak, where the animals are always left, and the ad-
[REDACTED] quadrupeds themselves, — at [REDACTED] we
did, — to scale the peak with hands and feet.

"As we had been ascending, I did from time to time look round and beneath on the heights and the hollows, which it would be in vain to attempt to describe. What most affected my head was the sight of enormous mountains divided from Snowdon by fertile valleys watered by streams and little lakes, presenting their broad bare backs *below* me, while the monarch of all still reared his brow with its spiral crown so far *above*, that I was giddy look which way I would; I therefore reserved the [REDACTED] enjoyment of these scenes for our return, intending to walk back, when I should feel myself more secure on my two legs than on my horse's four. [REDACTED] mark [REDACTED] end: during the last mile of our ascent [REDACTED] observed that clouds occasionally wreathed [REDACTED] peak; [REDACTED] when we began to climb the last stage on foot, the vapours grew denser every moment, the wind rose, and the hills and valleys — a whole world of both as they appeared before — [REDACTED] so suddenly lost, that they might have [REDACTED] annihilated; and when [REDACTED] took our stand, leaning against a pile of huge [REDACTED] [REDACTED] pinnacle [REDACTED] support ourselves, [REDACTED] could not see ten yards before us, and not one behind us; for on the left hand, the abyss between Snowdon [REDACTED] the opposite ridges [REDACTED] abrupt for many [REDACTED] yards, and [REDACTED] of [REDACTED] [REDACTED] seemed the wind and the fog to come, the one howling, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] other rushing upwards, [REDACTED] wrapping us in its blue cold breath, that chilled [REDACTED] blood, while I lost all feeling almost in the dreary loneliness of the spot, 3500 feet above the sea, glimpses of which had shown [REDACTED] the [REDACTED] as [REDACTED] [REDACTED] What was [REDACTED] be done? That was soon answered — Nothing! — for we [REDACTED] no time [REDACTED] [REDACTED] till Snowdon changed his mind; we were therefore compelled to descend . . . and got safely down. . . .

"I am,

" Your sincere friend,

" J. MONTGOMERY.

" Misses Gale, Hartshood, Sheffield."

INTERVIEW WITH MRS. HEMANS.

Snowdonian excursion terminated unsatisfactorily as prospect was concerned, the disappointment was compensated by an interview with Mrs. Hemans. The poetess thus the visit of the bard, in her lively letters, dated Rhyllon, Sept. 18. —

"I had an interesting visit a few days from the poet Montgomery, a new aspirant 'real Peter Bell.' is very pleasing in countenance, notwithstanding a mass of troubled, streaming, meteoric-looking hair, that seemed as if it had just been contending of Snowdon, from which he had just full of animation enthusiasm. He complained much in the course of conversation, and I heartily joined with him, of the fancy which wise people in present times for setting one right; cheating is, out of pretty legends stories, in the place of they dull facts. mutually grumbled about Fair Rosamond, Queen Eleanor poisoned wound, Richard the Third and his hump-back; but agreed resolutely that nothing to give up William Tell.*"

He inserted in an album, which might meet eye of the fair poetess, a memento of his visit his in these impromptu lines: —

" the Welsh mountains stand,
And while the billows
In thunder feet,
Retiring returning on the strand,
long thy endure,—so long
Be heard the echo of

* Sept.

And in a similar book following inscription: —

* Memorials of Mrs. Hemans, by H. Chorley, vol. i. p. 205.

"When land and sea are fled,
 And immortality on earth is past,
 When Time and Death itself are dead,
 When heaven's encircling ages last;
 Among the eternal hills,
 By the Hyaline's pure tide,
 Mixed with the melody of rills
 Through the fields of comfort glide,
 Where the spirits of the blest
 Find everlasting rest;
 Or by the river clear as crystal flowing,
 On whose green banks the trees of life are growing,
 May who so beneath,
 A purer, loftier, holier transport breathe,
 And with the charm of an immortal voice,
 The numbers numberless of saints rejoice,
 While angel-tongues their sister-minstrel greet,
 And echo from the throne her strains repeat."

Sept. 11. Sir Alexander Johnston called at Montgomery's residence, but finding him at home, left for him the following :—

Sir A. Johnston to James Montgomery.

"Sheffield, Tontine Inn, Sept. 12. 1822.

"Sir Alexander Johnston presents his compliments to Mr. Montgomery, and begs to express his regrets that he has not been so fortunate as to find Mr. Montgomery at home.

"As Sir Alexander Johnston is fully aware of the great philanthropy of Mr. Montgomery's character, and the zeal which he has evinced on every occasion in favour of the abolition of domestic slavery in every part of the world, Sir Alexander Johnston was anxious to take the present opportunity of his passing through Sheffield to pay his respects to Mr. Montgomery, and to explain to him what Sir Alexander thinks will be gratifying to his benevolent feelings,—the great effect which his beautiful poem of the

'West Indies' produced the same sentiments of many of the proprietors in the island of Ceylon, who adopted the same measure was proposed by Sir Alexander Johnston, while a member of His Majesty's Council on that island, to consider as free all children who should be born of their slaves after the 12th of August, 1816; by the same resolution the same slavery, which existed in Ceylon for many years, will be entirely put an end to in the course of a few years more.

"Sir Alexander Johnston is at present on his way to Scotland: however, as he intends to return from thence to London about the middle or end of next November, we shall certainly make a point of taking him in his way back, provided there be any probability of seeing Mr. Montgomery. He will consider it as a favour if Mr. Montgomery will be so obliging as to inform him whether he is likely to be in Sheffield about that time.

"Sir A. Johnston's address in Scotland is, Carasalloch, near Dumfries."

On Saturday, September 18th, Montgomery returned from his six weeks' tour: he looked well, and appeared cheerful, having much enjoyed the scenery of North Wales, including the bodily exercise required in command of the widest scope.

In the month of October, Sir Richard Phillips, a quondam London bookseller, and ex-editor of the "Monthly Magazine," visited London in the month of a year which he was then making through the country for a reference to a descriptive publication. He had been long amidst the bustle and business of the great world, and was too much conscious of any feeling of diffidence, to allow him to hesitate about calling upon any person whether of rank, genius, or eccentricity, when the success of his project was likely to be thereby promoted. The time passed by

and knight his unannounced visitation of Montgomery, was, *Sunday at* time. He was once sit down and partake of the chickens and bacon which just been placed on the table; but here a dilemma: Richard, although neither a Bra- Jew, avowed himself a staunch Pythagorean — he could not eat flesh! Luckily there was a plentiful supply of carrots, and turnips, and — jelly. But was the latter made of calves' feet? Montgomery assured his guest that it was not; but, added he, with a conscientious regard for his visitor's scruples — from *ivory*. We believe the poet fancied the hypothesis of animal origin of this viand could not be very obscure: however swallowed; the clever bibliophile perhaps believing, with some of the Sheffield ivory-cutters, that elephants, instead of being hunted and killed for their tusks, when fully grown, as bucks do their antlers!

Oct. 14. Sir Richard, Montgomery, Mr. Holland, and a Mr. Langley took the house of Mr. Blackwell, the publisher of the "*Iris*," where the evening was spent very pleasantly, as well as being productive of some practical results, to which the poet often alludes in after-years. When Mr. Langley was introduced as an Anglo-Saxon student, Sir Richard hailed him, *more suo*, as "a welcome member of our little *Wittenagemot*," presently suggesting that an edition of the works of King Alfred would form at once an appropriate monument of the vernacular language of England. The Conquest, a grateful exercise for his skill as an industrious editor, was an acceptable contribution to the literature of the day. The project was taken up, and Mr. Langley obtained the patronage of his neighbour, Fitzwilliam, and Mr. Holland drew up a prospectus: but a far less and less honour-

destiny learned editor, who died several years afterwards in New South Wales, involuntary from the of birth. If, however, Mr. Blackwell did not publish the works of King Alfred, print the Sheffield portion of the "Tour of Richard Phillips;" which balked the cunning strategy of practised book-maker, and ultimately got paid for his undertaking, often amused Montgomery, who was privy whole proceeding, and had predicted more in accordance with former transaction of with the party.

The operation of Enclosure Acts been welcome if not an inequitable mode of converting an imprescriptive and inalienable heritage of the poor into real estate, statutely held or legally transferable: but only have the ancient rights of the "bare-worn common been denied" the man who thus compelled by law give up that free pasturage thereon of his cows, his sheep, and his geese, which had immemorially been enjoyed by ancestors, and which Goldsmith in "Deserted Village" feelingly describes—the time came when even our rural footpaths were devoted the of the mercenary legislation. In the of year, notices for stopping up five pleasant footpaths in the vicinity of appeared in the newspapers: distressed Montgomery, and he published* an anonymous letter, the only which knew proceed from pen, deprecating wrong about to himself and others. "I have," he, "been a walker, in neighbourhood of Sheffield, for than thirty years; and having still the of my legs, I

* Sheffield Iris, Oct. 1818.

very unwilling to lay them wholly aside, as I soon must; or take to the highways, which I am quite as unwilling to do, if a stop be not put to the rage for stopping footpaths through fields adjacent to the town." He laments alike the cruelty of turning the pedestrian out of the old paths, and the dishonesty of appropriating the ground thus selfishly reft from the public; having, as he laments, "had the opportunity to see myself, from time to time, excluded from almost all the pleasant times in which it was the privilege of my youth to ramble at will, in which I have spent hundreds of the most innocent, happy, and profitable hours of my life, but in many of which, neither children shall gather flowers, poet meditate song, nor valetudinarian breathe health any more!" Several other correspondents followed in the same track; but as that which was described by the poet, truly enough, "*every body's property*" for the merely, though *every body's* for exclusion, an effective formal opposition was offered; the ancient footpaths were obliterated, and the ground appropriated by the avenues of the new through which they passed.

It may be improper here to give the following passage of a letter from —

Holland to James Keeratt.

"Sheffield, Nov. 4. 1838.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"This is Montgomery's birthday, as I may say you will remember; but I write this not so much to tell you that I have just met our friend in usual health, and returned with copies of the 'Annuals,' as to inform you that I have received a request to write a memoir—not of himself, but—of the late Rev. John Summerfield, an extraordinary young preacher, with whom, I believe, you

were somewhat acquainted, at least during his visit at Sheffield, when the Wesleyan Conference was last held here. [REDACTED] mentioned the subject to me [REDACTED] ago, showing me at the same time a letter which he had just received from Dr. Townley*, urging him to [REDACTED] work; which, indeed, he would gladly have done, had the prospect of remuneration to the friends of the [REDACTED] such as to justify him in accepting their offer. [REDACTED] I [REDACTED] to-day [REDACTED] invited [REDACTED] up stairs into [REDACTED] 'den,' as he called [REDACTED] study, and showed me a bundle of MSS. and

* "A memoir being loudly called for, his [Summerfield's] near relative, [REDACTED] Blackstock, Esq., of New York, strongly requested me to draw up some account of him. To this request, powerfully urged by Mr. Sands, of Liverpool, I reluctantly yielded so far as to allow the papers of the deceased to be sent over. These have been received; but the decease (alas!) of my best earthly friend — my dear, incomparable wife — overwhelmed [REDACTED] feelings, and prevented my attempts to proceed, until my appointment to the office of one of the General Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society obliged me to relinquish the object altogether. It is, therefore, at the earnest request of his Transatlantic friends [REDACTED] relatives, strongly seconded by our mutual friend Mr. Eastburn, of New York, who requests me to use his name with that of Mr. Blackstock, to entreat you to rescue the memory of the excellent, amiable, and generous Summerfield from oblivion, by compiling a memoir of him. Mr. Blackstock begs me to say that any expense which may be incurred Mr. Sands, of Liverpool, is authorised to meet; — remuneration, I am sure, would be gladly met by Mr. Blackstock. The papers of the deceased, with letters, public testimonials, &c., I shall be happy to transfer to your order. Now, my dear sir, what shall I say to induce you, amid your numerous and important engagements, to undertake the memoir of this interesting youth? Had I been more intimately known to you, I should have used every plea of sympathy and friendship. [REDACTED] is, however, a stronger plea — England, America, [REDACTED] Ireland are looking for a memoir; and I trust the kindness of one whose benevolence never tires when worth has claims, will listen to the desire of the friends of departed piety and youthful zeal and charity, and snatch from forgetfulness the name of one whose ardent charity induced an early death." — *Townley's Letter.*

for the *Life of Summerfield*, which he had received from New York, ~~via~~ London, on my account. As he to look over the documents while in his hands, he was very anxious that I should be made aware of their number and character; and when I asked him if he would give me advice on any point where I might need it, he replied he ~~was~~ very gladly that, I would condescend ask for it. I explained him my plan of work, with which he entirely concurred. Having matters, we turned to the 'Annuals,' and enjoyed a glance at their contents, admiring especially the exquisite engravings in every volume, the poet falling in a word in commendation of the 'Forget Me Not' of his school-fellow Shoberl.* . . .

"I am, Sir,

"Yours very sincerely,

"JOHN HOLLAND.

"Mr. James Everett, Manchester."

* Mr. Shoberl died March 5. 1853, after having spent the greater part of a long and laborious life in the service of literature. The "Forget-me-Not" originated by him, was the unostentatious type of that variety of "annuals" which formed so conspicuous a feature in every list of new books about the period referred to in the

CHAP. LXV.

THE "HOLY ANGELS."—PHRENOLOGY.—EPIGRAMS ON [REDACTED] D. TYRMAN.
 —LETTER TO G. HERBERT, —TO SIR J. MACINTOSH, —TO THE REV.
 BARRABAS SHAW, —"OLDEN HYMNS." —MISSIONARY MEETING AT
 STOCKPORT. —CONVERSATION. —JONATHAN MARTIN. —SIR WILLIAM
 JONES. —LETTER TO EDWARD FARR. —INTERVIEW WITH JARED
 [REDACTED] [REDACTED] GALE. —"LIFE OF SUMNERFIELD." —
 WALTON'S "ANGELS." —LETTERS FROM AND TO MRS. [REDACTED] —
 FAMILY PRAYER-BOOKS. —"PILGRIM'S PROGRESS." —LETTER FROM
 SOUTHEY, —KLOPFER'S "MESSIAH."

"ALL that of angels God to man makes known,
 Here by [REDACTED] light of his pure word is shown ;
 'Tis Jacob's dream; — behold a ladder rise,
 Resting on earth, but reaching to the skies ;
 [REDACTED] Faith the glorious hierarchies may trace,
 Abroad [REDACTED] Nature, Providence, [REDACTED] Grace ;
 [REDACTED] the stone pillow and the desert sod
 [REDACTED] the gate of heaven — the house of God ;
 [REDACTED] thy shoes, approach [REDACTED] [REDACTED] profound ;
 The place whereon thou stand'st is holy ground."

On holy ground Montgomery found himself thus
 standing [REDACTED] [REDACTED] beginning of [REDACTED] present year. The
 foregoing [REDACTED] formed a motto [REDACTED] the title-page of a
 treatise on [REDACTED] "Holy Angels," by his friend, [REDACTED] late
 [REDACTED] Carr Brackenbury, Esq., of Raithby Hall, in
 Lincolnshire, which appeared posthumously [REDACTED] 1826 ;
 and [REDACTED] substance of which [REDACTED] poet was anxious [REDACTED]
 embody in rhyme. [REDACTED] work [REDACTED] ultimately [REDACTED]

plished in [REDACTED] poem [REDACTED] "Chronicle of Angels,"* which [REDACTED] "most respectfully inscribed [REDACTED] Brackenbury," [REDACTED] appropriate invocation [REDACTED] "spirit made perfect" of her husband, preceded by the above lines, forming [REDACTED] introduction [REDACTED] narrative. In [REDACTED] similar strain of piety [REDACTED] the [REDACTED] entitled the "Sand and the Rock,"† without date, but originally printed in [REDACTED] of the [REDACTED] for [REDACTED] charitable object in Liverpool.‡

In [REDACTED] early part of January the celebrated Dr. Spurzheim delivered a series of [REDACTED] lectures on Phrenology, [REDACTED] Sheffield: they attracted considerable attention, and excited anew the discussion which [REDACTED] previously led to the promulgation of Montgomery's strictures. These, with the author's permission, [REDACTED] reprinted in the "Iris;" and the following passage, which may be considered as his creed on the relation between the discoveries of science and the

* Works, p. 225.

† Ibid, p. 224.

‡ There was a story connected with the original conception of the second part, which ought not, perhaps, to be lost. When on one occasion Montgomery inquired of his brother's wife what became of "Tommy Dutton," the verse-making boy whom he had known at Fulneck school, she mentioned that the father of the youth once gave her an account of an impressive dream which he had. [REDACTED] was to this effect:—he fancied that he had fallen into a horrible pit, down which he "seemed to plunge through space," toward "the gulf of hell which yawned beneath." While thus sinking, he cast his eyes up, and beheld our Saviour, seated in glory upon his throne; at the same time he thought if he could but touch Him he should be rescued; and, accordingly, making a mighty effort, he succeeded in laying hold of the hand [REDACTED] the glorious personage of the vision, and instantly awoke in the rapturous feeling suddenly created by such a rescue. [REDACTED] "That was decidedly the dream of a [REDACTED]." Montgomery: "It was, sir." It will be found that the imagery of that good man's vision is strikingly embodied in the poem above named.

grounds of revealed religion, will show how fairly fearlessly he recognised irrefragable compatibility physical scriptural : —

" With immaterialism nothing believe in God, the author and upholder of things, as he has himself in his word; and I the immortality of soul upon the Divine authority, independent of the arguments which may be deduced in support of doctrine from the and capacity of spirit in man, to which the breath of the Almighty hath given understanding. the evidence of revealed religion of a utterly distinct from the demonstration of physical science, no possible discovery in pursuit of the latter can come in with it; the being a subject solely apprehensible by understanding and the affections, while the other is the analysis of forms, which seen, handled, or otherwise palpable to and of which nothing be surely predicated but what is thus capable of practical proof. Wherefore, till the mind itself can be laid bare by the anatomist's knife, and the operation of thought exhibited naked to the bodily eye, I cannot be afraid of the appearance of truth which Philosophy bring from the arcana of the universe. None of these can prove the negative of the question, the affirmative (without being in contradiction to them) on testimony which can in a dissecting any more than the reality of virtue, justice, truth, knowledge, genius, taste, ploded there, of their visible in carcasses. Truth, therefore, be sought, wherever her, and whenever she will add knowledge of Him."

But neither discussions on the new cerebral philosophy, nor even speculations on the ministry of the Holy Angels,—a congenial theme our poet, — probably occupied his thoughts time so

gratefully anticipated pleasure of soon welcoming his friend George Bennet to his native shores. The worthy missionary, having already reported the death of his colleague at Madagascar*, and having attended the funeral of King Radama, which was an unparalleled display of barbaric extravagance, had been compelled to flee from the island, and had now reached the Cape of Good Hope on his way to England. From thence he wrote to Montgomery, who replied as follows:—

James Montgomery to George Bennet

* Sheffield, Jan. 20, 1818.

"MY FRIEND,

"Mr. Hodgson has just shown me your letter, which announces the long-prayed-for intelligence that in a few days we may hope to see you at home, and have you from home to us in our affections, which have followed you over land and sea to the ends of the earth. I write by the next of post, and in compliance with your request I add

* In the Independent chapel at Newport, on the Isle of Wight, there is a mural monument, with the following inscription, from the pen of Montgomery:—

"In memory of the Rev. Daniel Tyerman, their first pastor, and for seventeen years a faithful minister of the Gospel in this place, the church and congregation inscribe this tablet. He died at Madagascar, on his way home from a missionary visit, of more than seven years, to the South Sea Islands, &c., on the 30th July, 1817.

"'The covenant of grace' shall stand

When heaven and earth depart:

On this he laid his dying hand,

And clasped it to his heart.

In a strange land, when sudden death

Stopt his unfinished race,

This was the plen of his last breath—

'The covenant of grace.'"

a few lines to Chantrey, who, if he be home, and well enough, will be glad, for your own sake, to show you his . . . If not, please to give the introductory note to Mr. Allan Cunningham, poet, . . . superintendent of his works, and whom you will find an admirable Cicerone, . . . an . . . ingenious man. I . . . written a word or two on the back of the leaf . . . him. I do not . . . precise . . . of Chantrey, . . . where near Pimlico; he belongs to all England, and a . . . without place ought to . . . him, from whatever quarter . . . might . . . directed. I am not acquainted with . . . London portrait painter, except Mr. Jackson, . . . Royal . . ., who ranks very high, . . . (I believe) . . . pious man in connection with the Wesleyan . . . terms, of . . . very high, his reputation enabling him to command such. As the original is . . . to be in Sheffield, I may say there is . . . very able young artist here who (I think) would satisfy . . . yourself . . . directors . . . such . . . copy of your . . . would make. I . . . room . . . add more than that we . . . anxiously await your arrival, and pray that you may long be spared to . . . your Lord at home . . . you have abroad.

"Your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"George Bennet, Esq.,
at the London Mission House, Austin Friars, London."

It need hardly be said that two such men as Montgomery and . . . James Mackintosh would entertain . . . high respect for each other's character; but it may be mentioned that . . . the accident of a misdirected letter the parties . . . eventually indebted for direct avowals of mutual . . . The poet, having explained the mistake alluded to, took occasion . . . the same time . . . sentiments of personal regard for the

"Who, as we shall afterwards see, painted a portrait of Mr. . . . We believe no bust of him was executed.

honourable gentleman ~~with~~ whose political and literary ~~life~~ he had long been acquainted; ~~in~~ which Sir James, after assuring his correspondent ~~that~~ he need not have ~~any~~ any trouble ~~in~~ the matter, ~~said~~ —

"I ~~am~~ however, very truly gratified by ~~my~~ incident which procures ~~me~~ ~~the~~ pleasure of correspondence with such a person as you, whom I have long well known and highly prized. I should not deserve any part ~~of~~ your ~~correspondence~~ ~~if~~ I were not much pleased by it. ~~It~~ is a great and an unexpected gratification to me to find, that a person of your mind, and especially of your moral feeling, placed ~~in~~ a ~~new~~ point of view from mine, ~~and~~ looking ~~at~~ objects through a different medium, should concur with ~~me~~ on many of those 'difficult and questionable points,' ~~as~~ you justly call them, which in the ~~last~~ sixteen years have ~~divided~~ the ~~best~~ men in political opinion. The gratification is very much enhanced by ~~your~~ sincerity ~~and~~ which you intimate your difference on some points."

The lines alluded to in the following letter ~~are~~ those entitled "A Cry from South Africa:"*—

~~James Montgomery~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~Editor~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~

~~Editor~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~

"DEAR SIR,

"You ~~are~~ quite welcome ~~to~~ ~~send~~ ~~me~~ lines which I ~~insert~~ in your album to ~~the~~ ' ~~Illustrated~~ Magazine,' with such an introduction as you or the editor may deem most likely to promote pecuniary contributions towards your chapel fund, ~~and~~ ~~as~~ is only in the hope that your hope in this respect may not be disappointed, that I consent to ~~the~~ publication of my rhymes. I had reserved them, in ~~my~~ own mind, for another purpose; but I cannot refuse them to the service for which they were originally dedicated, when ~~they~~ ~~were~~ by ~~me~~ though ~~I~~

will cost me the pains of working something else, equal in length, out of my exhausted brain, in the course of a few months. ■■■■ my ■■■■ regards to ■■■■ Shaw; and ■■■■ 'the good will of Him that dwelt in the bush' be with you both, as hitherto, even till you reach the brink of Jordan, and thence look back upon all the way which he ■■■■ led you through ■■■■ wilderness, — a wilderness which, whenever he hath been with you by his ■■■■ presence, blessing and making you blessings, already begins to rejoice and to blossom as the rose! If you see any of our Moravian ■■■■ in South Africa, pray ■■■■ them that I ■■■■ esteem it a great favour if they could send me any roots or ■■■■ ■■■■ splendid or curious plants, and ■■■■ ■■■■ cause of the missions might be served by attention to this point. My best regards ■■■■ Dr. Townley, ■■■■ please to say to ■■■■ ■■■■ my friend ■■■■ Holland is diligently, and I hope successfully, prosecuting the work entrusted to him.

"I am, very truly,

"Your friend and servant,

"J. ■■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■

"P. S. I shall give this sheet of paper, as it is, to ■■■■ Mr. Holland, in hope that he will employ the other leaf with something ■■■■ shall make slaves, Hottentot ■■■■ Brahmin, call him ■■■■

"Rev. B. Shaw, Wesleyan Mission House, London."

John Major, the publisher, having projected an illustrated edition ■■■■ Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," ■■■■ which ■■■■ ■■■■ anxious to prefix "a few copies of ■■■■ by living poets, ■■■■ the memory and merits of honest John," ■■■■ ■■■■ Montgomery soliciting "a sonnet, ■■■■ like." To coincide with a recognition of the merits of the "Delightful Dreamer," in any form, was always a gratification ■■■■ him; and he immediately composed and transmitted the following lines, forming

three [REDACTED]; whether [REDACTED] the [REDACTED] of contributions, or some other cause, the book, [REDACTED] this form, never appeared; [REDACTED] are [REDACTED] compositions themselves included in any edition of our author's works:—

" An aged Pilgrim's Retrospect.

" In Memory of John Bunyan.

" A little Child, [REDACTED] life's long Pilgrimage,
Delightful Dreamer! I set out [REDACTED] Thee;
[REDACTED] Thou hast borne my spirit company
From youth to manhood, manhood to old age;
Watching [REDACTED] warning me, from stage [REDACTED] stage,
What Guides [REDACTED] follow, what Deceivers flee,
And how [REDACTED] fight assured of victory,
Though [REDACTED] against me men and demons wage.
Yes, I have known, and felt, and [REDACTED] all,
That tempts or thwarts the Pilgrim [REDACTED] way,
Have proved how bitter 'tis to go astray,
How hard to climb, how perilous to fall;
Now halting, ere I tread ' *the Enchanted Ground,*'
I look behind, before me, and around.

" Yonder ' *the City of Destruction*' [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] a cloud with fiery vengeance red;
' *The Palace Beautiful,*' in purer skies,
[REDACTED] mid-heaven [REDACTED] towered [REDACTED] bannered head;
But from the Valley* [REDACTED] its foot, arise,
[REDACTED] beyond †, with Death's broad wings o'erspread,
Apollyon's yell, and [REDACTED] sighs,
And groans of Spirits lost, from Tophet's bed:
Through [REDACTED] I passed, encountered many a [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] of martyrdom, where *Faithful* died,
Yet on a pleasant ' *Bye-Path,*' lured aside

* Of "Humiliation."

† Of "The Shadow of Death."

grasp I fell of *Giant Despair*,
Who like a lion dragged me to his lair,
Where, long and loud, for help in vain I cried.

"But, at the point to die, *Hope* found '*the Key
Of Promise*,' whose touch wide open sprung
Bolts, bars, portals,—out I flew, and sung,
Like a caged sky-lark, suddenly set free:
Now from *the Shepherds' Mountain-tops*, I
The '*flocks of Zion*' feeding, old and young,
'*Jerusalem City*,' dim, yet overhung
splendour unsupportable to me.
Back to '*the Cross*,' where first my peace was sealed,
I turn mine eyes,—it darts a single ray,
A dew of light, through all '*the Narrow Way* ;'
Past, Present, Future, at once revealed.
Press on, my Soul! what now thy course shall stay?
No foe can conquer thee, unless thou yield."

About the of this month appeared Montgomery's "Introductory Essay" to a neat edition of "Olney Hymns," published by Collins of Glasgow. Our author accustomed to speak of it as one of the elaborate productions of his pen, in its class; and when recollect his threefold sympathy—1. with the subject; 2. with the poetical, and with the clerical contributor this book, prepared both interested and instructed; disappointed. We not, however, think this the successful of Montgomery's essays: and disparity may be attributed fact, that he elsewhere dwelt largely genius of Cowper, and the requirements for hymn writing. The "Essay" sketches strikingly contrasted lives of the Rev. John New- and Cowper, period of their provi- meeting and Olney under the

affecting circumstances which led to their joint production of these deeply evangelical "Hymns," which so warmly embalm the memory of their Christian friendship, and which, with a peculiar and appellation of their dwelling-place. "On a small island, covered with palm-trees, lying off the coast of Africa, visited by but slave ships, in the year 1774 there lived a young man of respectable English parentage." These words are the opening of an abridgement of one of the most striking autobiographies in the language, though viewed in the light which the remarkable religious character of the author sheds upon it. "One day, in the month of October, 1768, a sufferer under the most deplorable of human maladies was brought to the house of a medical practitioner, in a small town, in a midland county of England, and left under his care." Every reader, at least every intelligent Christian reader, is prepared to recognise in the foregoing sentence the prelude to the religious history of the man who has combined piety and poetry in a manner of which elegance only rivalled by those of his contemporaries whose names are writing. Into the particulars of the friendship of Newton and Cowper, as glanced at in the Essay, or the remarks which it contains on "joint-stock authorship" in general, we do not enter; but we may say, that in a striking passage, in which our author, rather dexterously, does not say unwisely, evades the force of a momentous consideration, than satisfactorily disposes of it. "It has often," he remarks, "been ignorantly or insidiously said, that Cowper's connection with Newton was unfortunate to himself; for had he been under the influence of some other person of equal piety, but less devoted to the holding and enforcing certain doctrinal tenets, his own hope in the promises of the Gospel might never have

failed, his point, been utterly perverted, — not only in cheerless days of mental alienation, but when on every other subject were clear and orthodox. What *might* have been, what not happened, in vain to speculate. The contingencies of any one hypothetical lie beyond the reach of created intellect." Very true; but speculation upon any possible contingency therefore unprofitable and unlawful? Surely. With reference to abstract and the practical bearing of "certain doctrinal tenets" and by the of Olney and thousands of other good men, even of their probable effect on the amiable author of the "Task," merely wish to say here, that they are amenable to discussion on any other related topics, unless, indeed, is to apply his common sense or exercise his highest intellect to perceive the connection between and in all matters except that in which it is of the greatest importance, and often most palpable, — the Influence of Religious Doctrine on the Human Mind. Of the "Olney Hymns" themselves, entirely with the Essayist, that they "ought to be for ever dear to the Christian public, as an unprecedented memorial, in respect of their authors, of the power of divine grace."

Feb. 11 Montgomery went to Stockport, and took part in a Methodist Missionary Meeting: the chapel was crowded, and the of the poet listened with deep interest. Everett, who then was residing in Manchester, gladly welcomed his friend to that town; and afterwards accompanied him to dinner at Hall, the residence of James Fernley, Esq. The conversation turned generally on the object of missions in connection with the success of the gospel — topics of paramount interest.

He was pleased to see the volume of Quarles's works, which was shown to him by Mr. Everett, as it contained the "Hymn of Worms," which he had seen before. De Foe, he said, was "the Cobbett of the day: his 'Hymn to the Pillory' is a remarkable production, but exceeding many in some passages." The exhibition was an old copy of his "Pilgrim's Progress." Mr. Montgomery reiterated his customary expressions of admiration of his piety and genius of Bunyan; and he remarked that he had postponed the execution of his intended Essay on the "Holy War," for the purpose of writing an Introduction to the Journal of the Rev. David Brainard, a remarkable book which he was then reading, with reference to making an abridgment of it to be published by Collins. The whole of the exhibition he considered very precious, and viewed in special attention with the mind and labours of the author; but his readers, and decidedly religious readers, found in it too great a degree of sameness considering its bulk. He was pleased to learn from Mr. Everett that the "Memoirs of Mrs. Huntington" had sold well in Manchester.* He spoke of Pollok's "Course of Time" as containing many very striking passages, many of which, he thought, appeared as if they had been very carefully elaborated by the poet: the principal defect of the poem was its want of plan; the reader could scarcely recognise either time, place, or action; still, it was an extraordinary work, and contained diversified excellences, in the matter, of a high character. The history of its publication was said, somewhat remarkable: Collins, who knew Pollok well, refused to give him money for the poem: Professor Wilson then read it,

* Four editions of this work were printed and sold in rapid succession.

and ~~to~~ to undertake it ~~in~~ in ~~the~~ ~~the~~ condition of half profits: he ~~was~~ the means of recommending it; and ~~a~~ deeper interest ~~was~~ created by the almost simultaneous death of the author. The "Eclectic Review" helped it decidedly; "while the loftier of ~~the~~ critics," ~~he~~ he, "have not ~~yet~~ yet deigned ~~to~~ notice it." Robert Montgomery being mentioned, ~~the~~ booksellers ~~were~~ named (one ~~at~~ York, the other ~~at~~ Leeds), who ~~each~~ each been misled by the disingenuousness of ~~an~~ advertisement, ~~to~~ order a dozen copies of ~~the~~ poem under the impression that ~~it~~ was by the ~~late~~ poet. He ~~was~~ believed Wilson was the reviewer of "~~the~~ by a Poet," and also of the "Pelican Island" in Blackwood; though Mr. Everett differed from him ~~as~~ to the notice of the later work.

The conversation then turned on the recent fire in York Minster, and the proposals for its restoration. Montgomery said the ~~late~~ had been very anxious to disavow connection with the incendiary, but, ~~as~~ he thought, without success; nor ~~was~~ the act, however sad ~~and~~ deplorable, in any way discreditable to ~~them~~: Jonathan Martin ~~was~~ no doubt, deranged. Mr. Everett thought ~~a~~ might be so far eccentric, or a fanatic, ~~as~~ to perpetrate irrational acts, and yet ~~not~~ deranged in ~~the~~ ordinary ~~sense~~ of ~~the~~ term. *Montgomery*: "That is, he ~~may~~ be deranged on some ~~one~~ point; in fact, be a monomaniac. I recollect ~~a~~ of the ~~lady~~ which ~~was~~ under my ~~own~~ observation: ~~a~~ decent, religious woman ~~who~~ ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~late~~ ~~lady~~ shop and inquired for ~~me~~ on being introduced to her, she said, 'Mr. Montgomery, take your pen, and write what I dictate.' I soon found that ~~she~~ ~~asked~~ me to record her prediction ~~on~~ the ~~fact~~ ~~that~~ the world would ~~come~~ ~~to~~ ~~an~~ end in ~~three~~ years. ~~On~~ my declining ~~to~~ become her amanuensis, ~~she~~ ~~said~~ ~~me~~ that ~~she~~ ~~had~~ been ~~at~~ the church, ~~and~~

had only made a communication to the clergyman, who offered to ratify her sincerity with the 'sacramental oath.' I certainly did not dispute her sincerity, or even her piety, but I doubt her sanity." "I certainly proceeded rationally enough in his work, as far as my personal security and the accomplishment of his felonious design were concerned." *Montgomery*: "It is one of the curious characteristics of insanity, that a person so afflicted will proceed to the attainment of a mischievous object with a remarkable degree of cunning and caution; and sometimes very logically on false and absurd premises." He thought the reparation ought not to be on the old model: perhaps it might be done in a better way. Mrs. Fernley said she should like to see the cathedral restored in its original style. *Montgomery*: "So should I, if that were possible: but do what you will, the work will be new, not a copy; it may become old, but it never can become original."*

Montgomery spoke in high praise of the Rev. Barnard Shaw, the laborious and enterprising Wesleyan Missionary in South Africa: he described him as uniting piety, perseverance, and quiet observation, with simplicity and integrity in a remarkable degree. His wife, too, was a noble-minded and well as a much-enduring woman. He had done what he could to produce a due estimate of her character at missionary meetings: it would be remembered, and deserved to be, for ages. On one memorable occasion especially, she played the Christian heroine bravely, when her husband, Mr. Egede, the venerable Danish missionary to the Indians, hesitated for a moment to undertake the perils

* The restoration was effected as nearly as possible according to the original type, design and execution.

of wilderness, she once cheered his wavering resolution by her own decisive "We will go!"

Feb. Mr. Everett Montgomery dinner Mr. Harrison's, Ardwick: he just been the Moravian establishment at Fairfield, which he before, and grieved the apparently stagnant condition of the community there. *Rev. T. Lessey*: "Methodism possesses more activity and energy than Moravianism; the patience, endurance, and perseverance of the latter making it better adapted for among the heathen abroad, than among the population of the British Islands." *Montgomery*: "Yes; the comparison of our numbers home and abroad proves that: your Methodism, sir, is like electricity in its action; our Moravianism more galvanic influence." It remarked, that the Brethren live very much insulated from the world, in England. *Montgomery*: "It much so during my boyhood, when I used to look out of the windows at Fulneck upon that world beyond, into which I afterwards obstinately threw myself headlong." He said in opinion Sir William Jones been made an important instrument in the hands of God facilitate the acquisition of Oriental dialects among the missionaries, though involuntarily the part of that learned himself, who certainly such design. that sacred language, which the Bramins had always kept close, and which after so much difficulty and expense they length taught him, venerable mother-tongue, the parent of several others, which, like a queen-bee, may be difficult catch, fairly caught, the possession of the subject is certain."

Montgomery to Parr.

"The Mount, Sheffield, March 12, 1839.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am almost fretted out of my little meekness that remains to me after the wear and tear of more than three-score years, principally by literary clients. They often see my name in print, and now-a-days (not as formerly) are less out to me by party-men and critics) generally with some mark of approval or commendation. It, therefore, may be a potency in me not only to command fame and fortune for the owner, but to recommend all who secure the same. I have received some enviable rewards of rhyming labours. 'All is not gold that glitters.' Had not a Providence otherwise loaded me with benefits, my estate, equal to my wants, would latterly enabling me to perform certain relative duties beyond these, poetry would not have been my business. It has made me poor, but it has kept me so to the end, unless I had pursued its reveries in a very different path than that which I chose after the folly and vanity of youth. I was taught that 'all vanity and vexation of spirit,' by the experience which I had, while, seeking honour cometh from man, and the plaudits of the world, I was following the sight of my own eyes, and the desires of my own and desperately wicked heart. 'Fame and fortune' would have been mine in a greater proportion had I otherwise practised my art, I know not, and regret to be ignorant; having proved myself 'the way of transgressors is hard,' I am deeply and humbly thankful that, as a poet at least, I endeavoured to depart from it. An accelerated bias had carried me onward to irretrievable ruin in it. It is not that I am unwilling to aid young aspirants in their early exertions to deserve the distinctions which are yet conferred on the greatest of our fraternity from whom they cannot be withheld even in this steam-going age, but because I have the will and not the

power to serve them. Hence, instead of cheering them on in their course, I am compelled in honesty and truth to warn them against too great reliance either on the patronage of the public however promising, or on the public however liberally-performing in those splendid cases which are the exceptions and not the rule of the arbitrary rule in the Chancery of Parnassus, wherein 'woe to the man who sues a suit! Whatever be the equity of the cause, it may ruin him—not only it may ruin him—his life; unless he succeeds after the first trial either in his favour or against him—for of two evils the less is the harm: if the judgment be against him, he has only lost what he intended to win; if he wins, what does he do? retire with gains? No, he hazards another stake, when it is a hundred to one but he loses what he has got, and then he is merely disappointed but dishonoured. But I am running away from you and your letter while I am lamenting over my correspondents their epistles, which I am obliged to answer by breaking to their hearts the promises they themselves made to their hopes when they determined to make me their counsellor and their guide on this journey 'the steep,' so 'hard a climb,' 'where Fame's proud temple shines from far.' Though you are in some respects one of this number, and I may have more than once seen your heart ache with the discouragements which I have in compassion as well as in sincerity thrown in your way as a candidate for poetical honours, yet as you have views and other views in your literary and experiments, I may conscientiously bid you go forward, and congratulate you on having chosen a part, in your commendable determination, while you are indulging your genius, according to your capacities and opportunities, than by concentrating your energies, perhaps wasting them on the profitless labours of a versifier. You have been happy also in having apparently a connection with a publisher of that standing and respectability which affords you the chance of

an introduction to a circle or class of readers both numerous and influential; [redacted] subjects (those in prose, I mean) on which you [redacted] hitherto written are adapted to please two generations,—the *reigning* and the *rising*, whatever be their lot beyond; for as posterity will care very little for any of us except some two or three, we need care as little for it: its favour would come too late to make us vain, and its neglect will not break our hearts in the grave. . . . Don't be alarmed; I am not censuring but counselling, having had no little experience in matters of this kind, and wishing to benefit you by a [redacted] [redacted] has cost [redacted] [redacted]. On no theme, whether in prose or rhyme, ought we to lavish [redacted] [redacted] thoughts [redacted] less all our words, [redacted] more than all our good thoughts in corresponding words, [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] only of each. Without literally, [redacted] rather servilely, adhering to this rule, yet making it the guide of your pen [redacted] composition, you will gradually acquire a clear, spirited, [redacted] comprehensive diction [redacted] will greatly [redacted] [redacted] value of your productions I am truly your friend,

“J. [redacted] [redacted]”

“Mr. Edward Farr, Iwer, near Uxbridge.”

In one of his later letters to Mr. Farr, the poet [redacted] iterates a lamentation which occurs in substance in other portions of [redacted] correspondence [redacted] [redacted] period:—

“The penny-post licence [redacted] letter-writing, in [redacted] view [the facility of epistolary inundation], [redacted] [redacted] as small calamity to me,—just in proportion as [redacted] [redacted] been a blessing, by giving me [redacted] feel [redacted] warmth of many strangers' hearts, [redacted] nevertheless require more of [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] than I can give [redacted] in due course, for I carry no inextinguishable, inexhaustible lamp in my bosom, [redacted] which [redacted] without number may [redacted] [redacted] flames, [redacted] [redacted] it no fainter or dimmer. So much for egotism. [redacted] [redacted] for yourself. I am glad to learn that you are sufficiently encouraged [redacted] proceed in [redacted] literary labours, [redacted] all difficulties, and at least to keep the ground you gain. [redacted] [redacted]”

valleys below Parnassus are far more worthy of cultivation than its bleak though magnificent peaks, or even its luxuriant slopes. Few can establish themselves on the latter, and [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] former, especially [redacted] [redacted] time, when [redacted] perpetual fog rests upon them; and [redacted] [redacted] greater than Homer were to scale the utmost pinnacle, not many eyes [redacted] this [redacted] [redacted] money-hunters [redacted] [redacted] of every [redacted] of colour not in the rainbow, would be turned towards the phenomenon."

[redacted] [redacted] Montgomery sent for Mr. Holland [redacted] [redacted] sit with him awhile; he [redacted] [redacted] very unwell, and came down stairs with [redacted] brown velvet cap [redacted] [redacted] head. [redacted] [redacted] the Rev. Jared Sparkes, the author of the *Lives of Ledyard, Washington, &c.*, had recently called upon him, and he [redacted] [redacted] yet suffering from hoarseness, in consequence of talking more than he ought to have done [redacted] [redacted] American visitor; adding, "I should have liked you [redacted] have [redacted] him: he [redacted] [redacted] a steady, intelligent, literary man, whose conversation you would have enjoyed, [redacted] I did. He appears to be well qualified for the execution of the works upon which he is engaged, and in connection with which he visits [redacted] country and France." Montgomery spoke highly of Ledyard's well-known "*Praise of Woman*," as "a noble testimony in favour of [redacted] fair sex." Jonathan Martin, the incendiary of York Minster, was mentioned as having, on [redacted] occasion, along with three [redacted] four others, prevented the blowing up of a ship at sea; this gave rise to anecdote of other persons who [redacted] performed similar [redacted] [redacted] intrepidity. *Holland*: "Mr. Cowley [redacted] me, [redacted] while serving on board a ship of war, he [redacted] saw the [redacted] prevent the explosion of a shell, which was thrown

[redacted] The well-known testimonies of Ledyard and Mungo Park on this subject are declared by Mr. De Quincy to be "merely one-sided truths."

■ ■ ■ during an action, by clapping ■ ■ butter, ■ ■ he happened ■ ■ passing ■ the moment, ■ the burning fuse. ■ ■ you know Caleb Hartley, ■ ■ ■ who, during the siege of Gibraltar, took ■ lighted ■ ■ of the laboratory, and threw ■ ■ the rampart, where it exploded; and for which action he received the thanks of General Elliot!" ■ ■ ■ gomery: "Yea, I remember him very well; ■ ■ was a Sheffield man, and died ■ ■ Brightside in 1816. A person who had ■ ■ seen the old soldier could not easily forget him: he ■ ■ a fine, tall, upright fellow, with a face that would not have disgraced ■ ■ old Roman. He used ■ ■ take my newspaper, and died considerably in my debt; but I forgave him this, for the sake of his bravery."

Mr. Sparkes presented to Montgomery the following letter, which pleasingly recalls the ■ ■ of a worthy woman, with whose peculiar trials Montgomery ■ ■ as ■ ■ have seen, called upon to sympathise ■ ■ early period of that literary career which ■ ■ probably in some degree influenced: nor would ■ ■ overlook the ■ ■ of respect and kindness in which she writes: —

Mrs. ■ ■ ■ James Montgomery.

"Baldie, U. S., Jan. 24. 1838.

"■ ■ ■ LONG-TRIED FRIEND,

"These few introductory lines will be given to your ■ ■ by a valued personal friend, Mr. Sparkes, of Boston.

"I have a farewell letter from him previous ■ ■ his ■ ■ ■ England and France, for ■ ■ purpose of examining his ■ ■ documents, relative to ■ ■ country, ■ ■ complete his materials ■ ■ ■ extensive ■ ■ important work ■ ■ ■ I mentioned to you, or rather to our sisters, in a late letter.

"This introduction is ■ ■ ■ at his ■ ■ ■ express desire; he says, 'I shall travel north, and be in Sheffield, and should be ■ ■ ■ obliged if you or Mr. Gales will give me a

letter ■■■■ Montgomery. I ■■■■ I could ■■■■ visit ■■■■ under ■■■■ favourable auspices.' He ■■■■ indeed, my ■■■■ friend, from repeated conversations ■■■■ letters, ■■■■ well ■■■■ acquainted with your private virtues ■■■■ your literary talents.

"I know not ■■■■ individual on this ■■■■ the Atlantic with ■■■■ congenial mind, that I could introduce ■■■■ your ■■■■ acquaintance. A complete classical scholar, ■■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■ modern languages, ■■■■ of science ■■■■ profound erudition, ■■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■ them ■■■■ pure ■■■■ popular ■■■■ in ■■■■ position. His 'North American Review' is well known ■■■■ freely circulated in Europe, and his theological writings ■■■■ eminently esteemed.* He has recently published a 'Life ■■■■ Ledyard,' ■■■■ celebrated African traveller, the editorship of which ■■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■ literary fame.

"But ■■■■ he only ■■■■ plain individual, without claim ■■■■ public pre-eminence, I would introduce him to you, my friend, ■■■■ one whose private virtues, whose unassuming ■■■■ and whose ■■■■ of disposition merit ■■■■ and friendly reception.

"My dear husband, according ■■■■ his usual habits, ■■■■ immersed in business, and employs ■■■■ helpmate's leisure ■■■■ write ■■■■ you on behalf of *his friend*—my dear friend too, for I know no ■■■■ whom I consider more ■■■■ than Mr. Sparkes.

"Farewell, my friend. ■■■■ hope ■■■■ will find you well; and you will in heart, if not in words, thank ■■■■ ■■■■ introduction—the *first*, I believe, ■■■■ ■■■■ pressed upon you, although ■■■■ persons have, unknown ■■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■ of ■■■■ name ■■■■ intrude upon you.

"I write, by ■■■■ same hand, a few lines ■■■■ sisters.

"Your affectionate friend,

"WINIFRED GALE.

"■■■■ Montgomery, Esq., ■■■■

Mr. Holland having ■■■■ the "Life of Summerfield," placed ■■■■ manuscript in Montgomery's hands, ■■■■ without ■■■■ solicitude lest ■■■■ execution of the task

"I deem ■■■■ right to say he was a Professor at Cambridge, and, ■■■■ Unitarian.—W. G."

should not justify the kindness which I imposed it; but the lapse of a few days ended the uncertainty.

James Montgomery to John Hall

"DEAR FRIEND,

"When I named you to the relatives of the late Rev. John [redacted] as a proper [redacted] prepare a [redacted] minister extraordinary of the Gospel, I was perfectly aware of the responsibility which I thereby incurred; but I was also so well satisfied with respect to your qualifications, that I gladly [redacted] my credit on your performance of the task. I now thank you sincerely for having [redacted] promptly and effectually redeemed the pledge [redacted] laid down for you. Without binding myself to subscribe implicitly to every sentiment, or to approve of every form of expression in it, I can [redacted] attentive perusal [redacted] manuscript, that, according to my best judgment, you have done justice to the subject, honour [redacted] yourself, and service [redacted] the Church on earth, by presenting [redacted] trophy more of the power of the religion of Jesus — out of weakness [redacted] perfect strength, and, by instruments [redacted] as God alone *could* make, and such as He alone *would* use, to work miracles of mercy in converting sinners from [redacted] error of their ways, saving souls from death, [redacted] covering a multitude of sins.

"You know [redacted] before I put [redacted] work into your hands, I had diligently examined [redacted] whole, both for my [redacted] satisfaction, and [redacted] I might be prepared [redacted] afford you any counsel or assistance in [redacted] power, which you might require in [redacted] prosecution [redacted] your interesting but by no means easy labours. I conclude now, that, while my willing persuasion of [redacted] piety, [redacted] gifts, and the amazing [redacted] the preaching of this young apostle upon hearers of all classes, was abundantly [redacted] as I proceeded, my sense of the difficulty of establishing a portrait of the

deceased, nearly corresponding with the recollections of the living, minister, in [REDACTED] hearts of [REDACTED] kindred and friends, but especially of giving to those who knew him not an [REDACTED] [REDACTED] should justify, in their esteem, the praises that have [REDACTED] [REDACTED] upon him,—my sense of the [REDACTED] culty of doing [REDACTED] [REDACTED] greatly increased as I went along, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] remains few traces of lofty intellect, powerful imagination, or touching pathos, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] would naturally [REDACTED] expected in the productions of a youth [REDACTED] early [REDACTED] enthusiastically followed [REDACTED] applauded. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] bulk of these, being [REDACTED] journals of daily incidents, [REDACTED] very minute,—and of heart-experience, [REDACTED] coloured [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] present feeling, the whole intended for [REDACTED] [REDACTED] only, [REDACTED] noted down under the eye of [REDACTED] Master, as though [REDACTED] running title of the [REDACTED] [REDACTED] been, 'Thou, God, [REDACTED] me,'—the absence of all curious [REDACTED] elaborate composition, is a test of the genuineness of the records themselves, and rather [REDACTED] the credit than disparagement of [REDACTED] genius.

"In his [REDACTED], however, something of [REDACTED] character of elegant literature might be required, and would [REDACTED] in place; [REDACTED] the [REDACTED] inartificiality which in [REDACTED] *memorabilia* of hourly occurrences was a merit, would have been a [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. Accordingly, I [REDACTED] with critical scrutiny through nearly two hundred sketches of these, in his [REDACTED] handwriting; and [REDACTED] give [REDACTED] [REDACTED] my deliberate conviction, [REDACTED] though they [REDACTED] very [REDACTED] what I [REDACTED] anticipated [REDACTED] a fervent, fearless, self-sacrificing preacher,—the delight [REDACTED] wondering, weeping, and admiring audiences, wherever [REDACTED] went,—they were, in [REDACTED] main respect, far superior, being [REDACTED] [REDACTED] for instant [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] abiding [REDACTED]. Though but studies, they [REDACTED] nevertheless [REDACTED] exceedingly [REDACTED] [REDACTED] plan; and, [REDACTED] execution, they are distinguished chiefly by sound doctrine, [REDACTED] judgment, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] from [REDACTED] [REDACTED] ornament, however [REDACTED] as [REDACTED] occur, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] exquisite; and, [REDACTED] being occasionally interpolated (as after-thought), I [REDACTED] [REDACTED] that, [REDACTED] uttering [REDACTED] [REDACTED] compositions [REDACTED] spon-

length, illustrations the lively and beautiful manner out of the subject, when the preacher himself was full and overflowing, yet filling the more overflowed.*

"And this was the right kind of preparation for one who always words command, but whose feelings commanded him. He came to the pulpit with the words of his discourse clearly and succinctly in his mind. Then, when he was 'in the spirit,'—warmed, exalted, and inspired with the divinity of his theme,—the train of premeditated ideas, by link, in seeming extemporaneous succession, would be developed; every thought, emotion, appeal would body itself forth in vivid and appropriate language. Then, truly, would his bow abide in strength, and every shaft which came from the string, like the arrow of Aescetes of old, would take fire in its flight, shine through the clouds, and vanish in the immensity of heaven.†

"But on the sabbath and in the sanctuary on the day of the place of resurrection,—when the closet skeletons, thus clothed upon, became living, breathing, speaking oracles,—the retrogression into their original forms would be proportionately to the preacher's advantage. Hearers, who were rapt in the third heaven in the fiery of his delivery, and almost seemed to hear 'things which were not lawful for man to utter,'—when they became readers at home of the few, the outlines, however symmetrical and harmonious, would scarcely recognise the shadowy resemblance to the glorious apparitions which had gone by,—never renewed except with the presence, the voice of the preacher. In fact, every attempt to present on paper the splendid and impassioned eloquence, is gathering up dew-drops which appear as jewels and pearls on the run

* A volume of these skeletons of sermons was published by Mr. Summerfield's relatives in 1842.

† Virg. Æn. lib. v. 525—8.

water in his hand; the essence and the elements remain, but the spark, the form are gone.

His memory needs no handiwork to endear and perpetuate it; it is no any derogation from his talents, to say that he has left behind him posthumous proofs of their power, which divide with him the glory which God was pleased to do by him in the exercise of them. Brief, indeed, was his career, but brilliant and triumphant. Like one of the heroes in the legends wherein he who, with the greatest speed, carrying a blazing torch unextinguished to the goal, was crowned victor, — he was that he soon obtained the prize; and his light — not extinct in death, but borne again in your hand, my dear friend, along the same path, while you recount the Lord's dealings with him, through his swift and shining course — shall be a guide, a comfort, and an example to thousands who have witnessed its living coruscations.

"I do now, therefore, not less heartily recommend your little volume — the more precious because it is a rare one* — to the Christian public, as worthy of their acceptance, than on the former occasion I conscientiously recommended yourself as the esteemed relative of the deceased as worthy biographer.

"I am faithfully and affectionately,

"Your friend,

"J. HOLLAND."

"Mr. Holland."

It will easily be conceived with how deep emotion Mr. Holland received this elegant and generous testimonial of approbation from his revered friend, followed by it with the writer's permission to print it along with the work to which it referred.

Montgomery having received from Mr. Major a copy of his elegantly illustrated edition of Walton's "Angler,"

* It formed, however, an octavo volume of nearly four hundred pages. New York.

sent to Mr. Holland his old copy of this delightful book, with the following note:—

James Montgomery to *John Holland*

"Hartbeed, April 11 1829.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"I have the new edition of *William Angler's* and I envy you the pleasure to come if you have not already perused the book. What a second reading may be I cannot tell, but the book was more entrancing than opium-eating in the earliest stage;—the spirits, the affections are so enchantingly touched, while the understanding is gently exercised, that the idlest fellow in the world, with a little fancy and feeling, may imagine the soul of pleasant *John Walton* transmigrated into himself. I just recollected that you introduce into your title-page of '*Summerfield's Memoirs*' a line of my recommendatory letter, but I do not recollect whether you have appended either an unmeaning too, or the impertinent three (Mr. or Esq.) to it. This is to request, that my Christian and surname alone may be used in that place; the former at full length, as it would be in the title if I were the author, and as I write it below.

"Your sincere friend,

"JAMES MONTGOMERY."*

John Holland to *James Montgomery*.

"York, 2d of 2d mo. 1829.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"*William Crowther* and *James Montgomery* was writing *Life of John* course, I could answer the question. When I was in Sheffield, I remember thee saying worthy friends

* Among hundreds of the poet's letters which we have seen, this is the only one to which his name is written in full.

there seldom told thee when any of our good ministers visited that town. Now, there is one [redacted] you [redacted] present whom I very much wish thee to see [redacted] hear; she is [redacted] sister of C. S. Dudley. Nature seems to have given her more than a common share of gifts; she possesses a strong mind, beautifully cultivated;—but [redacted] I [redacted] here, I should leave the best feature of her character undescribed,—for she hangs all her gifts upon the cross. I do not remember to have [redacted] any sermons superior, and [redacted] few equal, to many [redacted] she has delivered; and if [redacted] endure a woman's preaching, I would say—do [redacted] [redacted] her. As [redacted] is staying at Carr Wood, perhaps [redacted] [redacted] already acquainted [redacted] her; if so, attribute my [redacted] description to a wish to give thee pleasure. . . . I [redacted] with a hearty wish [redacted] prayer that thy [redacted] may long be spared, and thy faith and love grow brighter [redacted] endless day!

"Very sincerely thy friend,
"E. ROWTREE.

"[redacted] Montgomery, Sheffield."

James Montgomery [redacted] *Rowtree.*

"[redacted] April 11. 1829.

"[redacted] DEAR FRIEND,

" . . . I was certainly applied to respecting a memoir of Summerfield, but for reasons—satisfactory [redacted] [redacted] myself, if [redacted] to [redacted] relatives—I declined [redacted] undertaking; but [redacted] [redacted] time I recommended [redacted] friend, Mr. [redacted] Holland, [redacted] a [redacted] eminently qualified [redacted] [redacted] a task, and I was happy enough to [redacted] an engagement with [redacted] on [redacted] behalf,—I voluntarily promising, to [redacted] over [redacted] materials, which [redacted] of great bulk, and to lend him any aid [redacted] [redacted] might desire in [redacted] progress of the work, [redacted] [redacted] I might [redacted] [redacted] serve him. [redacted] I punctually performed, [redacted] [redacted] labours were nearly completed when your letter arrived. Two original portraits of his hero also had been transmitted [redacted] him, one from America, and the

other from the friend you name, Mr. Badby. The manuscript is finished: I have given it all which a recommendatory letter signed by my poor name could afford. It will be transmitted to America for publication, and I expect will be printed in England.—In the next place, I am mentioning to you the arrival in the neighbourhood of your highly-gifted preachers. I should have to have heard her testimony of the Gospel, but I have neither time nor face to go into a place of worship so different from which I am accustomed, apparently — I have been in the company of all your shrewd friends here—from mere curiosity. I am afraid, at any time, and in any place at home, to do so, when strangers are expected, except when a public invitation is given,—and partly from weakness, partly for conscience sake,—the former arising from the opinion of man, lest my motives should be mistaken by my fellow-creatures; the latter, I trust, from the opinion of God, lest my motives should be an abomination in his sight, who is of purer vision than to behold iniquity, and who whose worship especially requires truth in the inward part. I did not see her at all during her visit here; but yesterday evening I had the pleasure of drinking tea at Carr Wood, in company with her sister (I presume, I did not ask, whether *Mary* Dudley, whom I saw there, was the preacher or not). She appeared to me very amiable, pious, and intelligent, as might have been expected of any scion of such a stock.—I pass over your self-humbling remarks on something which I had said, which I have entirely forgotten, in my letter. I will play no compliments with me as you; in the course of the world I have much humour for myself in words; I should as soon think of trying to bow lower than you would courtesy, as saying more on the matter.—I am very sorry I cannot afford to do so respecting Ireland, your intended visit to that wronged and pitiable country.

You must be mistaken of my Ireland, when I was at York, as you say that you recollect my visit there. I may have told you that when I was I lived a year and a half in the north of Ireland; but, though that was one fourth part of my whole life the I it brought England, my knowledge necessarily very limited, and, the of a century, is imperfect now I than. I have been in Ireland since. It is true that I have various societies for bettering mental spiritual condition my half-countrymen, — for both my parents were Irish, — but I am stranger to them, except as I read of them in books, hear from friends, or see them as emigrants doing daily drudgery here, I the inhabitants of or Italy. I am not acquainted with any of our Moravian Brethren in Dublin, though we have a respectable congregation there. . . .

"I am truly, your obliged friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY

Rowtree, York."

Tuesday, April 14. Montgomery called on the "Iris" office, and took Mr. Holland to dine with him. In the course of conversation, it was suggested to the poet that a volume of "Lay Sermons," from his pen, would not only be acceptable, but useful. He objected that his style was not that of a sermon-writer. This friend admitted, at the same time contending, that it was so much the better adapted for a readable and instructive work, combining religious exposition with counsel and exhortation. He shook his head, saying, however, after a moment's pause, that he sometimes entertained thoughts of composing a collection of family prayers; but thought he understood what was wanted in this kind of compositions, though he possessed, in a very humble and inferior degree,

"the gift of prayer" was recd. His friend of course did not contradict him, as he might justly have done, on this point, but he was glad to see him thus acknowledging the value and usefulness of pre-composed prayers in certain cases; as it was quite certain the opposite opinion, which he often flippantly and inconsiderately advanced by good men, whether from the pulpit or otherwise, had deterred many well-disposed persons of families from engaging in any of social devotion of any form, from the fear of being laughed at if they used a book! He agreed to this, and he generally used a book himself, occasionally interpolating, of course, such expressions as petitions, or modifying the language as his feelings might prompt, in circumstances might require: indeed, he was persuaded that, with whatever exceptions, the ordinary language of many good men at the domestic altar was more than persons supposed—at least, he had noticed this in houses where he had sojourned any considerable length of time. He spoke favourably of the collection of prayers known as "Jenks's Devotions:" Jay's he considered as superior compositions, but too rhetorical; his head, rather than the heart, being engaged: Cotterill's were excellent, as composed principally in expressions taken from the Holy Scriptures and from the established services of the Church of England; but his book was expensive, at least for a large number of persons to whom it was very desirable to urge the adoption of such an aid as an alternative of neglect of family devotion altogether. When he compiled a book of prayer, he would use Scriptural language, as much as possible, and of the whole, not hesitating to borrow, from other sources, any sentiment or expression that appeared remarkably striking and appropriate. It is

gretted this pious labour, for which he was well qualified, and would have formed an appropriate counterpart to his "Original Hymns," never undertaken by him.

Joseph Cottle, who, James Montgomery, growing in heavenly-mindedness, accompanied a present of the fourth edition of "Poems and Essays" a note containing the following "P. S. It will always give me pleasure to hear of your health and welfare: I am both love your Saviour, and found him amongst the worshippers. How your excellent brother! Please forward the enclosed parcel to Mr. Southey by the first coach."

In the of this year appeared a handsome edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," not with verses by diverse poets, but with a memoir of Bunyan by Robert Southey. On seeing an of this work, Montgomery immediately transmitted to the worthy Laureate a copy of his own essay on the subject, accompanied by a friendly note, of which the following pleasing letter is the acknowledgment:—

Southey to James Montgomery.

"Kerwick, April 28. 1829.

"MY DEAR MONTGOMERY,

"I received your parcel just long enough ago to have read the brief note which it contained from my dear and good old friend Joseph Cottle, your letter, and your 'Introductory Essay to the Pilgrim's Progress.' First, let me thank you for the books, and the kind in which you remember one who always respects your respect and admiration, and with as much as can be felt for one of whom, much to his own regret, he personally knows so little. Then let me complain of you for supposing I should not agree with you in your estimate

either character or genius of John Bunyan, a I never mention without honour, of pleasure. I am not conscious of any feeling, thought, word, or deed, at any time of my life, which could have you to imagine that in this I morally and intellectually blind. Indeed, when I applied by acquaintance, part of Mr. Major the bookseller, perform an which I did this day know that you performed before me, the motive which accept pure liking for task, of pure love the author and book.

"Had I known of your edition, I should certainly once have declined proposal. I am glad I know it: ignorance, which in some cases be bliss, been good fortune here. Yours a critical mine will a biographical one; and we shall have nothing in but the desire to do honour author, and to introduce the into circles (if that can be), except what I borrow from you thankfully.

"On very day that your letter written (Friday last), I read through the book which booby in your essay [he means, which been noticed by some mentioned there] being the undoubted original of 'Pilgrim's Progress.' This book into my morning: it property of Offer, a Baptist, an ex-bookseller*, who, in his veneration for Bunyan, would me with it I satisfied his scruples by letter; assured of my persuasion suspicion of plagiarism utterly groundless, and represented him that there any accidental resemblance, or, what was just possible, Bunyan might have heard of some Baptist in England, or Englishman who in the Low Countries, how much better a plain short (which could possibly

* Subsequently editor of a reprint of the First Edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, issued by the Harvard Knollys Society.

more than this) should be told by a friend than by an enemy.

"It was represented to me [REDACTED] had [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Slough of Despond, the [REDACTED] of Difficulty, [REDACTED] Vanity Fair. The truth I believe to be, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] had seen the book could read it. There is not the slightest resemblance or shade of resemblance in it to any one of [REDACTED] adventures of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' The Fleming's wilful Pilgrimage [REDACTED] from the high road to follow [REDACTED] people to a byway, and [REDACTED] into a ditch: the plate [REDACTED] represents this [REDACTED] down at [REDACTED] for the Slough of Despond. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] through a village, it happens [REDACTED] [REDACTED] day there; [REDACTED] stops a [REDACTED] while in [REDACTED] crowd to look at some jugglers, and [REDACTED] [REDACTED] happens in consequence is, that [REDACTED] is obliged, as is plainly [REDACTED] in Dutch, [REDACTED] some pains in clearing herself from the lice which she [REDACTED] caught there. Would you desire anything more like Vanity Fair? When they come to sight of Jerusalem, at the close of this day's journey, the Pilgrimage, grown presumptuous, will climb [REDACTED] precipices, is blown over, and [REDACTED] into a pit from whence there [REDACTED] deliverer: [REDACTED] these three plates — [REDACTED] the plates alone — has [REDACTED] false and impudent charge of plagiarism been made.

"I will take [REDACTED] a copy of my intended edition shall [REDACTED] to you as soon as it is ready, [REDACTED] publisher [REDACTED] it [REDACTED] in the end of autumn.

"I am almost hopeless when I ask, [REDACTED] you come and see [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] me [REDACTED] you [REDACTED] the lake, and guide you upon some of [REDACTED] mountains? You [REDACTED] [REDACTED] in [REDACTED] now; [REDACTED] I, who shall [REDACTED] be out of it, have always leisure to enjoy [REDACTED] company of a friend. I am going with [REDACTED] family to the [REDACTED] of [REDACTED] for change of air and sea-bathing, which [REDACTED] [REDACTED] of my daughters, and [REDACTED] [REDACTED] a needful removal [REDACTED] myself, when the [REDACTED] weather comes, to prevent or [REDACTED] short that troublesome periodical [REDACTED] [REDACTED] is now known by [REDACTED] name of the *Hay-fever*, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] of which I hope I have weakened, [REDACTED] broken, by travelling at the time of [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Our stay [REDACTED]

not be extended beyond the end of June. If you will come in July,—and the earlier the better,—you shall have me welcome; and you shall find me the same private man you have known in print. Last year I underwent an operation which has restored me to free use of my strength in walking, after being crippled many years by an infirmity: I thank God it is effectually removed, and I am more a man, than you for a whole day's excursion. If you have the country you ought to see it; and if you have, you will know it is worth seeing again. I should show you the books which are the pride of my eye and joy of my heart, the only ones which I have been anxious of heaping together, and I show you the papers which I have in progress, and to you the projects—so many of which will cut short—of which I have dreamt, or still hope to execute, with you of many things. Now tell me you will come,—and believe me yours, always with respect and regard,

“ROBERT SOUTHBY.

“James Montgomery, Esq.,

It is impossible to transcribe this characteristic letter, so full of the frank and genial spirit of the writer, without reiterating the expression of our regret that the Sheffield poet enjoyed at Keswick the opportunity of social personal intercourse with the very individual whom, of all highly-gifted contemporaries, he would most heartily have responded, in that period, with ingenuous expression of thought and feeling.

Years before this period Montgomery met upon Mr. Holland with an individual who was anxious to deliver lectures in Klopstock's “Messiah,” a project which neither of the parties could en-

courage, but so as to be the object of a stranger's evidently to promote the sale of a translation of the German epic, several of which afterwards appeared in print. Montgomery having, at the request of the Rev. James Knight, compared it and three other versions with the original, a friend a series of strictures on the subject, from which we extract a passage as follows :—

"I cannot," says the poet, "be quite satisfied with the idea of making sufferings, death, resurrection our Saviour's theme of a heroic poem. Paul, when caught up into the third heaven, heard things which were lawful for him to say. The simple, solemn, affecting narratives of the Evangelists can hardly be told in any other manner than as we find them there. They are translatable into any other language which men or angels speak, and with equal effect in German to those who understand the plain words in their own tongue, which, corresponding with the original records, set forth the circumstances of that most wonderful of all the revealed counsels—the purposes of God in its accomplishment—the redemption of the world. Every detail of the details, I acknowledge, may be made the theme of pulpit eloquence or glowing discourse,—of sweet discourse, of tender recollection, of exalting gratitude,—till their 'hearts burn within them' who hear or talk of these things by the way, 'and eyes begin to shine.' But to compile a mausoleum of fiction over a few relics (holy and beautiful, but not to be touched by profane hands) which have been preserved in the Church of time, by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, is barely pardonable. I speak with hesitance (though I account the matter from conviction), that such experiments on these subjects have been made by some of the greatest of our poets 'inspired of God.' Yet I would rather have seen, with 'Mary Magdalen and that other Mary,' 'the body of Jesus' laid in 'Joseph's new tomb, hewn out of the rock,' than to see a sepulchre in Jerusalem.

saalem built over the supposed place in the garden, with its array of ministering priests, thronged pilgrims, adoring the Jewish symbols, amidst the glare of lamps, the fumes of incense, and the sounds of music. As the latter, glorious in its kind, is to the former, so is Klopstock's magnificent epode to the faithful testimony of the Evangelists, brief, comparatively imperfect as each separate portion is, but, combined, presenting (Urim and Thummim) light and perfection, before which the poet made glorious 'hath no glory in this respect, by the glory that excelleth.'

"The previous question being disposed of, differently, according to the different views, prepossessions, or tastes of readers of all classes, — the 'Messiah' of Klopstock is, undoubtedly, one of the greatest achievements of poetical power. The original is composed in hexameter, which in a copious, flexible, and plastic language, the German, allows of amplification and exuberance, both of thought and diction, absolutely unattainable, with good effect, in a tongue so reluctantly bending the yoke of liberty, — for such an English reader that must be which not only admits but requires a style diffusive, complicated, pleonastic. . . . In this anonymous blank-verse translation [Longmans', 1826] there are many noble passages scattered throughout the whole, not unworthy of the original; but I am quite certain that no version, whether in prose or rhyme, could be more than inferior in our language to our taste. The florid prose, in French, 'Telemachus,' by Fenelon, the elaborate poetry of Gesner's 'Death of Abel,' in German, may be as case as exquisite as champagne in Paris, as palatable as the wine of the Rhine; but both may be as heavy and muddling as factitious port in London. German hexameters are irreducible in iambics, — the gamboling of the former in the latter compared with the floundering of the unwieldy monster in a creek. German iambics perform great things in German hexameters: they would match against

those even of Greece and Rome, in their own place ; for the very conceptions of poets are, in fact, much more influenced and modified by the genius, idiom, capabilities of the language in which they write, than authors are for the thought a man *thinks upon a thought* (how the thought may have been suggested) the words, which constitute the rudiments from which the expression of one for communication to another mind is elaborated. Perhaps no poem of high originality can be perfectly translated into another tongue than that of its author."

This was followed by a second series of strictures, addressed by the poet to his friend, relative to the details of the "Messiah," which Mr. Knight, much as he admired the poem in the original German, as a creation of genius merely, agreed with his friend in repudiating on theological grounds. In a comparison rather contrast between the greatest of English and the greatest of German poets, Montgomery awards the palm of superiority to the former, on an important point, as follows : —

"Klopstock, with licenses of language and composition which Milton neither had nor desired, was at the utmost stretch of his imagination to do all he can on every occasion, of the best only ; but neither of his subject, and, consequently, not his readers, while he exhausts all three by his efforts to exalt. On the other hand, how calm, how still, how self-possessed and yet majestic is Milton ! he has been performing miracles of power as in the discomfiture and destruction of the angels by Messiah, so unspent that, like the latter, he seems to 'check in mid-volley ;' and may be said of him, as he says in the context, 'yet half his strength he put forth.'"

CHAP. LXVI.

1829.

ARRIVAL OF GEORGE BENNET IN ENGLAND.—LETTER TO HIM.—
LETTER TO TEN MILES GALLS.—THE ENGLISH LAKES.—DESCRIPTIVE
POEM BY J. HOLLAND.—ORIGINAL VERSES.—LETTER
TO M. EVERETT.—CONVERSATIONS.—BOND HABITS.—INCIDENTS.
—PREACHERS.—"DOCTOR" SOUTHEY.—OFFICIAL VISIT
TO THE ———— ———— ———— ———— ————
TO ———— BENNET.—VISIT TO HEDGAR.—"OLNEY
HYMNS."

On the 11th of June Mr. Bennet landed at Deal, and the following morning proceeded to London, from whence he wrote to Montgomery:—

"This is 'my dear, my native land!' Bless the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all his benefits! As I proceeded from Deal to Margate, surely the landscape appeared more beautiful to me than all the country did to me; 'the eye was never weary with seeing nor the ear weary with hearing' the rural sights and rural sounds convinced my heart that I was at length got home. The grass, the flowers, the trees, in gardens, fields, and hedgerows, so English in colour, so fresh in form, and fragrance, especially the golden clusters of the laburnum, and the prodigality of 'milk-white thorn,' reminded me of all that I had seen in youth, and I was now again privileged to behold and enjoy after years of absence in strange climes."

This letter overtook Montgomery and Rowland Hodgson at Keswick while they were together on a Bible tour in the north, and he immediately addressed

their friend on sheet. The former says, that while he was writing, "our friend Montgomery was on an excursion to the top of Skiddaw, one of the highest mountains of the neighbourhood: when he returns, he will add a few lines to this letter."

James Montgomery to George Bennett.

*Kewick, June 11.

"MY FRIEND,

"Your letter, and the welcome of it, have been received from you, from every quarter of the world, the last, written on ground, reached me at place just when I was setting out on expedition to the top of Skiddaw. I hastily read it, and with a heart overflowing with joy at the good tidings which it brought of your arrival, I proceeded on my way, leaving to our good friend, Mr. R. Hodgson, to occupy the place of a letter of congratulation, which we determined to send to you, on your long-wished-for and happily-accomplished return to your native country. But though my limbs, with the occasional help of a pony, bore me to the height of the magnificent mountain above-named, and though my eyes surveyed an immensity of horizon, comprehending land and lakes, rivers, hills, woods, in the diversity, spread like a map beneath my feet, my mind, especially my heart, was engaged with you all forenoon; from that stupendous elevation which I stood, I saw not only the adjacent portions of the Isle, which every eye may see clear day from thence, but I traced you all round the world, the isles of the South Seas, New Zealand, New Holland, China, India, Madagascar, South Africa, St. Helena. All the oceans you have crossed, dividing and connecting the utmost regions of the earth, even to the very spot where you landed at length on our own dear shores, — all present to my spirit, and each of these I perceive that goodness and mercy had followed you

all the days of your long absence on a circumnavigation of charity, ~~has~~ ~~been~~ ~~made~~ ~~by~~ ~~an~~ ~~uncommon~~ ~~man~~ ~~fell~~, and the promise of a Saviour was given. I will not flatter you; I know it will humble you when I say that you are, in this respect, the most privileged of all that have lived, or ~~live~~, having alone done what ~~was~~ ~~was~~ attempted, ~~and~~ ~~your~~ ~~late~~ ~~honoured~~ ~~and~~ ~~beloved~~ ~~companion~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~allowed~~ ~~to~~ ~~achieve~~ : the glory ~~was~~ ~~granted~~ ~~to~~ ~~you~~, you will lay ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~Redeemer's~~ ~~feet~~, ~~and~~ ~~say~~, ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~Lord's~~ ~~doing~~ : I have been exalted to do this; ~~and~~ ~~to~~ ~~his~~ ~~name~~ ~~be~~ ~~all~~ ~~the~~ ~~praise~~. On the summit of Skiddaw, under ~~the~~ ~~infinity~~ ~~of~~ ~~heaven~~ ~~above~~, ~~and~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~presence~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~widest~~ ~~compass~~ ~~of~~ ~~earth~~ ~~I~~ ~~ever~~ ~~saw~~, except once before, I ~~presented~~ ~~my~~ ~~thank-offering~~ ~~on~~ ~~your~~ ~~altar~~ ~~with~~ ~~hands~~, ~~to~~ ~~Him~~ ~~who~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~refuge~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~people~~ ~~through~~ ~~many~~ ~~generations~~; to Him who, 'before the mountains ~~were~~ ~~brought~~ ~~forth~~, ~~was~~ ~~God~~.' I laid my thank-offering to Him ~~there~~, for all the deliverances which ~~he~~ ~~has~~ ~~wrought~~ ~~for~~ ~~you~~, for all the mercies he has conferred upon you, for all ~~the~~ ~~good~~ ~~which~~ ~~I~~ ~~have~~ ~~seen~~ ~~and~~ ~~known~~ ~~has~~ ~~been~~ ~~done~~ ~~by~~ ~~you~~, during your long labours ~~and~~ ~~many~~ ~~sufferings~~, and especially for this last evidence of ~~his~~ ~~loving~~ ~~kindness~~ ~~towards~~ ~~you~~, and towards us, too, in answering ~~our~~ ~~prayers~~, and bringing you safe ~~to~~ ~~our~~ ~~own~~ ~~land~~ ~~and~~ ~~yours~~; and my heart's ~~desire~~ ~~and~~ ~~prayer~~ ~~for~~ ~~you~~ ~~was~~, that you may yet long ~~be~~ ~~spared~~ ~~to~~ ~~see~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~goodness~~ ~~and~~ ~~his~~ ~~wonderful~~ ~~works~~. ~~Mr~~ ~~Hodgson~~ ~~has~~ ~~fully~~ ~~expressed~~ ~~my~~ ~~feelings~~ ~~in~~ ~~expressing~~ ~~his~~ ~~own~~, ~~and~~ ~~I~~ ~~need~~ ~~nothing~~ ~~further~~ ~~than~~ ~~to~~ ~~say~~ ~~'God~~ ~~bless~~ ~~you~~ ~~!'~~ Yea, and you shall be blessed.

"I am truly your affectionate friend,

"Changed only ~~one~~ ~~year~~ ~~have~~ ~~changed~~ ~~me~~

"J. ~~Hodgson~~."

"George Bennett, Esq.,

Missionary House, Austin Friars, London."

Montgomery to Mr. James

"Ambleside, Dec. 7.

"MY FRIENDS,

"I am lost is gone for ever: no time to
can overtake the time by. Take the grave sentiment
as the fruit of my experience the evening, when I the
opportunity the the of eternity
I upon a of
overlook the pretty little town, with the
in the lap of a green valley, that I could find my way
secure the post, though I spent half an hour in
seeking seemed very plain—a short the bot-
tom; and, after all, had to turn back to the very point
which I out, and tread my steps again over the cir-
cuitous path by which I had ascended. This letter ought
have been written yesterday, and been delivered in Shef-
field to-morrow; to-morrow will have become yesterday
it reach its destination, and the consequence
that its contents must be very different from what they
were intended to be: I do not even know whether would
have been addressed to you; I rather think that would
have gone to my fellow-labourer, John Holland, in the
Sunday School Union. was my wish a
of affectionate remembrance to the teachers friends of
that institution, to delivered them their anniversary
meeting the Monday, year, the first that I have
since 1813; and this comes nearer quick with
because I believe I am only person who
always present, and always actively engaged in the
of festival. I fill
with vain regrets. Though I may probably on the top
Helvellyn, mightiest of mighty mountains
here, when they are assembled in the afternoon in the new
Nether Chapel, I hope to be in spirit them.
yet I anticipate the recollections the first
anniversary which was held the Chapel will
carry me back long past, and to a building as utterly

removed from the face of the earth as [REDACTED] day is from [REDACTED] light of [REDACTED] [REDACTED] the [REDACTED] of [REDACTED] day, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] of that roof under which we [REDACTED] found [REDACTED] house [REDACTED] God and [REDACTED] [REDACTED] of heaven, can never be forgotten, I do think, in this world or the next, by those who were on that [REDACTED] baptized into [REDACTED] spirit and [REDACTED] body; [REDACTED] [REDACTED] every year [REDACTED] remembered as [REDACTED] [REDACTED] from [REDACTED] many a [REDACTED] went forth [REDACTED] the work of the Lord [REDACTED] renewed love, and faith, [REDACTED] zeal, and power to do it. Every day of every year since, [REDACTED] believe [REDACTED] may [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Sheffield [REDACTED] better, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] respects, for that day of [REDACTED] year.

"On every successive anniversary during [REDACTED] eight years' [REDACTED] of [REDACTED] friend and founder, George Bennet, I [REDACTED] in [REDACTED] way or another reminded the meeting, [REDACTED] though in person [REDACTED] the ends of the earth, he was certainly among us in spirit, and his prayers and praises [REDACTED] ascending [REDACTED] [REDACTED] behalf [REDACTED] the throne of grace, which is found everywhere by all who would approach it. [REDACTED] year, to-morrow, his spirit and mine may meet *where* and *when* I had [REDACTED] confidently predicted last time we should meet in [REDACTED] bodily presence, if both [REDACTED] lives were spared. I suppose you have [REDACTED] yet heard of his arrival on [REDACTED] native shore, or by [REDACTED] means or other you would have contrived to have [REDACTED] me know. On my part, you may say, I ought to have [REDACTED] you know before [REDACTED] where I have been since I left home, and when I may be expected [REDACTED] return. I have [REDACTED] had a fairer apology for [REDACTED] writing earlier than I have [REDACTED] [REDACTED] plead. My friend [REDACTED] I have been either [REDACTED] frequently from stage [REDACTED] stage [REDACTED] hurry and weariness of travelling, and such [REDACTED] as we have been called upon to [REDACTED] in at different places, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] have [REDACTED] [REDACTED] hospitably entertained [REDACTED] private houses, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] have had [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] disposal.

"We [REDACTED] six [REDACTED] meetings between Monday and Friday, [REDACTED] yesterday [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] breathing [REDACTED] [REDACTED] really enjoy; yet the enjoyment was perhaps [REDACTED] hardest fatigue we have yet undergone. Some kind ladies, [REDACTED] accompanied us from Kendal, made a party for an ex-

curasion. We travelled on the lake of Windermere, crossing over the intervening hills to Grasmere, and Rydal, concluding the journey by a visit to Mr. Wordsworth, whose my spirits were sufficiently exhausted to our return home to justify a rest alone to recruit them; but going further than I intended, the opportunity of writing was thus gone by; and thus, as I have said, a journey that I shall never forget!

"I have much to say concerning myself since I came away. I might mention many complaints of personal infirmities, and various sufferings, and so forth, which are my daily portion when I am from home, but I make travelling, with all its exertions and exhilarating changes of scene and society, little better than penance and pilgrimage to me; though in retrospect it always furnishes abundant materials for thought, for thankfulness, and for hope also. Mercy and goodness hitherto, as on all former occasions, have followed every step of the way; and at the close of every stage and every day I have had cause to be humble and happy, though too often I have been neither the one nor the other, as I ought to be. I cannot to-day—indeed, it cannot be put off till I can do it with my living voice—give you any particulars of my adventures: there have been none of a romantic character, nor any descriptive of the scenery which we have noticed,—indeed, we are only just entering the Lake-land; the promise is great, and it will be my fault if I am disappointed. I can just say that I have seen the greatest lion here,—Wordsworth; and many of the others,—the Opium Eater's, the Professor (Christopher North). Wordsworth's house and grounds are all that a poet could wish for in any reverie; for after having seen him, and him, I said they were more appropriate than any that could have invented; he had the whole lakes, mountains, and all to be called into an arrangement of his own, in the happiest mood of his own mind. Mr. Quincey's cottage is a very nutshell of a house; though I could see nothing attractive in it, I should have been glad to have peeped in, if I had been

been to him what ■ was to me,—invisible. ■ Wilson's is a ■ small house and pleasure ground, of which I merely caught a glimpse as ■ rolled through the dust of the road before the slope on which ■ stands. He is there, and I have been offered an introduction, which ■ dare ■ accept. . . .

"I am very truly, your affectionate friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"To Miss B. Gales, Sheffield."

James Montgomery ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

"Kewick, ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

"MY ■ FRIENDS,

"You would wonder why, in my letter from Ambleside, I ■ not acknowledge ■ receipt of two which you forwarded ■ me ■ Kirkby Lonsdale. These met me yesterday evening ■ this place, having been twice redirected, and probably lain here ■ ■ before ■ arrival. I am sorry, ■ ■ Franks's account, that hers did not reach ■ sooner; but ■ that ■ nobody's fault, it would be idle to ■ words and patience in wishing ■ to be otherwise. I could ■ write to her before to-day's post, which I ■ will reach her to-morrow; and as ■ is a woman, and will not easily be diverted from a good purpose, I hope it ■ place ■ 'Garden Thoughts' in the ■ of ■ ■ fair ■ of York, though she ■ not receive my *imprimatur*. I will tell you the meaning of that word when I get home, ■ you think ■ worth your while to ask me: I might have ■ ■ in a quarter ■ many words as I have already used not to tell what now *I will not tell* from mere caprice, after making so ■ ■ about nothing. The ■ letter, from Ockbrook, carried double, ■ ■ ■ way—the ■ before, ■ wife behind—Ignatius and Agnes on ■ pillion (as it ought to be), not quite as large as his saddle. However, though ■ reception of ■ epistle ■ that quarter ■ ■ being so accustomed ■ anticipate ■ tidings, that good ones, sent express through six different

post-offices, were the farthest from anything from my imagination; yet, if I had reflected like a man of sound *feelings*—I was not of sound *mind*—I might have guessed the very import of the despatches. I say, though the contents of a letter to them reached me first, they contain what we would consider good tidings at present, namely, that John James [the poet's nephew] had been accepted (in our congregation dialect) as a school assistant, at the school at Gracehill, in the north of Ireland, where though one *grade* (Sarah interprets the American term) higher, some four-and-twenty years ago; and where Agnes was queen bee of such a hive as no one to her crown and dignity has been able to maintain. John James, therefore, will return to his native country, though not to his native place, which is a few miles distant, and is called, in the language of Irishmen, Ballymaquiggan, but in that of brethren and sisters, *Gracefield*. I only desire for him,—and my prayer when I consider of how much importance to himself, both in time and eternity, this change in his issues may be, his whole future course of life turning off almost at a right angle from this point, a river running east, by the intervention of a mountain diverted southward,—that so he may have been a true follower of Christ, and may tread in the steps of the father, and avoid those of—him who is of kin, and bears the least amiable of all names—uncle.* I am equally confident that he did right in going to Ockbrook, and does right now in leaving it. . . . As far I had written yesterday night, and had intended to have written and forwarded the same the evening, but the morning brought me Bennet's

* The Rev. John James Montgomery has long been an able and highly respected member of the Moravians; and we may add, however the poet might designate as "the least amiable of all names" that which indicated the relationship which he bore to his nephew, the latter never spoke to or of his "uncle" without feeling that the term was expressive of reciprocal affection and respect.

Wilberforce's letters; and by your goodness sending them. Mr. Bennet's Mr. Hodgson and I have answered as promptly as possible; and that, returning from a ramble of nearly six hours on the top of Skiddaw, I thrown me too late to close this sheet for the post. If Mr. Ackermann should send a proof-sheet on Wednesday, earlier, please enclose it to me, care of W. D. Crewdson, Esq., Kendal; if later, please let Mr. John [redacted] revise it, and send it back, stating that I am not at home. . . . I will fill up the remainder of my paper with what [redacted] chapter of my 'Tour of the Lakes,' when that shall be written,—which may be when I am a few years younger, an event not likely to take place for a hundred years. But, first, I must thank you for kindness. Mr. Ramftler [a Moravian minister]. I have thought of entitling the adventure, which will only be a fragment of a day (June 10.), the 'Bowder Stone;' that is, the [redacted]. And thus it came to pass:—yesterday I took 'the drive round Derwentwater;' a [redacted] of coasting journey as crazy a round the lake. [redacted] arrived at George Bridge, the driver asked us if we would go a mile out of our way to see the 'Bowder Stone,' which he thought would be a thing very much in our way, as persons strolling about the country in quest of wonderful sights. We agreed to go. Now, the Bowder Stone is an enormous fragment of rock, fallen from the moon, or elsewhere, which lies on the bank of the stream, surrounded by mountains and [redacted] in every direction. The best description I can give you will be in the words of *Mary Caradus*,—there's a name for you!—who would change it for the best of bad husbands in the world, where they abound! 'Mary [redacted] begs leave to inform the ladies and gentlemen who visit the mountains near Keswick, [redacted] continues [redacted] House, and attends all parties [redacted] of seeing this enormous fragment of rock, supposed to be the largest in the world, which [redacted] a ship lying upon its keel. The dimensions are as follows:—in the length, 82 feet; perpendicular height, [redacted] ditto; circum-

ference 82 feet; contains 23,000 solid feet, and weighs 1971 tons, ■■■■■ weight.' Thus ■■■ Mary Caradus, an ancient dame, who seems herself a chip of the old block, and lives in ■■■■ about half as big ■ this Bowder Stone, which ■■ so plain by the way-side ■■ ■ pair of ■■ woman's eyes ■■ hardly necessary in ■■■■ ■■■■ own to see it. However, Mary has good reasons for lending hers; she ■■■■ a living from ■■ stone, which ■■■■ (I hope, ■■ least) is ■■■■ and cheese, ■■ tobacco withal. To this great ■■■■ is ■■■■ a ladder ■■■■ railing sadly out of repair, by ■■■■ you ■■■■ ■■ top, where there is a ■■■■ ■■ persons, ■■■■ standing ■■■■ for ■■ least ■■■■ a dozen more, who may choose ■■ riak their necks and ■■■■. Just ■■ ■■ arrived, ■■ ■■■■ and pair ■■ down a lady and gentleman, ■■ whom I readily gave precedence. They and their guide mounted, and I ■■■■ followed. This guide ■■■■ explaining the various points of prospect, mountains, &c., in view, ■■ the twain who occupied ■■ seat. The gentleman ■■■■ in ■■ light-coloured dress, with a white hat, ■■ brown face, and altogether ■■■■ ■■ air of ■■■■ importance about him ■■ make ■■■■ willing ■■ believe ■■■■ ■■ could be nothing ■■■■ in the ■■■■ of nobility than ■■ earl. We were so close upon the spot ■■■■ ■■ ■■■■ scarcely possible ■■ avoid speaking, unless we wished to appear too proud or too perverse. Glancing hastily round ■■ the magnificent ■■■■ and looking at the bed of the river, which, ■■ ■■ a phrase well understood of another ■■■■ thirty miles off, seemed ■■ flow with ■■■■ rather than water, I said, 'There ■■ nothing wanting here but water.' 'Y-e-s,' drawled ■■■■ ■■ gentleman in a tone so low, and so *between* ■■ teeth, that ■■ might have been by ■■ teeth, instead of ■■ good sharp ■■■■. I was so chilled that I shrank—at least my tongue did—like ■■ sensitive plant; I ■■■■ ■■ ■■■■ but, turning round, ■■■■ down ■■ ladder, stumblingly enough, yet grasping ■■■■ steps by turns, ■■ that ■■ arrived safely ■■ ■■ bottom, determining, ■■ I have many times done before, never again to speak ■■■■ ■■■■ word ■■ a great ■■■■, ■■■■ my pride might not hazard being mortified by ■■ rebuff from his. ■■■■

vexation ~~happened~~ ~~me~~ all the way back to Grange Bridge, and there it ~~was~~ frightened ~~away~~ by a ~~stone~~ ~~which~~ might ~~have been much more~~ ~~harmless~~ ~~than~~ a pin-prick of vanity in its ~~weak~~ part. I told you we were in a car; ~~the carriage~~ ~~had~~ already ~~been~~ ~~put~~ ~~up~~ ~~on~~ a public ~~place~~ by the way-side. I, however, to spare my own bones as well as the horses' walked most of the way ~~afterwards~~. On the bridge, a long, ~~stone~~ ~~way~~ ~~streetside~~ ~~with~~ ~~some~~ gravel six inches deep, ~~the~~ ~~carriage~~ ~~had~~ ~~the~~ strength to draw us all,—Mr. W. Thomas and myself, ~~with~~ the driver, who was ~~strong~~ enough for ~~such~~ a journey. In straggling, the horse ~~fell~~ ~~on~~ fore ~~limb~~ on the battlement of the bridge, but, unable to keep his hold, providentially fell within, and was ~~scarcely~~ ~~not~~ ~~so~~ ~~hastily~~ as we could, without injury. ~~The~~ ~~fact~~ ~~is~~ ~~some~~ thing ~~that~~ ~~we~~ ~~think~~ ~~about~~ ~~the~~ ~~proud~~ ~~man's~~ ~~contumely~~. Next morning I learnt he was gaoler of a certain prison, where I hope ~~will~~ ~~be~~ ~~confined~~ ~~for~~ ~~some~~ ~~or~~ ~~some~~ ~~time~~ and that he ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~there~~ ~~only~~ ~~two~~ ~~days~~. I forgave him, then, ~~and~~ ~~some~~ ~~formed~~ ~~excuses~~ ~~for~~ ~~him~~.

"This day (June 11.), immediately after reading Mr. Bennet's and Mr. Wilberforce's letters—both of which I shall duly answer—I ~~went~~ ~~out~~, with Mr. Hodgson's ~~own~~ ~~ser-~~ ~~vant~~ ~~as~~ a guide, to Skiddaw, though I had some of the weight of Helvellyn yet on my shoulders. The morning ~~was~~ ~~fine~~, the prospect below ~~was~~ ~~hazy~~, and my mind ~~was~~ ~~much~~ ~~occupied~~ ~~with~~ the South ~~Sea~~ ~~Islands~~, and all the strange ~~and~~ ~~remote~~ ~~lands~~ ~~and~~ ~~regions~~ ~~which~~ ~~our~~ ~~fleet~~ ~~visited~~ ~~during~~ ~~the~~ ~~eight~~ ~~years'~~ ~~circumnavigation~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~, ~~the~~ ~~notice~~, ~~as~~ ~~I~~ ~~otherwise~~ ~~might~~ ~~have~~ ~~done~~, ~~the~~ ~~im-~~ ~~mensity~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~in~~ ~~every~~ ~~diversity~~ ~~of~~ ~~form~~, ~~the~~ ~~lay~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~feet~~. On the very summit, after I had breathed my fervent thanksgiving ~~to~~ ~~God~~ ~~for~~ ~~all~~ ~~the~~ ~~good-~~ ~~ness~~ ~~and~~ ~~grace~~ ~~which~~ ~~had~~ ~~accompanied~~ ~~me~~ ~~on~~ ~~all~~ ~~the~~ ~~way~~, I wrote ~~on~~ ~~a~~ ~~slate-stone~~ ~~with~~ ~~a~~ ~~lead~~ ~~pencil~~, ~~the~~ ~~name~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~landing~~ ~~in~~ ~~England~~. ~~Then~~ ~~I~~ ~~threw~~ ~~upon~~ ~~a~~ ~~pile~~ ~~of~~ ~~supports~~ ~~the~~ ~~flag-staff~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~highest~~ ~~peak~~; and though ~~no~~ ~~eye~~ ~~may~~ ~~never~~ ~~see~~ ~~the~~ ~~record~~, ~~yet~~ ~~the~~ ~~first~~

When I wrote it, I felt something more than pleasure in writing and leaving the memorial there of the intelligence which we have received from him since he sailed,—his happy home. Thomas, Joseph, and I drank heartily to the good health and safe conveyance of Sheffield in brandy, but we could not find a drop of brandy. The convexity of the mountain was covered with broken pieces of slate, the summit of which having shattered the original crest of rock. I thought I looked like the summit of the battle of Armageddon, strewn with the splinters of swords, and shields, and the wreck of armour, long after the smoke of the battle had been devoured by the winds of heaven. Farewell, I bid you!

"Your affectionate friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Miss Sarah Galea, Sheffield."

James Montgomery to John Holland.

"Kirkby Lonsdale, March 21, 1841."

"My Friend,

Your kind letter reached me at Penrith on Monday morning. We have had such a week of hurry and journeying from place to place, and I have been occasionally so unwell from anxiety among strangers, and exhaustion from thinking little purpose, and speaking I hope always none, that I have had neither spirit nor leisure to write. Even kindness—and nothing but kindness have we experienced—is oppressive to me, framed as I am, and though I am full of complaints at this moment, yet if I were to write they would be against myself, and would probably awaken very imperfect sympathy in the friends of my friends, willing and compassionate me,—for I hope they would be scarcely intelligible. I therefore say no more concerning them. Arrangements have been made for meetings on four successive days next week, from Monday to Thursday inclusive; and we happily survive much exertion, excitement, and enjoyment, as they promise,—

judging by [redacted] opportunities have already produced or required,—we hope to reach Sheffield on Saturday afternoon, June 27., by way of Settle, Skipton, Colne, Bradford, Wakefield, [redacted] Barnsley. [redacted] request Mr. Blackwell [redacted] forward [redacted] 'Iris,' addressed to me, [redacted] the Post Office, Skipton, where any letter from [redacted] may [redacted] me [redacted] despatched [redacted] later [redacted] Tuesday, after [redacted] [redacted] will [redacted] where I may be caught.—You [redacted] [redacted] of poets among the mountains [redacted] I [redacted] [redacted] wandering; and I doubt not, if you had been [redacted] my circumstances, you would have [redacted] more [redacted] by [redacted] opportunity of indulging honourable curiosity [redacted] I have [redacted] I wish, indeed, I [redacted] [redacted] of your spirit than I have; [redacted] I am [redacted] (if I understand you rightly) I [redacted] then [redacted] many miseries, and put myself in the way of many felicities, instead of reversing the law of nature, [redacted] I often do, [redacted] fall [redacted] [redacted] fear of them into [redacted] former, [redacted] shrink, I know not why, from the latter, even [redacted] they court [redacted] However, I have [redacted] been without many delightful [redacted] intervals since I left home, and have had the hardihood [redacted] only [redacted] call upon Wordsworth, with [redacted] body-guard of fair ladies, and a poet, [redacted] son of a poet, to introduce me; but, on the [redacted] day of [redacted] stay at Keswick, I ventured to [redacted] [redacted] door of my friend the Laureate, though I knew [redacted] he and his family were [redacted] from home; [redacted] I heard [redacted] Mrs. Coleridge [redacted] keeping house for him, and, on [redacted] ground of [redacted] acquaintance with her husband, I plucked up courage to introduce myself [redacted] her, [redacted] avail myself of [redacted] opportunity [redacted] looking at [redacted] well-furnished shelves [redacted] through [redacted] windows of the poet's study. His [redacted] and library are [redacted] [redacted] even you, with all your moderation, might be forgiven for coveting—with the salvo, [redacted] he [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] poorer. But I cannot give [redacted] particulars here, writing [redacted] I do in an inn, and in great haste, not knowing when I may have another [redacted] hour, [redacted] [redacted] are going off almost immediately to Casterton, where we are to [redacted] [redacted] a day [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] hospitable family of W. W. [redacted] Wilson, [redacted] to the [redacted] [redacted] Carus Wilson,

a clergyman in this neighbourhood, who has been several times on Christian anniversary occasions, of whom I may tell you something more on my return. I mentioned, in my last letter to Mr. Gales, that I had seen Helvellyn at the top of the former I saw, for the first time since I left it, more than forty years ago, my native country. Beyond the Solway Frith the undulating hills of Scotland, in a hazy line (the atmosphere being very hazy), were dimly discernible. I had not calculated on this; and the scene took me so by surprise, that, though I was not prepared by any anticipation, the singular motion which my spirit made made the blood in my veins, as it were, the fountain from which they filled, was even more deeply agitating than I could have imagined. — At Keswick I had the yet more mysterious pleasure of shaking hands with a being whom I presume, though I cannot tell the age of the being, to be a few hundred years. It was an invisible being, for the hand that I grasped came out of darkness, and of a colour of darkness — ‘black, but comely;’ it was a left hand, and evidently that of a female, very small, and delicately proportioned, ‘With fingers long, and touch like.’ Yet neither the lady’s beauty of that specimen of herself which presented to my eye, tempted me to put a gold ring on the wedding finger. I cannot describe the strange sensation which I experienced when this, the hand of a mummy (and nothing like the hand of a mummy), was put into mine, I examined it as a relic of a fellow-creature, ‘of the same order of forms, who might have been Pharaoh’s daughter herself, or a maid, and the very hand which touched the ark of bulrushes, and, lifting up the veil, disclosed the face of Moses to his compassionate friends — ‘and the babe wept.’ There I must leave you to finish your picture and imagine the rest of my reverie, I conclude. Pen and ink are both so bad that I can scrawl no more, and my time is gone. — I was on a journey by rail and

across the intervening [redacted] in the [redacted] of Coniston Water, on Whit Monday. In a lovely, lonely lane near the latter, I walked during the teachers' meeting in the afternoon. My heart overflowed with [redacted] of the occasions on which I [redacted] in former years spent so many happy hours, and my prayers [redacted] fervently [redacted] to you all. Pray give my [redacted] regards to my [redacted] friends in the Hartshead. If I [redacted] write [redacted] again they may expect me this day fortnight, [redacted] above intimated. Remember me respectfully to the [redacted] [redacted] [redacted].

"I am very truly, your friend,

"[redacted] Holland."

"J. [redacted]"

We do not learn exactly when the two friends returned to Sheffield; the latest date of any memento of their tour is that of the following lines, composed

"For Miss [redacted] Carus Wilson, of Casterton, [redacted] Anniversary of her Birthday, June [redacted] 1829.

"Another year — Of trial here
At length has passed away;
But Mercy crowned — Its weary round
With [redacted] Sabbath day:
Though each had been a day of [redacted]
[redacted] the last that won the [redacted]"

"When suffering life — [redacted] end [redacted]
In death's [redacted] repose;
[redacted] rest — On Jesu's breast,
[redacted] everlasting close;
Your daily [redacted] may you lay down,
To gain [redacted] everlasting [redacted]!"

[redacted] Montgomery to James Everett.

— [redacted] July 11, 1829.

"MY [redacted] FRIEND,

"Mr. [redacted] [redacted] opportunity, of [redacted] I gladly avail myself, [redacted] you a hearty [redacted] [redacted] take

up your quarters in the Hartshead, for as many days as nights as you please, during the approaching [REDACTED]. The [REDACTED] Gales [REDACTED] happy to show you, [REDACTED] Everett if [REDACTED] accompanies you, [REDACTED] kindness [REDACTED] power. The arrangements of business during Conference [REDACTED] require [REDACTED] punctuality, &c., that, without putting [REDACTED] G. to an inconvenience beyond what I [REDACTED] [REDACTED] right, I [REDACTED] ask any preacher who [REDACTED] Sheffield officially to pitch [REDACTED] here; but your presence [REDACTED] company will [REDACTED] disturb their domestic affairs, while [REDACTED] give [REDACTED] much pleasure.

"I am, truly,

"Your obliged friend,

"J. [REDACTED]"

"[REDACTED] Everett, Manchester."

August 1. Mr. Everett arrived at Sheffield, and was very cordially received in the Hartshead: what follows is mainly derived from notes made by him at the time. After giving his friend [REDACTED] account of his excursion in Wales, in the autumn of the preceding year, the poet passed to details connected with his recent trip to "Lakeland," which had afforded him much pleasure. He knew Southey was not at home; but his house at Keswick, being left in charge of Mrs. Coleridge, was easily accessible to our poet on mentioning [REDACTED] name; so that although he [REDACTED] enjoy the satisfaction of seeing the Laureate, he would fain have done had the arrangements for this tour been under [REDACTED] own control, he could not deny himself the pleasure of communing, for a few minutes, with the *genius loci* in the Laureate's study, and where the [REDACTED] "A [REDACTED] of Paraguay" was placed before him by one whom no reader of Byron's unfeeling satire, or to whom the history of her [REDACTED] familiar, would look upon with [REDACTED]. It had, as we have [REDACTED] gratification in an interview with Wordsworth, to whom

He had been introduced to London several years previously, and who, as he soon learnt for the first time, was called with Mrs. Wordsworth in the Hartshill, and he was from home, and they were to leave their rooms. The scenery of Ambleside, he said, was so rich and striking, that a poet like Wordsworth had nothing to do but to go forth, and take up what lay in every direction ready to his hand, and reproduce it in verse which, from him, needs be poetically descriptive. To a stranger, on the other hand, the scenery was so novel, that before it could be read, it ought to be studied in a new language: indeed, the landscape there, in every locality where the scenery is very striking, has a language of its own. About Keswick there is, said he, "a mob of mountains;" but hastily adding, as if that were a low and derogatory phrase, "a multitude of them." The view of Ambleside from Keswick he described as singularly magnificent and impressive, the two noble rocky pikes rising conspicuously in the distance; while all is expectation as to the prospect about to open upon you, and which, so far from disappointing hope, exceeds every moment, while you advance, rather than exceed it. At Keswick the poet and his colleagues held a meeting, and as some of them were dissenters, it was thus found necessary to proceed with caution, lest they should encounter difficulty in the form of high church prejudice. From the top of Helvellyn he obtained a glimpse of Scotland, first dimly in the distance, then a faint cloud, and then becoming rather more distinct; and as the morning advanced brightened on his eye, the thought came into his mind that, for the first time since he was four years old, he was looking on his native country. "Helvellyn," he said, "was the first time in winter, when the snow

with snow, when magnificent waterworks, congregated cascades and cataracts, tumbling its sides." He only one pretty rill tinkling from stage to stage at top; "the grander falls, with which Wordsworth be familiar, all from the time of my visit to his mountain, as I of his visit Sheffield."

After supper, which he always took,—but sparingly, except when he had been speaking, and then he indulged rather more freely in meal,—opened Bible, saying, "Mr. Everett, you must chaplain for us while you stay here, and be clerk for you:" then read the first Psalm with unaffected simplicity and pathos. After prayer, he mixed a tumbler of brandy and water, and placing the glass on the hob, lighted his pipe, smoking, sipping, and conversing till bed-time: this may be to have been invariably his habit at this time; and, indeed, it in after years. In speaking of prayer, he mentioned, have heard him do than one occasion, an expression uttered by Mrs. Fry on her knees, in allusion the pecuniary embarrassments of her family,—"The compassed me about, even to the soul: the depths closed me round about, the weeds wrapped about my head," &c.* After a pleasant conversation, relative what had been done by Southey, Wordsworth, and Scott, since the friends last met, Montgomery he had been labouring during the past month his poem, the "Chronicle of Angels," of about lines, which he intended for Ackermann's "Forget-me-Not," but finding it long, he it Singularly enough, some time afterwards received a letter Alaric Watts, asking him write a long

* Jonah, ii. 6—7.

poem ■ accompany a ■■ engraving, after a picture by ■ American artist, representing Jacob's vision ■■■ "ladder ■■ up on the earth, and the top of ■■■ reached ■ heaven; the angels of ■■■ ascending ■■ descending upon it," for his "Souvenir." ■ was struck by this undesigned coincidence, ■■ agreed ■ finish and ■ send the poem accordingly, especially ■■■ promised ■ give him the beautiful drawing from which the plate ■■■ executed.

Aug. ■ Before breakfast in the morning, ■■ poet read the "Daily Words," a ■■■ of scripture and ■■ of ■ hymn from the Moravian "Text Book;" and then a chapter from the Old and New Testament. He ■■ not what would generally be called a good reader, having but an indifferent voice: he was, however, always interesting, and often impressive; and when the subject ■■ the sufferings of ■■ Saviour, his tones, influenced by his feelings, became peculiarly tender and affecting. ■■ read poetry better than prose. In the forenoon the ■■ friends went to Carver Street Chapel, ■■ heard the Rev. James Bunting preach. "He is," said Montgomery, "a great man: ■ delivers the most important scriptural ■■■ in such a way as ■ make them ■■■ plain and familiar; ■ much ■, indeed, that some of his intelligent hearers ■■ occasionally almost tempted to believe they could themselves do what ■■ does with so much apparent ■■■ yet they are very much mistaken; for that very simplicity of language which involves ■ much fulness ■■ fitness of thought, shows also how perfectly the preacher ■■ ■■■ ■■ 'art ■■ conceal art,' which ■ ■■ result of successful study. I heard ■■ constantly when ■■ was stationed ■■ ■■■ several ■■■ since, and ■■ remember many of his sermons." In the afternoon they went to

Ebenezer Chapel, and heard Rev. David M'Nicoll, a fervent and intellectual Wesleyan preacher, with whose discourse Montgomery much pleased; and to the place again, in the evening, hear Rev. Richard Watson, a truly great good man, of whom, Montgomery, "the you hear him in pulpit, the platform, or amidst the social circle, you admire him. There something of may be called the melancholy of greatness in and figure, which in accordance with the grandeur and comprehensiveness of his thoughts, have always reference to the bearing of some great religious object the world's welfare." To hear together three such preachers in day, was a treat of which the two friends could never anticipate the repetition. Evening in the Hartshead passed with devotional exercises, the pipe, glass, and conversation, as before. Montgomery spoke of Cottle on this, on every occasion, with kindness, as having not only written creditable verse, but having been the early and generous patron of several poets greatly superior to himself, whose friendship he lost. He also expressed high admiration of Pascal, whose "Thoughts" appeared like emanations of pure intellect, moulded with mathematical precision; but they should be read in original language of the author, to which translation could do justice. Collins, he said, long had an English edition lying in sheets, awaiting an Introduction by John Foster, the celebrated essayist, who, dissatisfied with attempts, successively written and discarded, would the end do justice his theme.

of Foster, believed, show the compatibility of religion with business,—an important subject; the essayist would into subtleties it: might begin at North Pole, but would

work his way through every zone of argument illustration, till he reached his goal. Baxter, he said, was an extraordinary man, his writings evinced: although he amplified much, his process with him was merely expansion, but addition: he did not beat an inch of gold into an ounce. In his works he will live for ever.

Aug. 11th Everett suggested Jeremy Taylor as a good subject for an essay; and instanced his "Holy Living and Dying" as a suitable book for Collins's series. Montgomery concurred, and promised to bear the subject in mind.* On this day, he said, he had for the first time fairly come down to his Essay for the "Life of Brainerd." He was a man whose spirit appeared keen for the body; so much so, indeed, that it could be apprehended a perusal of his journal might discourage sincere Christians, when they found one who was so holy all rapture in the morning and in the evening suffering from equally great depression. He adverted to Newton and Romaine, who having been very useful as well as remarkable preachers in their day. He had introduced a sketch of the character of Newton, in contrast with that of Cowper, in his preface to the "Olney Hymns." Romaine was not a favourite author with him: he had never heard him in the last century; and should never forget the gravity of his aspect, and the solemnity of his manner. On the Rev. Henry Moore (the biographer of John Wesley), whom they had met at the Methodist chapel, Montgomery said: "He was a preacher of the old school, with touches that remind you he was an Irishman: there was, among other striking passages in his sermons, one very fine sentiment — 'God

* Neither of them recollected, at the moment, that an edition of the Bishop's Works had just appeared, with a Memoir by the Rev. J. Heber.

save **king**; let **greatness** perish **in** **dust**, but let him be great before thee !' That is **the very essence of the sublime."**

Aug. 4.—5. Mr. Everett **days** **Montgomery**, **parties with Methodist preachers who** **in** **of the Conference.** A meeting in **of the Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews** being at hand, **one remarked** **the fruit of these efforts appeared** **in** **comparison with the expenditure by which they** **maintained**; adding, that they seemed **be suffering under** **judicial sentence of God.** *Montgomery*: "If **Christians appear to have been wicked enough** to execute it; but surely it is not right that the younger brother, after he has been received into his father's house **a prodigal**, should turn upon the elder and persecute him." Talking of an American preacher, it was said the question had arisen the previous day **to whether his** **Amnet or Hamet.** *Montgomery*: "A Sheffielder is not to be trusted with a word in which H **concerned.**" Mr. Hamet **presently introduced**: he mentioned that the President, General Jackson, whose wife had died shortly before he **United States**, was himself half a Methodist, through the influence of her piety; for she **only attended** **Methodist ministry**, but prayed with and exhorted penitents in the camp meetings, in the performance of which duty the General **he would rather see his** **than a dozen ministers!** *Montgomery*: "Half a **He** **more** **that**, judging from

"At this time he composed the "Lament of the Jews over their ruined City," commencing—

"Lo! by the Gentiles in their pride
Jerusalem is trodden down," &c.—*Orig. Hyman.*

of his *better half*." Speaking of politicians, he said, "We have some clever theorists, who appear to know little of practice in the management of national affairs; some clever practical men of business, who may be utterly ignorant of theory. We want some one to step in between them in the crisis: Wellington, for one, appears to be the man—but years will prove it." Years will prove it!

Aug. 6. A party in the Hartshead. Some person present spoke of the Laureate as "Doctor Southey." Mr. Everett said that Southey was reproved for using the title in addressing him personally: "Call me Sir Southey," said he. *Montgomery*: "He was in the right: if I were to receive the title in the same way, I would use it." "No," said Mr. Gales, "it must be Sir James; *that* will be best!" Isaac Walton's "Angler" being mentioned, Mr. Everett asked the poet whether he had ever exercised the craft himself? *Montgomery*: "Yes; once at Eckington, and caught some too,—to their evident surprise,—and no less to my own, that they should be such fools as to swallow a trout hook of mine."

Aug. 7. To day he accompanied several gentlemen, fellow managers of the Sheffield Waterworks Company, to the summit of the High Moors, to inspect the new dam. He gave a graphic account of this "moss-trooping expedition," and he related it; describing how they traversed for some miles the "long causeway," which was trodden by the carrier and his pack-horse in former times; how clambering over tumble-down walls; the plunging through deep heather; how getting enveloped in a mist so thick that the very heavens appeared to be descending and condensing about them. So abstract of Mr. Everett's was a week.

On the 11th of August Montgomery embraced his long-absent friend Mr. Bennet; and on the following day presided at a crowded meeting of religious persons of various denominations, in Queen Street Chapel, for the purpose of welcoming the missionary to his native town. As the Wesleyan Methodist Conference was at that time sitting in Sheffield, many of the preachers felt interested in the proceedings, and partook of the gratification experienced by those who saw how entirely the mind and soul of the poet were stirred and poured out on this occasion. Mr. Bennet himself although a gentlemanly, well-informed, pious, and very closely observant individual, was not a fluent speaker; but he had seen, felt, suffered, and enjoyed so much with which his audience was concerned, that every one felt that his presence was a circumstance, if not unique in the history of missions, yet the only one in which a townsman, after speaking for two hours so full of such deep and solemn, as well as of lively and exciting interest, might have concluded with the words which the Roman poet puts into the mouth of the wandering Æneas:—

“quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
quorum pars ego fui.”

“If you are at York,” he writes to Miss Rowntree, August 18th, “you will probably have seen Mr. George Bennet, one of our exceedingly curious and animating specimens of the work of the Holy Spirit in the heathen Pacific isles. He is in extraordinary good health and spirits, and I hope he has much good work to do, in the name of God and man, to consecrate what I believe to be truly a very many of his years of his life. I see you,” he proceeds, “that I saw at Westmoreland, &c., and for the first time I visited the mountains of the Yorkshire”

poetic region. I [] to the top of the 'mighty Helvellyn,' Skiddaw, [] I saw Wordsworth; [] see Southey; *would not* [] another lion of that neighbourhood; and longed and hoped, but in vain, to see a fourth."

[] Mr. Bennet [] at Sheffield, he [] only entered largely [] the subject of his [] adventures [] conversations with Montgomery, but importuned him in the name of friendship and religion to undertake [] prepare for publication such [] of [] missionary voyages and travels of himself [] the late Rev. D. Tyerman, [] their collective written [] the [] information of the survivor might enable him [] produce. Our friend felt that the [] involved delicate responsibilities, not merely of [] literary but of [] higher nature—the interest of that great missionary [] in furtherance of which the deputation had circumnavigated the globe: this and [] other considerations led him [] pause and hesitate [] first. But, [] the other hand, he was compelled [] admit that he had [] comprehensive knowledge of the special object and general bearings of the undertaking, and [] entire sympathy with its patrons and agents; besides which there appeared [] be [] other person [] whom, all things considered, the work could be entrusted with the same confidence of []. He therefore, after explaining [] Bennet the [] on which he would undertake the compilation, consented [] respond favourably should any negotiation be opened with him officially by the directors of the London Missionary Society. [] [] presently made, and received by [] while [] [] with [] friend Rowland Hodg- [] how he responded [] will be [] from [] following letter :—

From Montgomery to George Bennett

"Rosedale, 1841

"MY FRIEND,

"Mr. Hodgson and I arrived here on Saturday. You might well begin your letter to him with these words, 'Man proposeth, but God disposeth.' He 'proposed' to spend the Sunday with me here, and on Monday to proceed with our companion — Mr. Ackworth, of Cambridge — on a Bible tour into Durham and Northumberland, during the present week; but the Lord 'disposed' otherwise. He was unwell when he left Darlington on Saturday morning; he grew worse on the journey; and when he arrived he was obliged to take to bed, which he has never risen since for more than a few days at a time. His complaint was a violent cholera morbus. . . . We have had a week of anxious and, at times, of agonised suspense and suffering, by sympathy with him, and fear for ourselves and those he so deservedly dear, that we might almost suddenly lose him. He has been uncommonly well, cheerful, and vigorous during his first fortnight of our journey, and his exertion in speaking at public meetings seemed rather to strengthen than weary him; to refresh rather than to exhaust his spiritual and bodily strength. But the Lord was pleased to touch him, and the bodily strength passed away like a breath, but I believe the spiritual has not failed; he has borne his sufferings with meek and resigned resignation to the will of his heavenly Father. We have gone with Mr. Ackworth into Cleveland this week; and he will remain here sufficiently recruited to return home, which, I trust, will be in due course this fortnight. I have just stepped into his carriage to tell him that I am writing you. His dear Christian remembrance; his acknowledges his goodness and mercy have supported him through this valley and the deep waters, which he has required to pass so unexpectedly; and the land of BEULAH, *this time*, we

believe, lies beyond ; and we hope it will be long before he will pass through the shadow of death, and cross that river (the Jordan between time and eternity), beyond which he will remaineth for the people of God in Canaan above. Mr Phillips and Mrs Fanny Preston are remembered kindly to you and by you. May you have much of the presence and power of God with you in your missionary engagements! I am in the prospect of labours appointed for the next week ; but I will not be quite dismayed with the overwhelming consciousness of my own infirmity, knowing where I am supplied with everlasting strength ; and my prayer is, that I may have grace to pray for it, and strength to employ it, so that I may be entrusted to me, for the glory of God, the promotion of his kingdom upon earth, and the furtherance of my own soul's salvation.

"I will now say a few words in reference to the subject of Mr Arundel's note respecting the 'Missionary Journal.' Having already frankly explained to you the grounds on which I claim a remuneration if I undertake the work, I cannot equitably estimate what I think it ought to be, than by showing what I have received for much easier and more pleasant employment as a compiler. You have seen the 'Christian Psalmist' and the 'Christian Poet;' for each of these I was paid one hundred pounds ; neither of them gave me anything more than what was to myself a exceedingly delightful occupation of leisure hours, in reading and selecting from many miscellaneous volumes such materials as suited my purpose. The preface to each of these, of course, took some thought and pains, neither of which I spared. Now, the form and matter of the Journal of manual labour in transcribing, and mental exercise in reducing and modifying such portions of Mr Tyerman's immense and multifarious journal as may be requisite for the intended volume ; nor is it possible, till I have made some progress, to fairly feel my way into the work, to discover the best mode of managing it, to gauge the length of time the whole will occupy. The Journal is daily

application, laying all other literary pursuits aside, the ~~the~~ imaginable term ~~it~~ ~~My~~ ~~write~~ a connecting narrative, ~~introduce~~, as far as ~~may~~ be expedient, extracts from the journals; ~~these~~, I apprehend, ~~rewritten~~ by myself; you are aware ~~Tyerman~~ Tyerman himself ~~greatly~~ abridged, and ~~doubt~~ greatly improved, ~~first~~ ~~moranda~~. I ~~for~~ being quite in ~~rough~~ and in ~~and~~ I ~~grudge~~ any ~~either~~ of my head or ~~hand~~ in preparing them for the press. Now in ~~hasty~~ imperfect view of ~~await~~ ~~if~~ I ~~task~~, I am not willing ~~begin~~ ~~directors~~ ~~afford~~ to allow me from 150*l.* to 200*l.* I ~~from~~, because, if they ~~only~~ 150*l.*, I ~~cover~~ ~~something~~ ~~cover~~ incidental expenses for books, &c., — things which I cannot calculate, but which ~~come~~ ~~upon~~ in the course of a long work, ~~probably~~ ~~troublesome~~ correspondence in connection with it; — 175*l.*, therefore, is ~~least~~ sum ~~I~~ could, in justice to myself, accept ~~compensation~~ for my labours and sacrifices, whatever they may be. I could make twice that ~~were~~ I to devote equal time and ~~to~~ composition of another kind, and of which I have ~~much~~ offered ~~as~~ I could do, and much ~~more~~ than I ~~do~~ in ~~which~~ I ~~by~~ anticipation for the 'Missionary Journal.' Here, then, is ~~only~~ ~~why~~ I ~~afford~~ ~~undertake~~ it for ~~than~~ I should otherwise receive for perhaps easier work, — namely, ~~the~~ pecuniary remuneration ~~literary~~ exertions (though I am willing, if you please, ~~presume~~ ~~beyond~~ their worth) is not ~~tempt~~ me ~~devote~~ myself entirely to them. Therefore, though I ~~might~~, if I pleased, turn six ~~much~~ ~~profitable~~ account, in a mercenary way, yet I know my own ~~and~~ procrastinating disposition too well ~~I~~ ~~really~~ ~~would~~ ~~much~~ ~~as~~ to ~~clear~~ ~~sum~~ of 150*l.* in that time. Now if I begin ~~proposed~~ work ~~Missionary~~ Society, I ~~go~~ ~~daily~~ ~~regularly~~ with it; and, having a distinct ~~great~~ object

tinually before me, a sufficient necessity will me to me diligent, and keep me so, any expense of lazy inclinations and procrastinating habits. But I say positively I will engage upon enterprise all, unless are quite my reasonable, and that they will be justified in acceding them. I honestly much rather excused, I am aware of responsibility that will devolve and of impossibility of giving such a case. I why Mr. Orme, of their own literary associates, should not employed upon spot. Orme would certainly have much advantage of in managing such materials as T.'s journal; he might have assistance which I will say more present, except that, if I entrusted with it, I must have the confidence of directors, and the whole myself to do best I can, with such you, in the course of correspondence, may afford under such general directions as, in the instance, Board may please give me. As the of the work, I cannot say much: a volume in 4to, at two guineas, two and a half the utmost, would be quite large enough; volumes in 8vo. The sketches and drawings ought immediately to submitted to an artist determine which would be worthy of being introduced as illustrations. Pray give my kindest regards my old and Mr. Thorpe, family.

"I am truly,

"Your affectionate friend,

"J. HENRY

"George Bennet, Esq.

To the care of Rev. W. Thorpe, Bristol."

Physically sensitive as he always every atmospheric change, it was pleasant for his hear that, during sojourn Redcar,

"The exhibited every delightful diversity, and some also of its drearier aspects; every

change has its peculiar character, and to him who sees the perpetual display of divine power and glory in the course of Nature, — Nature in *full length*, as here, in land and ocean, — in every change there is something to awe, to please, or to elevate the mind; — and oh! to the spiritual eye is also opened, nothing can be uninteresting, when all the long-suffering, the tender mercy, and the loving-kindness (how comprehensive are these Scriptural phrases, and how beautiful beyond the language of poetry or science!) of our God and Saviour are before us. May we understand by our own experience the meaning of those words!"

Thus he addressed the Rowntress of York, with whom he spent a quiet day on his journey homeward.

Oct. 3. Montgomery returned to Sheffield, after having addressed large and gratified audiences on behalf of the Bible Society at Redcar, Scarborough, Whitby, and several other places. He immediately called upon Mr. Holland to induce him to undertake an essay upon a specific subject, for a religious periodical, which he had himself been requested to write; mentioning, at the same time, that he had received from London an immense mass of missionary documents, and had his winter's work before him. On the afternoon of Sunday, November 9th, he addressed a meeting at the Hill Sunday School, surprising the bulk of the parents of the thousand children connected with that institution. He dwelt principally on the evils of sabbath-breaking; illustrating the subject by the history of "Frank Fearn," who was hung in 1844 at Loxley Edge, near Sheffield, for an atrocious murder committed in that neighbourhood, and the proximate cause of which the culprit acknowledged to have been a garden robbery on Sunday.

He then mentioned a remarkable dream, a record which he had found the day before in the papers of Mr. Tyerman.* This gentleman was not only a vigilant, intelligent, and laborious note-taker during the mission in which he closed his life, but his experiences as a draughtsman resulted in a curious collection of sketches of scenery, profiles of natives, missionaries, &c., in the South Sea Islands, which the writer of this paragraph had the gratification of examining with Montgomery at Mr. Bennet at the close of this year.

After delaying for some time to answer a long letter of his Quaker correspondent Miss Rowntree, he at length thus addresses her:—

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“If you will just put on your bonnet and cloak, and go into Glasgow mail, after travelling, I know many hours, day and night, you may, perhaps, reach this great city; then inquire for a certain street, the name of which I cannot give you, but, when you have found it, look at the shop-boards for ‘William Collins, Bookseller, Printer.’ Enter boldly, as if you were going to stock a library on his shelves,—when peradventure the good man himself, as brisk as I am, but twice as brisk, bowing to the comptroller, will say,—as well as pinch a snuff out of the last five minutes—let him,—‘Madam, is it your pleasure?’ Then, making a curtsy (because I know you won’t, to oblige me), you may say, ‘How comes it, William, that thou hast not sent me James Montgomery, of Sheffield, the package of books which thou promised him six weeks ago?’ His answer, whatever it be, will contain some notice of my long silence to you.”

The expected package contained copies of Collins’s edition of the “*Olney Hymns*.”

* *Journal of Voyages and Travels*, vol. i. p. 27.

CHAP. LXVII.

MONTGOMERY IN LONDON.—ALBION VERGER.—"TURNING" AND "THOU-
 ING"—LETTER TO MR. BENNET.—LITERARY PROPOSAL.—SUNDAY JUBILEE.—INTRODUCTION TO "LIFE
 OF BRAINERD."—LARDNER'S "ENCYCLOPEDIA."—ELECTIVE FRANCHISE.
 —LETTER TO MR. BENNET.—COMER'S "TRAVELLER."—
 LETTER TO MR. BENNET.—CENTENARY AT GRACE
 HILL.—LETTER TO MR. BENNET.—"JOURNAL"—
 —LECTURES ON THE —
 —TO MR. BENNET.—VERSES OF "A LITTLE
 CHILD."—MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.—TESTIMONIAL OF —
 —MILTON.—LORD MORFET AND MONTGOMERY AT THE OUT-
 —FEAST.—DR. MILNOR OF NEW YORK.—ANTI-SLAVERY MEET-
 ING.—LETTER TO MR. BOWATER.—

THE commencement of this year found Montgomery actively, and may add, delightfully engaged upon the Missionary narrative which he had undertaken to compile from a but disorderly mass of valuable materials. To enable himself to arrange several of detail in relation to the work in hand, and especially confer with the surviving member of the Deputation, he spent the Christmas with Mr. Bennet, who was then residing with his nephew, Mr. M'Coy, Hackney. Of this visit we find the following memorials in rhyme:—

"For Mrs. M'Coy.

*"Thus the man of wisdom spoken :
 'A is not soon broken.'—Psa.*

"The of life entwined in

The poet's

*Time's wheel, by
 To infinity.*

"The first gear *own*, my gentle friend,
 Then *his*, whom you call 'lord ;' *
 Third, your *babe's* ; softly blend,
 And form a threefold cord.

"Long they thus together hold
 In sweet communion here,
 Ere each in turn, infirm and old,
 From earth shall disappear.

"But they then sundered? No,
 Like mingling of light,
 Where heaven's eternal splendours glow,
 Fragments unite.

"To form a threefold cord above,
 By Mercy interwound,
 And to the throne of sovereign love
 Indissolubly bound.

"My wish, prayer, hope, words betoken,
 That threefold cord 'never' broken.

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Hackney, Jan. 12. 1832."

One of the pages of the album in which the foregoing lines were written, contained a beautiful drawing of a butterfly, resting on a blossom of some kind, underneath which the poet wrote :—

"Emblems.

"The butterfly, the flower,
 Are of an hour ;
 And yet they may
 Of immortality :
 From corruption to head,
 A resurrection

'Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him 'lord.'"

" from long, torpor springs,
A glorious insect, clad with wings,
The liveliest of living things.
It dies, buried,—but its root
In a new creation shoot,
Its blossoms, bend with fruit.

"J. MONTGOMERY.

" Hackney, Jan. 14, 1844.

During his visit to the metropolis the poet kept himself as private as possible, devoting the time mostly to the business which had carried him to London home in the month of midwinter. He was, however, caught sight of by and spent an evening with his old friend Robert Young, the Quaker, formerly of Taunton; who, stimulated by a significant remark from his guest, followed his affectionate personal "Farewell!" with an ingenious epistle in defence of the familiar use of the "singular pronoun" when addressing an individual. Although not persuaded to adopt the system of "Theeing and Thouing"—indeed, the practice of his correspondent himself opposed his theory in the very letter in question—Montgomery exhibited an emphatic and pleasing illustration of the "common and ungrammatical misuse" of the pronoun, in the concluding couplet of the following lines inscribed by him in Mr. Young's album:—

"To Mary.

"Mary!—it is a lovely name,
Thrice hallowed in the rolls of Fame,
Not for the blazonry of birth,
Nor Honours springing from the earth,
Which Evangelists have told
Of three who bore that name of old:—
Mary, the mother of our Lord;
Mary, who sat to hear his word;

And Mary Magdalen, to whom
He came, while weeping o'er his tomb:
These to that humble name supply
A glory which shall never die.
Mary! my prayer for you shall be,—
May you resemble all the three!*

"J. M."

following occurs in one of his letters to another Quaker lady:—

"Since I sent you my 'Moravian Text Book,' I have daily seen Fry's counterpart, though even I cannot make the days of the week, the months, according to your uncouth style of calculation, which, with all deference, I do think exceedingly—and *unpoetical*. I could not find a word which would have rather too hard to fill up the blank in the foregoing. I am no of figures, except which are very of mathematical ones,—figures of speech, that involve images and associations lively and lovely, and dry dead bones and as impalpable in themselves abstract ideas of the three-legged stools, &c. of old metaphysicians."

fair Friend replied:—

"I am by thy saucy remarks the simple calculation of days months in thy book, shall glad endeavour enlighten on subject when meet, in return for some I shall have take in order rightly to understand the thou kindly me, and which has been companion at home and abroad ever I received it."

* Ebenezer Elliott has a sonnet on the "Three Marys," painted by A. Caracci, a well-known picture in the collection

Montgomery to George

"Sheffield, 28.

"MY FRIEND,

"At length I have an opportunity of sending a line to you, to say on paper what my heart has said a hundred times in your presence, if you could have me speak, when we were together of late, side by side in coaches, on our roads, threading the everlasting mazes of these live labyrinths, the streets of London, or—for I go no further—when we have met together in the house of God, or face to face in the hospitable parlour in Tryon's [Hackney] or elsewhere. Turn back to the four years of the antecedent connection—how much I felt myself indebted to your delicate, yet assiduous and persevering kindness to me, on our London and country visits during the weather of Christmas the year 1829 when absolutely frozen together the meeting points, our hearts were not frozen,—they often burned within me by the way, when we talked of those things so dear and precious to both. I am glad to learn from Mr. M'Coy that you continue to withstand the sharp winter cold with comparative comfort, notwithstanding your long residence in tropical climates. Your strength must rule your body; and, as it is a firmness for endurance beyond that of any man I knew, it surely communicates to the body a temperature which, it does neutralise, qualifies it to withstand of icy rigour and torrid fervour itself. May you long enjoy the blessing of a sound mind in a sound body, but especially of a right in the sight of God, which shall render all dispensations, or joyous, right in your sight. This is the Christian's notion of happiness; you are in the world of trials, where you are often put to proof, often staggered, not by the promises only, but by the wisdom and goodness of God, from our frailty and ignorance in judging of his works and ways!

"But I hope you do not spend your time in the open

air, breathing and bustling through vapours, clouds, and storms, plunging through snow-drifts; of it, a great of it, I trust, employed in reading delightful manuscripts which with you, in writing others yet more delightful for my use, the future of the public. I want, especially at this time, soon you can furnish them, respecting your plunge into the Pacific, when your friend, Tyerman, canoe, in mounting from the edge on board of the ship anchor*, ordination of Ouna and companion in the mission to the Marquesas, and the king 'little speech,' &c. and your misadventure, again, when attempting to land on one of the islands. Your personal feelings and situation no one but yourself can describe in the first and latter of these cases. Do not wait for more materials, but let me have these at your earliest convenience: as brief or as wordy as you please. The other subjects, of which I have memoranda with Mr. McCoy, you will attend to in succession; and the earlier the better yourself, for me, and for the work with which I am proceeding as well as I can; but, from illness since my return home, I have yet made but little way, having been becalmed in it for the greater part of last week. A fresh gale, however, has sprung up, and in a day or two I expect to be sailing with full speed. Give me your help by furnishing me with some of your own and Mr. Tyerman's. At present I have enough to go on with of the latter; when you have gone through the volumes, please to send them by mail to me.

"I am truly your friend,

"J. BARNES."

"George Bennet, Esq., Tryon's Place, Hackney."

Not only the poet's letters to Bennet in this period contain, might be expected, frequent refer-

* The particulars of this accident, and the other matters alluded to above, will be found in the published work.

■ ■ the work upon which he ■ so assiduously employed, but it ■ often mentioned ■ ■ apology for ■ brevity ■ neglect of his correspondence ■ other friends. In allusion to a remark by ■ of these, relative ■ the apparent devotion of ■ whole mind ■ his task, ■ says,—

“ You ■ ■ fear that ■ ■ work myself to death ■ the ‘Journal,’ or any other literary task. My ■ of complaint ■ ■ ■ ■ much of my time ■ spent ■ labour, but ■ ■ much of it is spent in dissipation, ■ is, so much of ■ ■ in daily engagements, ■ interruptions, which I do ■ choose, ■ ■ avoid, exposed ■ I ■ like ■ weathercock on the spire of ■ cathedral, ■ every wind that blows, from whatever quarter, to be turned about and held in this ■ that direction, while the instinct of my mind ■ the while works within against the impulse from without, and the moment ■ ■ at liberty spins me back to my ■ natural bias, as the needle ■ the pole, after being deranged, and perhaps wheeled round ■ points of the compass by ■ foreign influence approximating the box, in which, ■ ■ alone, it would always be true ■ its duty. This ■ what rhetoricians call ■ ‘mixed metaphor;’ but I ■ ■ stay ■ disentangle the weathercock and the magnet which I have thus unintentionally implicated. You ■ make ■ best you can of the puzzle; I think, ■ least, you will puzzle ■ the meaning.”

James Montgomery ■ Miss Hannah Young.

“ Sheffield, Jan 29. 1830.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ I am exceedingly obliged by your kind letter. . . . ■ is one ■ the sweetest and highest, too, of the precious rewards ■ ■ been bestowed upon me as a poet, and especially as a Christian poet, that some kindred ■ ■ ■ me worthy of their esteem on account of what I have done—very imperfectly indeed, but with hearty good will—

in the ~~exercise~~ of my talents, ~~and~~ as they are, to the ~~service~~ on many occasions; ~~and~~ it is ~~an~~ encouraging ~~circumstance~~ that God ~~has~~ graciously accepted them (so far as they have ~~been~~ sincerely employed in showing ~~him~~ his praises), that those who *love* God have ~~much~~ pleasure in my poor performances. You, and ~~all~~ ~~my~~ your benevolent family, have long ~~been~~ ~~my~~ ~~my~~ ~~my~~ feared, ~~and~~ good report ~~and~~ evil report on the part of the gay and the fashionable world, to honour me with your approval. It is very gratifying to ~~me~~ therefore, ~~and~~ a considerable interval since we ~~met~~ or ~~met~~ responded, ~~and~~ ~~that~~ your ~~love~~ ~~is~~ unchanged ~~and~~ ~~and~~ their affectionate regard; and your ~~and~~ ~~and~~ by critical prejudices, unawed by self-constituted authorities, still hesitate not to acknowledge me ~~as~~ both a poet and a friend. When you have occasion to write to your brother John, please ~~to~~ present to ~~me~~ my best remembrance, with ~~and~~ for ~~my~~ intimation respecting Bible Society meetings in his part of ~~the~~ kingdom [Taunton]. I cannot, however, ~~see~~ any probability of visiting in that quarter, ~~on~~ such ~~an~~ errand, in the course of the present year. . . . I must now say ~~a~~ word or two ~~on~~ the verses which you have submitted ~~to~~ my perusal: they are such ~~as~~ you need not fear to submit to the perusal of any candid reader, and therefore may be ~~of~~ ~~the~~ of the Anti-slavery Society. . . .

"I am, very truly, your friend,

"J. ~~Montgomery~~

"~~James~~ Young, London."

Amidst all ~~his~~ engagements Montgomery ~~was~~ never forgetful of ~~the~~ interests of Sunday Schools; and ~~a~~ letter which he ~~sent~~ to ~~a~~ friend in London, and ~~was~~ ~~from~~ from which appeared in the January number ~~of~~ ~~the~~ "Teachers' Magazine," ~~was~~ productive of ~~a~~ very important ~~result~~ in ~~the~~ ~~course~~ of ~~the~~ following year. After alluding to ~~the~~ year 1791 ~~as~~ that ~~the~~ ~~the~~ latter ~~of~~ of which, according to Lloyd's ~~and~~

Raikes, a benevolent man who influenced him to "try" the experiment of Sunday Schools, in his native city of Gloucester, the writer proceeds :—

"Now it occurred to me, at a *Sunday Jubilee*, (50 years from its origin), might be an extraordinary and happy excitement in the public mind in favour of these institutions, of which we never more than at this time, when daily instruction is within the reach of almost every family; the universal education of the poor becomes, a greater necessity there than that they have religious knowledge diligently imparted to them, as is done, perhaps, on no day as well as the Lord's. I merely throw the hint of a Jubilee, and you approve, I like it to be given to all that are interested in such a subject, through the medium of the 'Magazine,' in the first number of the new series, that it may be duly considered in the course of the ensuing year, a proper plan digested for carrying it into effect. I am confident it would be a source of great blessing."

In the beginning of the year, Collins of Glasgow published the "Life of the Rev. David Brainerd," as "Revised and Abridged, with an Introductory Essay," by Montgomery. This deeply interesting record of the labours of an early "Missionary to the American Indians," in its original form, was prepared by the celebrated Jonathan Edwards, from the private journals of Brainerd himself, which "never intended to be perused by a fellow creature, and was often too delicate, too faithful, too perilously pure, to be looked upon by an eye unopened by the Spirit of Truth, disclosing the inmost secrets of a most retiring heart, panting after communion with God alone, yet perpetually at strife with itself; suffering exquisitely from the diseased state of a morbid bodily constitution, and troubled

rank springing of those of bitter-
 the Christian must often lament." Two subjects especially exercised good man's mind, and became fruitful of mental suffering, viz. "The manner of acceptance with God; and the evidence of Divine life within himself." such delicate and perilous but important of human character, in relation to the various phases of of profound spiritual experience, Montgomery deal. What other member of "Britain's living choir" could and have so dealt with them? Into the discussion of the question as between the learned and pious President Edwards and the essayist, relative the reality, the importance, and the evidence of "religious experiences," we may not enter here: suffice it to say, that the latter authority is explicitly in favour of those personal experiences of the love of God shed abroad in the hearts of believers, by the Holy Ghost given unto them, when the Spirit witnessed with their spirit that they were born of God, which thousands and of thousands of Christians, in all ages, have openly professed to enjoy." And, in allusion a striking of Brainerd's in last illness,—“I was born on a Sabbath-day, and have reason think that I was new-born on a Sabbath-day, and hope I die on a Sabbath-day”—the essayist says, —“Some change, then, have passed upon him on a certain Sabbath-day, analogous that which thousands, as little to be deceived he, have called, with respect themselves, the birth, accompanied with a consciousness that they were, at that time, ‘born again of the Spirit.’” In this essay Montgomery length the fallacy of the dogma worldly wisdom,—“The civilis, then —a sentiment which was ready

■ confront with ■ evidence of missionary ■
And while ■ thus highly appreciated ■ object and
■ result of Christian Missions, ■ is ■ wonder he
should always ■ held in equal ■ the persons
■ labours of their ■ agents. Speaking ■
Brainerd in solitude and suffering, "Was there," he
asks, "at such times, on the face of the inhabited earth,
an object lovelier in the sight of heaven, than that
lonely man, in the depths of immense forests, reading
the words of eternal life for himself, ■ pouring out ■
soul, amidst the silence of the desert, in prayer for ■
■ of the heathen? Yes, there ■ ■ object
yet lovelier: the ■ ■ after he had been thus
hidden in the secret pavilion of the Most High, coming
forth from under the wings of the Almighty, ■ teach
wondering savages, among whom God was unknown,
and Christ ■ not named, the lessons which he learnt
in retirement. Brainerd, thus occupied, presented ■
spectacle to the eyes of angels which they might be-
hold with delight, and even long to be partakers with
him in the honour and felicity of ministering to these
heirs of salvation."

Dr. Lardner having projected and commenced the
"Cabinet Cyclopædia," to consist of ■ series of about
■ hundred ■ and handy volumes, solicited the ■
operation of Montgomery in the biographical depart-
■ of the work, which ■ to comprize contributions
■ the pens of some of the ■ popular authors of
the day,—including Sir Walter Scott, ■ first por-
tion of whose "History of Scotland" ■ just appeared.
Into ■ scheme the poet not only himself entered, ■
■ ■ compile ■ brief memoirs of Dante, Ariosto,
■ Tasso, which afterwards appeared in the ■ of
"Literary and ■ of Italy;" but he also,
■ answer ■ inquiries on the part of the editor, ■

mended Mr. Holland, who undertook and completed the three volumes on "*Iron in Metal*."

On the 15th of February a public meeting of the inhabitants of Sheffield was held in Town Hall, in pursuance of a numerously signed requisition to the Mayor, Cutler, to consider the propriety of petitioning Parliament to extend the elective franchise to that town. As Montgomery's name was not on the requisition, we were somewhat surprised to see him at the meeting, — and still more so when we saw him rise to speak. He merely, however, suggested the modification of a phrase in the petition (which was at once agreed to), adding, that he did not come thither with the intention of taking any part in the proceedings, but for the purpose of being a spectator of the good and good conduct of the townspeople.

James Montgomery to George Bennet.

"Sheffield, March 13. 1830.

"MY FRIEND,

"I am so unwell this evening that I can only write a few lines to thank you, which I do sincerely, for your late kind letter, and the accompanying manuscripts. The latter are peculiarly precious to me, and I shall be very glad, for your convenience, to receive further communications of the kind, to enrich the volumes of your *Missionary Expedition*. I am now labouring at my work whenever I have strength, and free from some other unhappy engagements (not literary ones), which involve me in great perplexities of my life, would allow me to do so. I certainly shall make haste, but yet I go on; and I go on with good speed, at times with good will, and unfailing resolution in my own circumstances. My labour, however, is far more minute than I expected. I thought that more than an abridgment would be requisite; but, in

truth (materials excepted), it costs me as much as original composition. I do not, however, repent the undertaking, and I will not shrink from any expense of time and thought to do justice, if possible, to the subject, and credit to the [REDACTED]. When you come down at Easter, you will, of course, bring with you all the volumes of Mr. Tyerman's Journal you may have, at that time, looked over. . . . I [REDACTED] infirm and spiritless, except when I am vexed into something like strong feeling by local and party feuds, out of which I [REDACTED] disentangle myself, [REDACTED] which I deliberately involved myself [REDACTED] first, as a victim, I may say, that by a well-foreseen sacrifice of personal comfort, [REDACTED] what is more dear to me than pecuniary interest,—peace of mind,—I might mitigate [REDACTED] strife of tongues, and the civil war of passions [REDACTED] prejudices, in this town, on [REDACTED] subject [REDACTED] Water Companies. . . . And now accept my best acknowledgments of all your goodness to me, [REDACTED] only while I was with you at Hackney, &c., but [REDACTED] since you were my friend, and I truly and affectionately yours,

"J. [REDACTED]"

"George Bennet, Esq.,
care of Mr. [REDACTED] McCoy."

The excitement and dissension which had a few months previously been [REDACTED] in [REDACTED] in connection with a project for a [REDACTED] local Water Company, in rivalry of one [REDACTED] which Montgomery was a shareholder, [REDACTED] which [REDACTED] only allayed [REDACTED] the parties obtaining an Act of Parliament, harassed him a good deal, as intimated in the preceding letter: the [REDACTED] [REDACTED] indeed, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] appeared [REDACTED] hostility to a [REDACTED] of persons with whom [REDACTED] [REDACTED] generally been in favour, but whose [REDACTED] captandus appeals rendered those opposed to them very unpopular.

Actuated by motives of friendship, Montgomery briefly resumed [REDACTED] pen of [REDACTED] reviewer in [REDACTED] compo-

sition of an article for the "Iris" in praise of the "Modern Traveller," a popular and ██████████ compilation, ██████████ bulk ██████████ which ██████████ appeared anonymously.

"The indefatigable 'Modern Traveller' has at length completed his journeys in the remotest regions of the world, ██████████ having ██████████ home, sat down, and ██████████ off his mask of invisibility, we are well pleased to recognise in ██████████ our well-known literary acquaintance, ██████████ Conder, — a poet of ██████████ rank, a critic of ██████████ authority, ██████████ a polemic of rare skill, and — which is much more rare — of exemplary moderation in wielding the most perilous weapons that can be taken into human hands. In his ██████████ character, he has . . . instructed ██████████ delighted ██████████ readers with the most comprehensive, yet succinct and admirably entertaining descriptions of many of the principal portions of the globe that can be found in any publication extant; being, in fact, the sum of all that is most curious, valuable, and ██████████ unwieldy productions of other travellers, geographers, and histori-

Conder, in acknowledging this volunteer ██████████ of his friend, gratefully recalls the period when they ██████████ met. "I ██████████ then," says he, "only eighteen; and you will perhaps recollect my little study four stories ██████████ wards the sky, in Bucklersbury, where you ██████████ kind ██████████ young poet as to spend an hour ██████████ listening to ██████████ rhymes, ██████████ giving alternate praise ██████████ lessons of criticism, which I ██████████ forgot."

The following letter was written in reply ██████████ inviting the poet again to visit Manchester, ██████████ part in a Wesleyan Missionary Meeting ██████████ town:—

James Montgomery to the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey.

"Sheffield, March 16. 18[REDACTED]"

DEAR FRIEND,

"I [REDACTED] your Missionary Committee very sincerely for [REDACTED] kind invitation to attend their anniversary [REDACTED] year. I have [REDACTED] been able to accept [REDACTED] invitation [REDACTED] kind, though I [REDACTED] [REDACTED] my [REDACTED] changed, but I am [REDACTED] even the man that I was: [REDACTED] reed grows weaker and weaker with handling, [REDACTED] smoking [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] blowing [REDACTED] while [REDACTED] in [REDACTED] wind. For [REDACTED] months, [REDACTED] I have [REDACTED] absolutely ill, I have [REDACTED] very [REDACTED] indisposed. [REDACTED] from London, a constitutional complaint, from which I am seldom quite free, though for years past I have been very little inconvenienced by it, [REDACTED] with unwonted virulence, and clings to [REDACTED] tenacity. I have been lame, [REDACTED] frequently confined to my bed—more for [REDACTED] sake of rest, at full length, [REDACTED] from absolute inability either [REDACTED] rise [REDACTED] walk; and having taken much medicine, I feel myself very weak and spiritless: mind [REDACTED] body [REDACTED] to [REDACTED] at times*, and when I rally [REDACTED] is only under extraordinary excitement, of [REDACTED] I have sometimes [REDACTED] much, in consequence of [REDACTED] and party feuds, from which I cannot free myself, though I [REDACTED] bondage [REDACTED] my townspeople, [REDACTED] time, wealth, and peace of mind,—all which I foresaw, and counted the cost. I cannot say that it has been too [REDACTED] for the object, but [REDACTED] has been too great for [REDACTED] But had I unfailing nerves and a [REDACTED] weary, I should have occasion for both in the execution of a task

* "I sometimes" (says he, on a loose memorandum without date) "seem to myself quite worn out, or so fast wearing as if atom by atom I were falling into dust: thought, feeling, fancy, memory, invention, fear, hope, affection—all exhausted; and yet there are working materials and working power in me which eternity cannot exhaust."

which I have undertaken, and in which I have made some progress, though less than was desirable in consequence of my late and present infirmity,—I have undertaken to prepare for the press the journals of the missionary voyage round the world of the late Rev. Dan. Tyerman, and my friend Mr. George Bennet. I have of fifty manuscript volumes, which I must bring down to a moderate size for publication. Most of my leisure time for months has been employed on this work, and I will take more to complete it. I, therefore, must stay at home, or if I go abroad must take my work with me. Mr. Bennet is at present with his nephew; if you address him at No. 1. Tryon's Place, Hackney, near London, he will doubt promptly reply; but I think it must be in the negative, because he has pledged himself to be with his Sheffield friends on Easter Monday. Now I can only add my best thanks to Mrs. Lessey and yourself for kindness, for much kindness, in these days, on such occasions, and if I could find comfort anywhere, I would have preferred where you dwell to any other place. May your dwelling, wherever it be, in your pilgrim-profession, ever be the habitation of the just, which the Lord bless. With sincere regards to Mrs. Lessey, I am, truly, your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY."

In the spring of this year Mr. Everett accompanied the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke to Ireland, for the purpose of purchasing a house there, in order that he might, he hoped, end his days in his native country. Although his hope was ultimately realised, the journey, on many accounts, an agreeable one to the parties; and one of them at least that portion of it was particularly interesting which comprehended a visit to the Settlement at Grace Hill. This place, as related by one of the parties in a published narrative*,

* Everett's "Adam Clarke portrayed," vol. iii. p. 433.

was reached by them on the evening of the 3rd of May. "The same day the Moravians celebrated their second jubilee, and their centenary, — having been settled there May 4th, 1790; the celebration was chiefly confined to the single sisters, who had a love-feast on this occasion. To this place James Montgomery, the author of the 'World before the Flood,' was brought from Scotland by his parents, when about three years of age; here he remained till he reached the age of six. His nephew, the very venerable — of the poet — were resident in the place; and this, together with the presence of several ministers, and the joyousness of the occasion, heightened the pleasure of the visit. John James Montgomery, the nephew, now a Moravian minister in England, was then rising into manhood, — tall, well made, with finely-arched eyebrows, — highly intellectual, — imaginative, — a mind richly cultivated, — good taste, — excellent conversational powers; exhibited in his action, his modes of thinking, and even the inflections of his voice, many of the most expressive characteristics of the poet. He took the writer to the Moravian burying-ground, where

'The little heaps were ranged in comely rows,
With walks between by friends and kindred trod;'

the image of which seemed to have been present with the uncle when describing the 'Burying-place of the Patriarchs,' in the introduction of the 'World before the Flood.' The grave of [J. J. M.'s] grandfather (on the maternal side), and also that of his grandmother — a daughter of the excellent John Gambold, an early friend of Wesley, a Moravian bishop, author of 'Ignatius' and other poems, were pointed out. Thence the steps of the visitor were directed to the graves of the aunts above-mentioned, and

residing together in a clean, neat, cottage, trees, in garden,—themselves picture of innocence, simplicity, and happiness,— of them, eldest, about eighty years of strongly resembling poet the upper part of the face, with a eye. There spinning standing in room, of industry, and of anterior the invention of flax and mills. The village, castle, and church of Galgorum in company with Doctor Clarke, who, addressing Mr. Montgomery, said, ‘The only point I with your uncle is, the preference which he gives Dr. Watts over Charles Wesley a poet.’ He then quoted a hymn which Watts himself had applauded,—‘Wrestling Jacob,’* and dwelt on the superiority of Wesleyan hymnologist. Montgomery, to ward the good-natured stroke, asked whether his uncle not cede the palm to Watts, chiefly for having led way a better form and more elevated style of poetry hymns? the Doctor would admit. Three of the Moravian ministers joined our party at supper, and strongly pressed Dr. Clarke preach; but his time limited, and would admit of it. Early on the morning of our departure the jubilee commenced by strewing flowers before the doors of single sisters, those who in insti-

* Montgomery himself accords high praise to this remarkable composition, “in which, with consummate art, the poet has carried on the action of a lyrical drama; every turn in the conflict with the mysterious Being against whom he wrestles all night being marked with precision by the varying language of the speaker, accompanied by intense, increasing interest, till the rapturous moment of discovery, when he prevails, and exclaims, ‘I know thee, Saviour, who thou art.’”—*Christian Pioneer*.

tution and resident parents in the village. The being done, the men of the settlement played and psalm at the four of the square, after which the solemnities of public worship commenced." *

James Montgomery to George Bennett.

" Sheffield, May 22. 1830.

DEAR FRIEND,

" Your informing me of the lamented departure of our late admirable friend, the Rev. W. Orme †, came upon me like a thunderbolt, as I had heard, only a few hours before, a report that he was considered out of danger, and his recovery fully anticipated. The Lord does what He will with His servants, and I am persuaded that He always does what is best, both for and for his own cause on earth. Oh! His servants, and such servants, when He comes shall find doing His Lord's will, however suddenly He may call them to rest from their labours! The personal intercourse which I had with Mr. Orme gave me a very high idea of his talents, his industry, and his discretion to manage difficult affairs, such as those that he was entrusted with; and I was also deeply impressed with a conviction of his piety, and devotedness to his duties—his Christian duties—of every kind.

" You know, probably, that Mr. Fisher, with a zeal and of friendship I cannot sufficiently acknowledge, though I am sure I know how it, has arranged for four lectures by me, at the Royal Institution, on four successive Saturdays, beginning on the 29th instant, I purpose (D. V.) being in London on Friday morning, and I must be indebted to the kindness of Mr. McCoy to

* This festival had, in fact, more especial reference to the date of the of the "Single Sisters' Choir," which is annually commemorated in every Moravian community.

† Mr. Camberwell, Foreign Secretary to the London Missionary Society.

look [redacted] for me, somewhere [redacted] Inn, or a quarter of a mile either way from it.

"A visit to London at this time will enable me to arrange finally respecting [redacted] printing the volumes; and as I [redacted] to bring [redacted] me [redacted] manuscripts, as far as they are completed, and place them in Mr. Hankey's hands, they may go to press in the course of next month.

"Your affectionate friend,

"J. [redacted]

"George Bennett, Esq., Tryon's Place, Hackney."

May 7. Montgomery [redacted] "Iris" [redacted] some portions of the [redacted] of the "Missionary Journal" for Mr. Holland's revision. *Montgomery*: "I am doing for the Deputation a similar service [redacted] that which [redacted] done by Dr. Hawkesworth in the published account of Captain Cook's 'Voyages.'" *Holland*: "I [redacted] afraid you are [redacted] receive [redacted] remuneration, which is [redacted] to have been [redacted] guineas." *Montgomery*: "I have no objection to tell [redacted] that I [redacted] have 200*l.* for my work." *Blackwell*: "That [redacted] surely but an indifferent recompense for such service." *Montgomery*: "I could certainly have [redacted] more money for other things which I might have written in [redacted] same time, and with [redacted] labour; but when I undertook [redacted] work, I expected I should finish [redacted] in about eight months, and that [redacted] of matter, rather [redacted] original composition, would chiefly [redacted] required: I find, however, the reverse [redacted] this [redacted] but I [redacted] do my best, whatever the sacrifice of time may be, as conscientiously as if I were [redacted] receive [redacted] my labour." *Blackwell*: "At any [redacted] the employment must [redacted] pleasant one [redacted] several ways." *Montgomery*: "It is; [redacted] perhaps the [redacted] obvious advantage is, [redacted] I [redacted] constantly kept at a kind of work which I believe is good for me."

On the 27th of May he left Sheffield for London, to deliver a course of lectures on *the History of English Literature*, before the members of the "Royal Institution of Great Britain." His friends were surprised at the good spirits with which the poet appeared to undertake the experiment of personally addressing a metropolitan audience; but he was not at all conscious of any disparagement to his character or genius to try a path which had been so successfully trodden by Coleridge and Campbell, and upon which, it is said, Moore repeatedly thought of entering, but had not the advantage of having heard the great poet-lecturers in the same rostrum, and before a similar audience in Albemarle Street. The lectures — delivered in an easy but unaffected style — were very well received, though little noticed by the press at the time: indeed, the editor of a journal, who learned of the matter "by chance," naturally wondered how it could have been managed so "to escape the notice of every literary journal and newspaper in London!" Among the auditors was William Sotheby, the author of "Saul," who not only listened with "deep delight" to the oral delivery of the introductory lecture, but borrowed and carried home to him the manuscript for private perusal — returning with the renewed commendations of himself and Miss Joanna Baillie, and adding, "as a slight mark of his esteem" for the lecturer, copies of his "Polyglot Georgics," and his translation of the "Fishes" of Linnaeus. The Secretary of the Royal Institution, having embraced the opportunity of soliciting from the poet a contribution in verse, he used the aid of a benevolent society in the metropolis, the object of which was to relieve poor women "during the season of their widowhood," he presented him the poem entitled "An Every-Day

Tale.* During his absence, the anniversary of the Sunday Union was held — Whit-Monday, — the wonted community pious feeling between the poet and his countrymen by the reading — from the chair — of some suitable stanzas† on the death of Mr. Joseph Cowley, — the secretaries of the institution; an excellent man, who had long served the God with a degree of zeal equal to that with which he had formerly served his king.‡

James Montgomery to George Thompson

"1. Tryon's Place, Hackney,
"June 14. 1830.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I have a minute§ or two to thank you for your kind note of remembrance from Leeds. I am glad to learn that you are going on well in the good work in which you are engaged with hand, and heart, and voice, and that the Lord still blesses you, as well as makes you a blessing. His blessing makes rich and addeth no sorrow, and I from my small experience [testify that] there is no other way of being made rich, without a great deal of care, anxiety, labour, and sorrow; to say nothing of the wings which make to themselves wherewith to fly away, leave votaries poorer than when they were first without them.

* Works, p. 210.

† Original Hymns, CCCXXXIII.

‡ "During the engagement before Toulon, in 1793, he was one of the foremost to jump upon the poop of a French ship, with a boarding pike in his hand, to haul down the Galleo ensign, and bend and hoist a British flag in its place."—Holland's *Memoir of Cowley*.

§ This letter has so evidently the appearance of having been written *currente calamo*, that the words in the text might almost be supposed to be literally applicable.

"I thank you for your kind purposes towards me in respect to lecturing at Leeds. The substance of my four lectures here has been already delivered in original form, as two lectures, at Leeds, by Dr. Williamson, to whom I lent original manuscripts. How far my three or four lectures on modern British Poets might suit a Leeds audience, I cannot tell. Perhaps I may pass through that town, Fulneck, in the course of the summer; if I do, I will call on my very good friend, Dr. Williamson, from whom I have repeatedly experienced hospitality. Pray give my best remembrance to him if you have occasion to write to him, and sincere thanks for his obliging disposition on the present occasion. Remember me also with best regards to Mr. George Hadfield, your host, at Manchester. My readings at the Royal Institution have been well received,—indeed, better time, and by larger audiences also each time. Mr. and Mrs. McCoy are so exceedingly good to me here that I know not how to acknowledge their kindness. It is only *One* who can reward them for it, and *He will*. If mine were 'the fervent prayer of a righteous man,' they should have the utmost benefit of them. Such as my poor intercessions for them are, I gratefully offer to the Lord, who has inclined them to show good-will to me, and who will take to bless them in one way or another for it. Mr. Fincher has been very attentive to serve me.

"I am truly,

"Your affectionate friend,

"George Bennet, Esq.,
at G. Hadfield's, Esq., Manchester."

"J. [redacted]"

James Montgomery to George Bennet.

"Sheffield, Aug. 16. 1811"

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"[redacted] touched my [redacted] sympathies more directly than any which I had [redacted] received [redacted] you since your return to England. In your sorrows as well as your joys I am willing, I am happy, to bear a part; [redacted] it will do you good, occasionally [redacted] least, to hint at the

former, as well as to dwell upon the latter. I cannot have known you so long, and in many respects so well, without being aware that you are of like passions with myself, and that your heart must sometimes be secretly exercised with anguish ■ its own, when your face wears the smile of kindness to ■ around you; or the tranquillity of resignation settles on your brow, while the Lord is, in very faithfulness, afflicting you. ■ assured that I would rather feel any pangs, which the responding accordance of heart to heart, ■ lute to lute,* may give me, at the knowledge of your mercifully-mitigated ■ graciously-inflicted ■, than be so stupid as ■ to remember ■ you ■ such, if you are a child of God; or so indifferent as not to feel something sweeter than selfish pleasure in being allowed ■ taste with you of the wormwood as well as of the honey of your cup. It is the cup which your Father hath given you to drink; and every draught must be a mingled one; hence the very bitterness is cordial as well as medicinal. ■ new wine, the pure, must not be tasted till you drink it in his kingdom. Your letter from Liverpool, received yesterday by Dr. Wardlaw, gave me great delight, however; for, after all, ■ is better to hear glad than heavy tidings from friends; but, without the former, the ■ would not be nearly so joyous. You have met there, and at Manchester, ■ and freshness of unsophisticated ■ ship, which has made you at home, and ■ you to yourself, your former self, your better self. I congratulate you on ■ happiness which you have been permitted to communicate as well as to share. But do not let any in- ■ of friends, and friends to the cause, prevail upon you to commit yourself to publish, in any form, such intelligence as you give from personal knowledge respecting ■ work of God in distant lands, visited by you on your missionary voyage. ■ is natural and amiable in them ■ desire to see the interesting narratives ■ print; but were you to write them twice as well as you tell them, they would not please half so well as they do from your lips and from your heart. Were you to attempt it you would pro-

bably soon ~~very~~ weary; ~~the~~ little know ~~the~~ ~~little~~ and anxiety of attention necessary to cater for a reading public. Besides, nothing must be done by any of us who are connected with the forthcoming Journal, ~~which~~ ~~we~~ give a pretence to others to say, if it fails, or if it disappoints ~~the~~ ~~public~~ expectation (as it ~~will~~ assuredly, though I am equally ~~sure~~ ~~the~~ ~~public~~ expectation ought ~~to~~ ~~be~~ disappointed), ~~that~~ ~~the~~ success ~~was~~ prevented or ~~hindered~~ ~~in~~ ~~any~~ way by ~~the~~ anticipation of its ~~failure~~. I begin to be impatient ~~that~~ I hear nothing ~~about~~ ~~the~~ manuscript — which I left ~~in~~ Mr. Hankey's ~~hands~~ ~~some~~ ~~time~~ ago — being ~~in~~ ~~the~~ publishers. ~~Mr.~~ Hodgson, ~~Mr.~~ Roberts, Misses Galea, ~~all~~ ~~send~~ their best remembrances ~~to~~ you, and are glad ~~to~~ ~~hear~~ of your well-being and your well-doing. Better may you be, and better may you do, till the best of all comes, and may that be the last, when to die shall be gain! My kindest and ~~most~~ grateful regards ~~to~~ Mr. ~~and~~ Mrs. M'Coy; ~~and~~ love to Poteiti*, — ~~which~~ I may safely ~~say~~ to such a little lady, ~~as~~ it will ~~be~~ ~~long~~ ~~before~~ ~~she~~ can ~~derive~~ any advantage of it, that I shall probably have escaped beyond her reach ~~and~~ then.†

[No signature.]

* George Bennet, Esq., Tryon's Place, Hackney."

On the 11th of August, a boat, containing a pleasure party, was upset on the river Ouse, near York, when

* The ~~little~~ appellation of a ~~lady~~ ~~is~~ the breast, literally signifying *little milk-sucker*, and applied by Mr. Bennet to his nephew's child.

† He repeatedly mentions this interesting girl in his letters to her ~~parents~~. "The ~~ladies~~ send their love to Poteiti, and desire me to say that she must make good use of her time, or they will outgrow her, being determined not to lose another moment of theirs now they have been enabled to peep out of their dark winter beds, though they would much rather be in Tryon's Place, amidst the sunshine and green fields, than in the black Hartahead." Five years before the date of the above letter the poet had written the following sweet verses in a baby-album bearing her name:—

individuals, six of them persons belonging
 one family, perished. They having

" *Pe-a-di M' Coy.*

" ' Whoso shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest
 in the kingdom of heaven.'—*Matt. xviii. 4.*

" A little child!—who dare despise
 These little ones of thine?

Precious, Lord Jesus, in thine eyes,
 May they be so in mine!

" For such an one, 'twixt hope and fear,
 On this unwritten book,
 With joy—whose emblem is a sun
 Sparkling in grief—I look.

" For pure and lovely as thou art,
 Meek innocent, to-day,
 My heart can see in thy young heart
 A poor frail child of clay.

" All I have felt and mourned within,
 Through many a bitter year,—
 The rank unquickened seeds of sin,—
 Must soon in thee appear.

" O may the grace that followed me,
 Along thy path be seen!
 Thou— but thou more faithful be
 Than I— than I have been.

" Art thou a child? then live
 To gladden long his sight:
 Art thou a mother's child? then give
 Her bosom true delight.

" In wisdom, as in stature, grow;
 In love, joy, hope increase;
 Stayed be thy mind on God below,
 And kept in perfect peace.

" Though time bring years and changes fast,—
 Simple, yet unbeguiled,
 In Christ's sweet language, to the last,
 Be thou 'a little child!'

erect, by subscription, in memory of the sufferers, Montgomery was applied to for an inscription, when he wrote the following lines, which appear on a marble tablet in the churchyard of St. Lawrence :—

"**United by friendship, in memory of four men and two daughters of JOHN and ANN RIGG, of this city; viz. ANN GUTHERY RIGG, aged 11 years; ELIZA RIGG, aged 17; THOMAS RIGG, aged 18; JOHN RIGG, aged 16; JAMES SMITH RIGG, aged 7; and CHARLES RIGG, aged 6; who were drowned by their boat being run down on the Great Ouse, near York, August 12, 1841.**

"**Mark the brief story of a Summer's Day!
At noon, Youth, Health, and Beauty passed away;
Ere eve, Death wrecked the bark, and quenched their light;
Their Parents' home was desolate at night;
Each passed, alone, that gulf no eye can see;
They met, next moment, in Eternity.
Friend, Kinsman, Stranger, dost thou ask me Where?
Seek God's right hand, and hope to find them There."**

On the 5th of August a public meeting was held in the Town Hall at Sheffield, for the purpose of considering the propriety of presenting some person of local respect to Lord Milton for his services to his constituents during twenty-three years. Lord Milton had represented the county of York in Parliament. Although Montgomery's name does not appear among those in requisition to Mr. William Cutler at the meeting, he was the only present, but, at his request Mr. Cutler moved the principal resolution, to the effect that a piece of plate be presented to his lordship. He spoke at length; the politics as well as the personal character of Lord Milton being such as he could conscientiously dwell upon with commendation. Advancing to his

lordship's opinions on Parliamentary Reform, at a period when the subject was popular. At that moment, the speaker praised his noble friend for the views and opinions which he expressed then, no less than for his avowal of the altered views he entertained on that important question. "Lord Milton," he, "has acted as an honest man; he always refused to sell himself to the crown, or yield to the wishes of the people;"—terms never inapplicable to him even after he became Earl Fitzwilliam. One other remark made by Montgomery on the occasion referred to his venture to perpetuate in this page:—"I have," he, "changed my opinion relative to the aristocracy representing counties; for when I look at the conduct of Lord Wharncliffe at the time he was our representative, and that of the noble lord who is the subject of this meeting, I think it for the good of the country that younger branches of the aristocracy should thus be engrafted, for awhile, on the stock of the democracy. I believe that Lord Wharncliffe and Lord Milton will both make better members of the Upper House for having been representatives of a county than if they had sat in the Commons for Higham Ferrers and Bossiney." This was, perhaps, the first occasion on which, after the resignation of the newspaper, he made any direct avowal of political opinions at a public meeting.

A few days afterwards, Lord Milton dined at the Cutlers' Feast, along with him Lord Morpeth, to whom, we believe, Montgomery was first for the time introduced; and brief and desultory as was the greeting on the occasion, the frankness, amiability, intelligence, and good sense of a young nobleman who has hesitated, amidst the passions of political rivals, to follow the example of his grandfather in courting

favour of the Muses, though allied by birth, rank, and name to those who could only share with him their share in "all the blood of all the Howards," made an indelible impression on the mind of the poet. This feeling was evidently reciprocal. Lord Morpeth requested that he should propose the health of Montgomery, in doing which he adverted, in a delicate and graceful speech, to "the genius and virtue of the bard, who, having scaled the heights of Parnassus, had with equal facility directed his poetical footsteps towards the holier elevation of Mount Zion." Montgomery, evidently surprised by the unexpected introduction of the name, after alluding to the cordiality which subsisted between himself and the inhabitants of the town of Sheffield for more than thirty years, added, that in various excursions to the poetical regions of the fabled Parnassus his friends had accompanied him, and he was anxious that they should likewise, especially, ascend with him that nobler and holier elevation mentioned by Lord Morpeth,—Mount Zion. "And I am not ashamed," added he, "in this festive meeting to say, with reference to that place which has been the subject of my poetic themes,—God grant that they may all meet there!"

The Rev. Dr. Milnor, rector of St. George's Chapel, New York, and one of the most popular Evangelical preachers in that city, visited England, this summer, as a representative of the American Society and several kindred institutions. Having closed his engagements in the metropolis, he spent a few days in Sheffield, during which he enjoyed repeated interviews with Montgomery. It was the privilege of Mr. Holland to be present on several of these occasions, and he can never forget the cordial and fervid interchange of friendly and religious sympathy.

once indicated **the** cemented "the generous confidence of kindred souls" between the Christian poet and distinguished Transatlantic divine. The latter **in** record **of** this **his** sojourn among **the** Hallamshire friends **in** **his** journal*, **which** shows how feelingly **he** reciprocated the **kindness** **which** they **had** welcomed and entertained him. **At** in Sheffield, Dr. Milnor **at** **a** **Society** meeting, **and** spoke **for** nearly an hour, giving **an** account of kindred institutions in America. After recording the circumstance in **his** diary, **he** adds, " **Mr.** Montgomery **made** **a** closing speech, **and** **a** glow of religious feeling **and** **a** affectionate importunity of expression. **Only** **one** culty seemed to lie in finding vent for the flood of **thoughts** that constantly rushed into his mind. This made him occasionally stammer for a moment; but **a** short pause always restored **his** self-possession, **and** **his** plain but forcible delivery riveted **the** attention of **the** hearers. His acknowledgments to myself **were** full of Christian warmth and affection, and **his** allusions to my country **were** touching interest."† In another entry—"I had parted **from** Mr. Montgomery," he says, "at his own house, just before evening service yesterday, when I took tea and passed an hour and a half in delightful communion of feeling with this gifted poet and devoted Christian. I experienced, in parting from him, much of that painful emotion **which** I **now**, toward the close of my visit to England, so often obliged **me** suffer, **and** **which** **was** excited by **my** thoughts of taking **my** leave in this world of **men** **who** tread **the** surface." But with some **of** them—

* Large extracts from which are published in the highly interesting "Memoir of the Life of James Milnor, D.D., by the Rev. Dr. Stone."

† Stone's "Memoir of **James**"

and Montgomery was of ■■■ number—the delightful intercourse ■■■ personally closed was renewed by letter.

■■■ will not have failed ■ notice ■ striking, ■ elegant, and always apposite similes ■■■ ■■■ Montgomery's letters,—even in ■■■ relating ■ mere ■■■ ■■■ a letter of this ■■■ addressed ■■■ Bennet, Oct. 5. 1830, he ■■■ :—

“■■■ Hodgson is, I hope, thoroughly restored ■ health, ■■ gaining strength daily—both ■■■ ■■■ strength, I pray that he may be permitted to consecrate, for many years to come, to the service of that best of Masters, in which ■■■ you find ‘perfect freedom.’ Would that I could ■■ the same; but I make bonds for myself—not such ■■ Agabus ■■■ when he ■■■ himself with Paul's girdle*, but such as the Jews made when they fulfilled the prophecy of Agabus. The latter could unloose the ■■■ ■■■ he tied about his own hands and feet; but I can tie and not unloose, being in this respect ‘*the Jews*’ to myself; indeed, ■ hundred Jews could ■■■ ■■■ and lame me more when I ought to ■■ walking, ■■ working, and bearing the burthens of the Lord instead of my own.”

The accession of William the Fourth ■ the throne, favourable as ■■■ was known to be ■ the views of the Reform party in general, and especially to ■■■ entire abolition ■ Negro Slavery which, ■ well on moral ■ on political grounds, was advocated by ■ still larger portion ■ the community, and the consequent opportunity ■ demanding pledges in favour of ■■■ emancipation from ■■■■ for ■■■ in ■■■ Parliament of the ■■■ reign, ■■■ great encouragement ■ the friends of universal freedom. Three of ■■■ four individuals who aspired to represent ■■■ great county

* Acts xxi. ■■

York,—Mr. Brougham, Mr. Bethell, Mr. Duncombe,—respectively laid more or less stress on that subject in their speeches at Sheffield; while they were alike personally anxious that Montgomery should be convinced of the sincerity of their public avowals. On the 12th of October, a very large meeting was held in the Cutlers' Hall, in favour of total abolition, when petitions to that effect, as drawn up by the poet, were unanimously adopted, and, after lying in his signature for some days, were by him transmitted to members of both Houses of Parliament for presentation. At the meeting he spoke with unusual fervour and effect; especially when describing that horrible instrument, the slave-whip, in connection with a recent instance of the use of it, involving more than ordinary atrocity. He mentioned that he had attended all the meetings on the subject in London during the preceding thirty years, and signed every petition emanating from them.

Early in September his friend Mr. Rowntree reminded him of the necessity for visiting Scarborough, in a letter the opening words of which were as follows:—

"I felt so much pain on reading thy letter, that I almost wished for the power of becoming, for a short time, a bird—a robin redbreast, in which form I would have flown over to Scarborough, watched the opening of thy study window, and, entering the ceremony, would have perched on thy shoulder. I then fancied thee turning round, and saying, 'Ah! you little rogue, where are you come from?' I would then have told thee how brightly the sun shone upon our rocks and cliffs; how blue were our waves; how warm were the kind wishes of thy friends," &c.

This will explain the allusions in the first part of the following letter:—

James Montgomery to Miss Bowntree.

DEAR FRIEND,

"Your pleasant letter from Scarborough of the '6th of 9th mo.' is a sprightlier answer than I had spirits to send, as well as a more grateful one than I had words to indite. I am a robin redbreast, I should certainly have a reply in kind, as it is you who speak in the language of a poetical bird, in a low, sweet, ear-thrilling, heart-touching notes, which fall on the leaf, we are wont to hear warbled in slight descants, not only in the depth of woods, but near the dwelling of man, from brown hedges, the tops of haystacks, or the chimneys of cottages, amidst the clear sunshine of 'the autumnal days,' such as we have had during the reign of the present moon,—the kindest and loveliest of all the year. What answer would I have been, you may know by writing down in plain English what you would have wished it to come from me, who, whatever his failings may be, has occasion for the pity and forbearance of his friends, and their forgiveness even, when he is unable to comply with their desires or gratify him, yet seems unthankful, because he cannot, from perverse infirmity, express his real thankfulness. Had I been a bird of another feather, which you seem to be acquainted, I would have flown without resting from the precious cargo which you have borne away. I might have done so when I was there, and recovered my stolen goods, I know not; but if I had fallen into the clutches of your philosophers, (so, said the newspapers) a live eagle was given me. I have precisely the same royal captive did, when they met in a conspiracy to kill him,—namely, they were deliberating, and disentangled his legs, and shot upward through the skylight, leaving the wise men of Scotland in uttermost astonishment at the liberty he had. Now this is either true, or ought to have

been, it is so good a story; and I heartily wish that eagle may live a hundred years after the death of the longest liver among them, even if my good friend Dr. Murray were one, which I hope he was, that he may have the pleasure of delighting his friends of the next generation with the recital of that most memorable event in the history of science on the eastern coast of *Y. . . .* But indeed when your letter arrived *I* was so fast bound, that the wise men of Gotham themselves might have killed and stuffed me for their museum, *I* placed me *I* *I* cuckoo, which they hedged *I* (though *I* do not recollect that they succeeded in *I* attempt), and ever *I* (except for ten days *I* my brother's in Derbyshire) I have been toiling at *I* car *I* *I* of eight years round *I* world—on *I* *I* winter, and hoped *I* have accomplished it in little more than twelve months; *I* many interruptions, more in *I* shape of calms than storms, have prevented me *I* making good way. I have yet nearly one third to bring up—of course I allude *I* preparation of two volumes from the journal of Messrs. Tyerman and Bennet, which *I* already *I* twice the labour *I* which I calculated. Other local and literary engagements keep me in continual hurry and arrear, and discourage me from undertaking any voluntary exercise, and most of all (I think, yet I know not exactly why it is so) make me reluctant to write letters to *I* friends, having more correspondence *I* upon me from strange quarters than is consistent either with my convenience or comfort. All this time I *I* to *I* forgotten your last letter—but not so; I have been trying *I* at *I* in every line of this, notwithstanding all *I* waste of *I* in the first two pages. *I* came duly to hand, and *I* have been immediately acknowledged, but you *I* a delay in *I* favour, *I* I know you would not be uneasy respecting the safe delivery of its precious contents (12^l). For them I *I* thank you, not *I* words, nor for myself only, but the language of my heart is the expression of the gratitude of the thousands of brethren and sisters of our small European Church, and of the tens of thousands of our brethren and sisters gathered from among

the Gentiles, in Greenland, Labrador, the West Indies, North America, and South Africa,—to you, and to all those whom the Lord hath given willing minds and liberal hands to help his cause on earth.

"This is the anniversary of my birthday. I am fifty-nine years old; an awful age, and yet, to look back, only as yesterday to-day, with the certainty that to-morrow it will be an end. There is but one, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' May you and I and all whom we love be his! then 'though I doth not yet appear what I shall be, we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.' Let us endeavour more to resemble Him now; then shall we be satisfied, when we wake up in his likeness.

"With kindest regards to your honoured mother and esteemed brothers, I am truly, your obliged friend,

"J. [redacted]"

"Miss E. Bowdree, York."

James Montgomery to James Everett.

"Sheffield, Dec 27. [redacted]"

"DEAR FRIEND,

"I have just ascertained that you have been invited and expected to attend and assist at the opening of the Park Chapel. I write immediately request you to oblige me by taking up your quarters here in Hartshead, where you will be most welcome, and all that kindness can do to make you feel at home will be done by Misses Gales and myself. I owe you a long letter or two, but as I have no time to write such things, come and I will talk up my arrears, for my tongue is readier than my pen, and my pen is almost worn out with other work than letter-writing. I will explain when you come, and question on any reasonable subject. Misses Gales join their best regards to Mrs. Everett and yourself.

"I am truly your friend,

"J. [redacted]"

"James Everett, Manchester."

As we mentioned in a previous volume, one of the most frank, lively, and intelligent of Montgomery's correspondents of the gentle sex was Mrs. Basil Montague. At the close of the present year, this lady addressed the poet, at the request of her husband, in favour of a scheme of his for the erection of a monument to the memory of Thomas Clarkson. This letter, probably the last in which she recurred to the days of early friendship, concluded with the following expressive passage:—

"I regret very much that all the pleasant intercourse I had with you by letter has faded away—faded, as I have faded, by the chilling hand of Time,—not by any blow more sudden or unkind: this leaves me poor, but uncomplaining. I see all things pass away; great things have changed their forms of government, and mighty rivers have deserted their former channels: at any rate, you are not forgotten. You have my best wishes—and those are my prayers: and He who is Himself the only source of charity and love, measures not the worth of the suppliant, but the truth and fervour of the aspiration. You walked hand in hand with Liberty in the paths of truth, but God gave you, by his grace, that diviner liberty which emancipates the soul of fallen man from all his bonds. One step forward in pride—unregenerate pride, and you would have stiffened in all the strength of self-will, and have become a Milton, or even a Cromwell, than whom Satan himself could not, in will, be prouder. Let us be thankful for such a brand snatched from the fire, to be laid thenceforth upon the altar: never before did a martyr purely political become a purely religious."

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME

LONDON:

A. and C. K. [illegible]

